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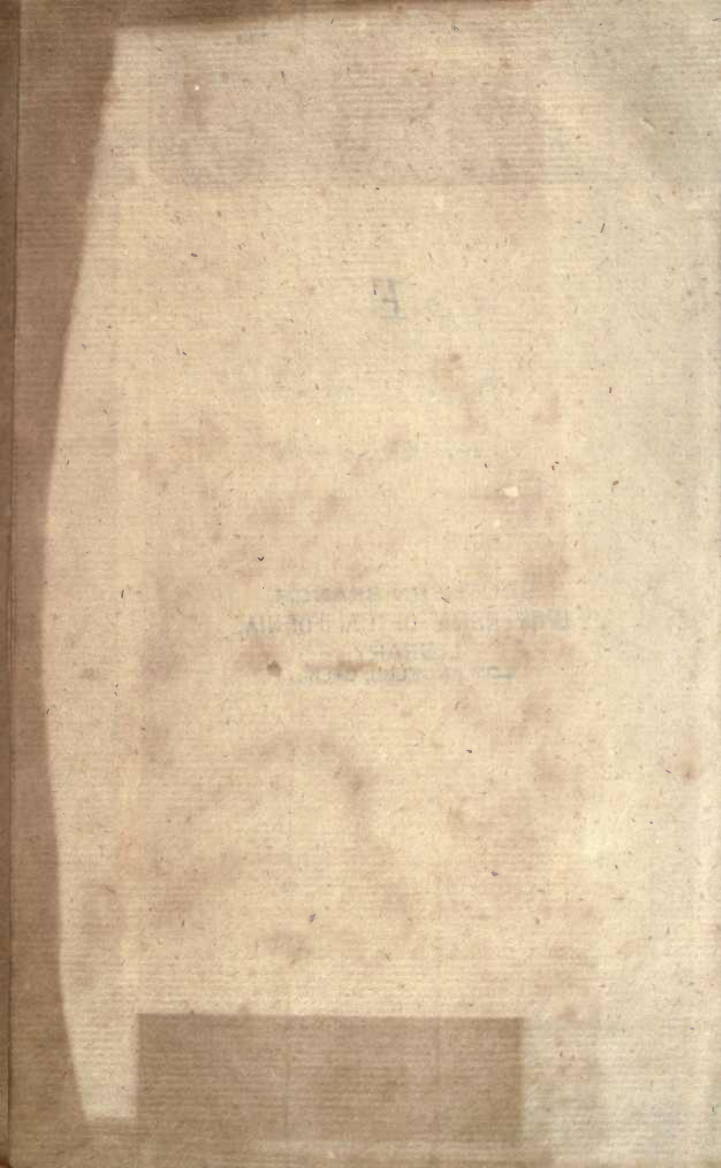
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- 1 *Head from Herculaneum; whether Jupiter Tonans, or Venus of Paphos, doubted.*
- 2 *The Foot, with the Toes entire, of Juno Lucina.*
- 3 *The Hand of the Apollo of Delphos.*
- 4 *The Calf of the left leg of the Infant Hercules.*
- 5 *The Caduceus of Mercurius infernalis.*

*Handwritten:* ~~Handwritten~~

THE DRAMATIC  
WORKS  
OF  
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

TASTE,  
AUTHOR,  
LYAR,

ORATORS,  
AND  
PATRON.



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L O N D O N :

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# T A S T E.

A

## COMEDY,

Of TWO ACTS.

As it is Acted at the

*Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.*

---

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

---

*Be rich in ancient Brass, tho' not in Gold,  
And keep his Lares, tho' his House be sold;  
To headless Phœbe his fair Bride postpone,  
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;  
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;  
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.*

POPE'S Dunciad.

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The FIFTH EDITION.

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L O N D O N

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in *Fleet-street*; and  
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TO

*Francis Delaval, Esq.*

S I R,

WHEN I consider the long Intimacy that has subsisted betwixt us, the Obligations I owe to your generous, disinterested Friendship, and the Protection and Encouragement I received both from you and your Brother, when Necessity lifted me in the Service of the Public; there is no Man to whom with equal Propriety and Pleasure I can address the following Work. It would be paying a bad Compliment to the Town, were I to trouble you with an Apology for the Inconsiderableness of the Present. I thought it worthy their Attention, and consequently not beneath the Acceptance of my Friend. With the Aid of a Love-Plot I could have spun out the Piece to the Extent of Five Acts; but besides that I wanted to confine the Eye to the single Object of my Satire, I declare myself a

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Rebel to this universal Tyrant, who, not contented with exciting all that is pitiful or terrible in human Nature, has claimed the Privilege of occasioning every thing that is ridiculous or contemptible in it; and thus, from the abject Submission of our dramatic *Poets*, is both *Tragedy* and *Comedy* subjected to the Power of *Love*. It may be thought presumptuous in me to have dignified so short a Performance with the Name of a *Comedy*; but when my Reasons why it cannot be called a *Farce* are considered, the Critics must indulge me with the Use of that Title; at least till they can furnish me with a better. As the Follies and Absurdities of Men are the sole Objects of *Comedy*, so the Powers of the Imagination (Plot and Incident excepted) are in this Kind of Writing greatly restrained. No unnatural Assemblages, no Creatures of the Fancy, can procure the Protection of the *Comic Muse*; Men and Things must appear as they are. It is employed either in debating lofty Subjects, or in raising humble Ones. Of the two Kinds we have Examples in the *Tom Thumb* of Mr. F—, and a Travestie of the *Ulysses*, where *Penelope* keeps an Ale-house, *Telemachus* is a Tapster, and the *Heroe* a Recruiting Serjeant. In both these Instances you see Nature is reversed; but as I flatter myself in the following Sheets her Steps have been trode with an undeviating Simplicity, give me leave to

to

to hope, that though I have not attained the *Togata*, yet I have reached the *Tabernaria* of the *Romans*. I once intended to have thrown into this Address, the Contents of many of our Conversations on the Subject of *Comedy*; for in whatever Diffipations the World may suppose our Days to have been consumed, many, many Hours have been consecrated to other Subjects than generally employ the Gay and the Giddy. I hope the present Occasion will demonstrate, that Pleasure has not been always my Pursuit; and unless I am greatly mistaken, it will soon be discovered, that, joined to the acknowledged best Heart in the World, Mr. *Delaval* has a Head capable of directing it. As I am now above the Reach of common Obligations, an Acknowledgment of these Qualities, in the Person of a Man who has honoured me with his Friendship, is the sole Cause of the Trouble you now receive. Long has been our Union, may it never be divided till the fatal Stroke, that demolishes all sub-lunary Connections, shall reach One of us, which One will, I hope, be

*Your obliged, and*

*affectionate Servant,*

SAMUEL FOOTE.

---



---

# P R E F A C E.

*I* Was always apprehensive that the Subject of the following Piece was too abstracted and singular for the Comprehension of a mix'd Assembly. Juno Lucina, Jupiter Tonans, Phidias, Praxiteles, with the other Gentlemen and Ladies of Antiquity, were, I dare say, utterly unknown to my very good Friends of the Gallery; nor, to speak the Truth, do I believe they had many Acquaintances in the other Parts of the House. But tho' I despair of gratifying the Populum Tributim of the THEATRE, yet I flatter myself the Primores Populi will find me no disagreeable Companion in the Closet, et satis magnum Theatrum mihi estis.

I was neither prompted by a lucrative, nor an ambitious Motive to this Undertaking. My Design was to serve a Man, who had ever great Merit with his Friends, and to whom, on the Score of some late Transactions, I think the Public vastly indebted. That my good Intentions for Mr. WORSDALE have proved successful, is intirely owing to the Generosity and Humanity of the Managers of Drury-Lane THEATRE; they have given him a Benefit,



*and are jointly entitled to my Thanks; but as to Mr. GARRICK, I have more personal Obligations. I take this Opportunity of assuring him, that I shall ever retain the most grateful Remembrance of his Assistance, Assiduity, and kind Concern, at the Birth, Progress, and untimely End of this my last and favourite Offspring.*

*The Objects of my Satire were such as I thought, whether they were considered in a moral, a political, or a ridiculous Light, deserved the Notice of the Comic Muse. I was determined to brand those Goths in Science, who had prostituted the useful Study of Antiquity to trifling superficial Purposes; who had blasted the Progress of the elegant Arts amongst us, by unpardonable Frauds and absurd Prejudices; and who had corrupted the Minds and Morals of our Youth, by persuading them, that what only serves to illustrate Literature was true Learning, and active Idleness real Business. How far this End has been obtained, is now, in the following Sheets, more generally submitted to the Public.*

## P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And spoken by him in the Character of an  
*Auctioneer.*

*B*EFORE this Court, I PETER PUFF appear,  
A Briton born, and bred an Auctioneer;  
Who for myself, and eke a hundred others,  
My useful, honest, learned bawling Brothers,  
With much Humility and Fear implore ye,  
To lay our present desp'rate Case before ye.—  
'Tis said this Night a certain Wag intends  
To laugh at us, our Calling, and our Friends:  
If Lords and Ladies, and such dainty Folks,  
Are cur'd of Auction-hunting by his Jokes!  
Should this odd Doctrine spread throughout the Land,  
Before you buy, be sure to understand.  
Oh! think on us what various Ills will flow,  
When great Ones only purchase—what they know,  
Why laugh at TASTE? It is a harmless Fashion,  
And quite subdues each detrimental Passion;  
The Fair Ones Hearts will ne'er incline to Man,  
While thus they rage for—China and Japan.  
The Virtuoso, too, and Connoisseur,  
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;  
The smallest Hair their looser Thoughts might hold,  
Just warm when single, and when married, cold:  
Their Blood at Sight of Beauty gently flows;  
Their Venus must be old, and want a Nose!  
No am'rous Passion with deep Knowledge thrives;  
'Tis the Complaint, indeed, of all our Wives!

'Tis



*Tis said Virtù to such a Height is grown,  
All Artists are encourag'd—but our own.  
Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on Oath,  
I never yet sold Goods of foreign Growth:  
Ne'er sent Commissions out to Greece or Rome;  
My best Antiquities are made at Home.  
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians near at hand,  
True Britons all—and living in the Strand.  
I ne'er for Trinkets rack my Pericranium,  
They furnish out my Room from Herculaneum.  
But hush——  
Should it be known that English are employ'd,  
Our Manufacture is at once destroy'd;  
No Matter what our Countrymen deserve,  
They'll thrive as Ancients, but as Moderns starve—  
If we should fall—to you it will be owing;  
Farewell to Arts—they're going, going going;  
The fatal Hammer's in your Hand, oh Town!  
Then set Us up—and knock the POET down.*

## Dramatis Personæ, 1753.

Carmine,	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
Puff,	<i>Mr. Yates.</i>
Brush,	<i>Mr. Crofs.</i>
Novice,	<i>Mr. Blakes.</i>
<i>Lord Dupe,</i>	<i>Mr. Shuter.</i>
<i>Alderman Pentweazel,</i>	<i>Mr. Tafwell.</i>
Caleb,	<i>Mr. Costollo.</i>
Boy,	<i>Maſter Crofs.</i>
<i>Lady Pentweazel,</i>	<i>Mr. Worſdale.</i>

---

# T A S T E.

A

C O M E D Y.

---

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Painting Room.*

*Enter CARMINE, followed by the Boy.*

CARMINE. **L**AY these Colours in the Window, by the Pallet. Any Visitors or Messages?

*Boy.* 'Squire *Felltree* has been here, and insists upon Miss *Racket*'s Pictures being immediately finish'd, and carry'd Home——As to his Wife and Children, he says, you may take your own Time.

*Carm.*

*Carm.* Well——

*Boy.* Here has been a Message too, from my Lady *Pen*—— I can't remember her Name, but 'tis upon the Slate. She desires to know if you will be at Home about Noon.

*Carm.* Fetch it.

(*Exit Boy.*

Was the Whole of our Profession confined to the mere Business of it, the Employment would be pleasing as well as profitable; but as Matters are now managed, the Art is the last Thing to be regarded. Family Connections, private Recommendations, and an easy, genteel Method of Flattering, is to supply the Delicacy of a *Guido*, the Colouring of a *Rubens*, and the Design of a *Raphael*——all their Qualities centring in one Man, without the first Requisites, would be useless; and with these, one of them is necessary.

*Enter Boy with the Slate.*

*Carm.* Let's see——Oh! Lady *Pentweazel* from *Blowbladder-street*——Admit her by all Means; and if *Puff* or *Varnish* should come, I am at Home. (*Exit Boy.*  
Lady *Pentweazel*! ha! ha! Now here's a Proof that Avarice is not the only, or last Passion old Age is subject to——this superannuated Beldame gapes for Flattery, like  
a Nest

a Nest of unfledg'd Crows for Food; and with them, too, gulps down every Thing that's offer'd her — no Matter how coarse; well, she shall be fed; I'll make her my introductory Key to the whole Bench of *Al-dermen*.

*Enter Boy with Puff.*

*Boy.* Mr. *Puff*, Sir,

*Carm.* Let us be private. What have you there?

*Puff.* Two of *Rembrandt's* Etching by *Scrape*, in *May's Buildings*; a paltry Affair, a Poor Ten Guinea Job; however, a small Game — you know the Proverb — What became of you Yesterday?

*Carm.* I was detained by Sir *Positive Bubble*. How went the Pictures? The *Guido*, what did that fetch?

*Puff.* One hundred and thirty.

*Carm.* Hum! Four Guineas the Frame, Three the Painting; then we divide just One hundred and Twenty-three.

*Puff.* Hold — not altogether so fast — *Varnish* had Two Pieces for bidding against *Squander*; and *Brush* five, for bringing Sir *Tawdry Trifle*.

*Carm.* Mighty well; look ye, Mr. *Puff*, if these People are eternally quarter'd upon  
us,



us, I declare off, Sir; they eat up the Profit. There's that damn'd *Brush*——but you'll find him out. I have upon his old Plan given him Copies of all the Work I executed upon his Recommendation; and what was the Consequence? He clandestinely sold the Copies, and I have all the Originals in my Lumber-Room.

*Puff*. Come, come, *Carmine*, you are no great Loser by that. Ah! that Lumber-Room! that Lumber-Room out of Repair, is the best condition'd Estate in the County of *Middlesex*. Why now there's your *Sussannah*; it could not have produc'd you above Twenty at most, and by the Addition of your Lumber-Room Dirt, and the salutary Application of the Spaltham Pot, it became a *Guido*, worth a Hundred and thirty Pounds; besides, in all Traffick of this Kind, there must be Combinations. — *Varnish* and *Brush* are our Jackalls, and it is but fair they should partake of the Prey. Courage, my Boy! never fear! Praise be to Folly and Fashion, there are, in this Town, *Dupes* enough to gratify the Avarice of us all.

*Carm*. Mr. *Puff*, you are ignorant and scurrilous, and very impertinent, Mr. *Puff*; and Mr. *Puff*, I have a strange Mind to leave you to yourselves, and then see what a Hand you would make of it — Sir, if I do now and then



then add some Tincts of Antiquity to my Pictures, I do it in Condescension to the Foible of the World; for, Sir, Age, Age, Sir, is all my Pictures want to render 'em as good Pieces as the Masters from whom they are taken; and let me tell you, Sir, he that took my *Susannah* for a *Guido*, gave no mighty Proofs of his Ignorance, Mr. *Puff*.

*Puff*. Why, thou Post-painter, thou Dauber, thou execrable White-washer, thou——Sirrah, have you so soon forgot the wretched State from whence I dragg'd you. The first Time I set Eyes on you, Rascal! what was your Occupation then? Scribbling, in scarce legible Letters, Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate on a Bawdy-house Window in *Goodman's Fields*.

*Carm*. The Meanness of my Original demonstrates the Greatness of my Genius.

*Puff*. Genius! Here's a Dog. Pray, how high did your Genius soar? To the daubing diabolical Angels for Alehouses, Dogs with Chains for Tanners Yards, Rounds of Beef and roasted Pigs for Porridge Island.

*Carm*. *Hannibal Scratchi* did the same.

*Puff*. From that contemptible State did not I raise you to the *Cat* and *Fiddle* in *Petticoat-lane*; the *Goose* and *Gridiron* in *Paul's Church-yard*; the first live Things you ever drew, Dog?

*Carm*. Pox take your Memory. Well, but, Mr. *Puff*.—you are so——

B

*Puff*.

*Puff.* Nor did I quit you then : Who, Sirrah, recommended you to *Prim Stiff*, the Mercer upon *Ludgate-hill* ; how came you to draw the *Queen* there ?

(*Loud Knocks at the Door.*

*Carm.* Mr. *Puff*, for Heaven's sake ! dear Sir, you are so warm, we shall be blown—

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, my Lady *Pen*—

*Carm.* Send her to the—Show her up Stairs. Dear *Puff*—

*Puff.* Oh ! Sir, I can be calm ; I only wanted to let you see I had not forgot, tho' perhaps you may.

*Carm.* Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a small Time—Lady *Pentweazel* sits for her Picture, and she's—

*Puff.* I have some Business at next Door ; I suppose in half an Hour's Time—

*Carm.* I shall be at Leisure. Dear *Puff*—

*Puff.* Dear *Carmine*— (*Exit Puff.*

*Carm.* Son of a Whore—Boy, shew the Lady up Stairs.

*Enter Lady Pentweazel.*

*Lady.* Fine Pieces !—very likely Pieces ! and, indeed, all alike. Hum ! Lady *Fusslock*—and, ha ! ha ! ha ! Lady *Glumstead*, by all that's

that's ugly—Pray now, Mr. *Carmin*e, how do you Limners contrive to overlook the Uglineſs, and yet preſerve the Likeneſs.

*Carm.* The Art, Madam, may be convey'd in two Words; where Nature has been ſevere, we ſoften; where ſhe has been kind, we aggravate.

*Lady.* Very *ingenus*, and very kind, truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a Subject that will demand the Whole of the firſt Part of your Skill; and, if you are at Leiſure, you may begin directly.

*Carm.* Your Ladyſhip is here a little ungrateful to Nature, and cruel to yourſelf; even Lady *Pentweazel*'s Enemies (if ſuch there be) muſt allow ſhe is a fine Woman.

*Lady.* Oh! your Servant, good Sir. Why I have had my Day, Mr. *Carmin*e; I have had my Day.

*Carm.* And have ſtill, Madam. The only Difference I ſhall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what *Rubens* has diſtinguiſhed between *Mary de Medicis*, a Virgin and a Regent.

*Lady.* Mr. *Carmin*e, I vow you are a very judicious Perſon. I was always ſaid to be like that Family. When my Piece was firſt done, the Limner did me after *Venus de Medicis*, which I ſuppoſe might be one of *Mary*'s Siſters; but Things muſt change; to be ſitting for my Picture at this Time of Day;

ha! ha!—but my Daughter *Sukey*, you must know, is just married to Mr. Deputy *Dripping* of *Candlewick-Ward*, and would not be said nay; so it is not so much for the Beauty, as the Similitude. Ha! ha!

*Carm.* True, Madam; ha! ha! but if I hit the Likeness, I must preserve the Beauty, —Will your Ladyship be seated? (*She sits.*)

*Lady.* I have heard, good Sir, that every Body has a more betterer and more worserer Side of the Face than the other—now which will you chuse?

*Carm.* The Right Side, Madam—the Left—now, if you please, the Full—Your Ladyship's Countenance is so exactly proportion'd, that I must have it all; no Feature can be spar'd.

*Lady.* When you come to the Eyes, Mr. *Carmine*, let me know, that I may call up a Look.

*Carm.* Mighty well, Madam—Your Face a little nearer to the Left, nearer me—your Head more up—Shoulders back—and Chest forward.

*Lady.* Bless me, Mr. *Carmine*, don't mind my Shape this Bout; for I'm only in Jumps. —Shall I send for my Tabbys?

*Carm.* No, Madam, we'll supply that for the present—Your Ladyship was just now mentioning a Daughter—Is she—your Face a little more towards me—Is she the sole Inhe-



Inheritor of her Mother's Beauty? Or—  
have you—

*Lady.* That? ha! ha! ha!—why that's my youngest of all, except *Caleb*. I have had, Mr. *Carmine*, live born, and christen'd—stay—don't let me lye now---One---Two---Three---Four---Five---Then I lay fallow—but the Year after I had Twins—they came in Mr. *Pentweazel's* Sheriffalty; then *Roger*, then *Robin*, then *Reuben*—in short, I have had Twenty as fine Babes as ever trod in Shoe of Leather.

*Carm.* Upon my Word, Madam, your Ladyship is an admirable Member of the Commonwealth; 'tis a thousand Pities that, like the *Romans*, we have not some Honours to reward such distinguish'd Merit.

*Lady.* Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, if Breeding amongst *Christians* was as much encouraged as amongst Dogs and Horses, we need not be making Laws to let in a Parcel of outlandish Locusts to eat us all up.

*Carm.* I am told, Madam, that a Bill for some such Purpose is about to pass, and that we begin now to have almost as much Regard for the Propagation of the Species, as the Preservation of the Game in these Kingdoms---Now, Madam, I am come to the Eyes---Oh! that Look, that, that, I must despair of imitating.

*Lady.* Oh ! oh ! good Sir, have you found out that? Why all my Family by the Mother's Side were famous for their Eyes: I have a Great Aunt among the Beauties at *Windsor*; she has a Sister at *Hampton-Court*, a *perdigious* fine Woman—she had but one Eye, indeed, but that was a Piercer; that one Eye got her three Husbands—we were called the gimlet-ey'd Family. Oh ! Mr. *Carmine*, you need not mind these Heats in my Face; they always discharge themselves about *Christmas*—my true Carnation is not seen in my Countenance. That's Carnation ! Here's your flesh and Blood ! (*shewing her Arm.*)

*Carm.* Delicate, indeed ! finely turn'd, and of a charming Colour !

*Lady.* And yet it has been employ'd enough to spoil the best Hand and Arm in the World. —Even before Marriage never idle; none of your gallopping, gossiping, *Ranetagh* Romps, like the forward Minxes of the present Age. I was always employed either in painting your *Lambskins*, playing upon the *Haspicols*, making Paste, or something or other—All our Family had a *Geno*; and then I sung ! Every Body said I had a monstrous fine Voice for Musick.

*Carm.* That may be discern'd by your Ladyship's Tones in Conversation.

*Lady.*



*Lady.* Tones——you are right, Mr. *Carmine*; that was Mr. *Purcel's* Word. Miss *Molly Griskin*, says he (my Maiden Name) you have Tones.

*Carm.* As your Ladyship has preserved every Thing else so well, I dare swear you have not lost your Voice. Will you favour me with an Air?

*Lady.* Oh! Sir, you are so polite, that it's impossible——But I have none of your new Playhouse Songs——I can give you one that was made on myself by *Laurence Lutestring*, a Neighbour's Son.

*Carm.* What you please, Madam.

*Lady.*

*As I was a walking by the Side of a River,  
I met a young Damsel so charming and clever;  
Her Voice to please it could not fail,  
She sung like any Nightingale.*

*Fal de rel; hugh, hugh, &c.*  
Bless me! I have such a Cough; but there are Tones.

*Carm.* Inimitable ones.

*Lady.* But, Mr. *Carmine*, you Limners are all *ingenus* Men——you sing.

*Carm.* A Ballad, or so, Madam; Musick is a Sister Art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an Acquaintance there.

*Lady.* Why truly we ought not to be ashamed of our Relations, unless they are poor; and then, you know——

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Alderman *Pentweazel* and Mr. *Puff*.

*Lady.* Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the Auction. Desire him to walk up—Mr. *Pentweazel*, you must know, went this Morning to meet *Caleb*, my youngest Boy, at the *Bull and Gate*. The Child has been two Years and three Quarters at School with Dr. *Ferk*, near *Doncaster*, and comes To-day by the *York Waggon*; for it has always been my Maxum, Mr. *Carmine*, to give my Children Learning enough; for, as the old Saying is,

*When House and Land are gone and spent,  
Then Learning is most excellent.*

*Carm.* Your Ladyship is quite right. Too much Money cannot be employed in so material an Article.

*Lady.* Nay, the Cost is but small; but poor Ten Pounds a Year for Head, Back, Books, Bed, and Belly; and they say the Children are all wonderful Latiners, and come up, lack-a-day, they come up as fat as Pigs. —Oh! here they are; Odds me! he's a Thumper. You see, Mr. *Carmine*, I breed no Starvelings. Come hither, Child. Mind your Haviours. Where's your best Bow? Turn out your Toes. One would think he had learnt to dance of his Father. I'm sure my Family were none so aukward. There

was

was my Brother *George*, a perfect Picture of a Man; he danc'd, Lud! But come, all in good Time——Hold up thy Head, *Caleb*.

*Ald.* Pr'ythee, sweet Honey, let the Child alone. His Master says he comes on wonderful in his Learning; and as to your Bows and your Congees, never fear, he'll learn them fast enough at Home.

*Lady.* Lack-a-day! well said——We now——If he does, I know who must teach him. Well, Child, and dost remember me? Hey? Who am I?

*Caleb.* Anon!

*Lady.* Dost know me?

*Caleb.* Yes; you be Mother.

*Lady.* Nay, the Boy had always a good Memory. And what hast learnt, *Caleb*, hey?

*Caleb.* I be got into *Æsop's Fables*, and can say all *As in præsentis* by Heart.

*Lady.* Upon my Word—that's more than ever thy Father could.

*Ald.* Nay, nay, no Time has been lost; I question'd the Lad as we came along; I ask'd him himself——

*Lady.* Well, well, speak when you are spoken to, Mr. Alderman. How often must I——Well, *Caleb*, and hadst a good deal of Company in the Waggon, Boy?

*Caleb.* O Law! Powers of Company. Mother. There was Lord *Gorman's* fat Cook, a Blackamore Drumming Man, two Actor People,

People, a Recruiting Serjeant, a Monkey, and I.

*Lady.* Upon my Word, a pretty Parcel.

*Caleb.* Yes, indeed; but the—— the fat Cook got drunk at *Coventry*, and so fell out at the Tail of the Waggon; so we left she behind. The next Day the Serjeant ran away with the Showman's Wife; the t'other two went after; so only the Monkey and I came to Town together.

*Carm.* Upon my Word, the young Gentleman gives a good Account of his Travels.

*Lady.* Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, he's all over the Blood of the *Griskins*. I warrant the Child will make his Way. Go, *Caleb*, go and look at them pretty Paintings—Now, Mr. *Carmine*, let us see if my good Man can find me out.

*Ald.* Lack-a-day; well, I profess they are all so handsome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, Chuck.

*Puff.* I am surprized at your Want of Discernment, Mr. Alderman; but the Possession of a Jewel destroys its Value with the Wearer; now to me it seems impossible to err; and tho' Mr. *Carmine* is generally successful, in this Instance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that Mixture of Fire and Softness, but in the Eyes of Lady *Pentweazel*?

*Lady.* Oh, Sir!

*Puff.*



*Puff.* That Clearness and Delicacy of Complexion, with that Flow of Ruddiness and Health.

*Lady.* Sir! Sir! Sir!

*Puff.* That Fall of Shoulders, Turn of Neck, set on Head, full Chest, taper Waist, plump——

*Lady.* Spare me, sweet Sir! —— You see Mr. *Pentweazel*, other People can find out my Charms, tho' you overlook them —— Well, I profess, Sir, you are a Gentleman of great Discernment; and if Business should bring you into the City; for alas! what Pleasure can bring a Man of your refined Taste there? ——

*Puff.* Oh! Ma'am!

*Lady.* I say, Sir, if such an Accident should happen, and *Blowbladder-street* has any Charms——

*Puff.* Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! ——

*Lady.* It is not impossible but we may receive you, tho' not equal to your Merits——

*Puff.* Ma'am!

*Lady.* Yet in such a Manner as to shew our Sense of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

*Puff.* Your Ladyship's most——

*Lady.* Not a Step.

*Puff.* Ma'am.

*Lady.* Sir—— Mr. Alderman, your Bow to the Gentleman. The very finest.

*Puff.* Ma'am!

*Lady.*



*Lady.* Sir—Your most obedient.

*Puff.* Your devoted. (*Ex. Ald. and Wife.*

*Carm.* Ha! ha! Well said, *Puff.* What a Calamity hast thou drawn upon the Knight! Thou hast so tickled the Vanity of the Har-radan, that the poor Helpmate will experience a double Portion of her Contempt.

*Puff.* Rot them.

*Carm.* Come, *Puff*, a matrimonial Assistant to a rich Alderman is no contemptible Employment.

*Puff.* Ay, if it were a *Sine-cure*.

*Carm.* No, that you must not expect; but unless I am greatly mistaken in the Language of the Eyes, her Ladyship's were address'd to you with most persuasive Tenderness.

*Puff.* Well, of that hereafter——But to our Business. The Auction is about beginning; and I have promised to meet Mr. *David Dussedorpe*, Sir *Positive Bubble*, and Lord *Dupe*, to examine the Pictures, and fix on those for which they are to bid—But since we have settled the *German Plan*; so *Varnish* or *Brush* must attend them.

*Carm.* Oh! by all Means pursue that. You have no Conception how dear the foreign Accent is to your true Virtuoso; it announces Taste, Knowledge, Veracity, and in short, every Thing—But can you enough disguise the Turn of your Face, and Tone of your Voice? a Discovery of Mr. *Puff* in *Mynbeer Groningen* blasts us at once.

*Puff.*

*Puff.* Never fear me. I wish you may have equal Success in the Part of *Canto*.

*Carm.* Pho! mine's a Trifle. A Man must have very slender Abilities indeed, who can't for ten Minutes imitate a Language and Deportment that he has been Witness to for ten Years.

*Puff.* But you must get their Tones, their Tones; 'tis easy enough. Come, hand up here that there *Corregio*; an inimitable Piece, Gentlemen and Ladies: the very best Work of the best Master, Subject agreeable, highly finished, and well preserved;—a Seat for the Ladies;—hand it to Sir *Positive*; a going for Fifty; speak, or it's gone for Fifty: Joy to your Ladyship. Come the next; but remember, let your Bob be bushy, and your Bow low.

*Carm.* Enough, enough; we are Strangers to each other, you know.

*Puff.* Absolute. Oh! but what Pictures of yours are in the Sale?

*Carm.* There's my Holy Family by *Raphael*; the Marriage in *Cana* by *Reuben Rouge*; *Tom Jackson's Teniers*; and for Busts, *Taylor's Head without a Nose* from *Herculaneum*.

*Puff.* Are the antique Seals come Home?

*Carm.* No; but they will be finish'd by next Week.

*Puff.* You must take care of *Novice's* Collection of Medals—he'll want them by the End of the Month.

*Carm.*

*Carm.* The Coins of the first Emperors are now steeping in Copperas; and I have an *Otho*, a *Galba*, *Nero*, and two *Domitians* reaking from the Dunghill---The Rest we can have from Doctor *Mummy*; a never failing Chap, you know.

*Puff.* Adieu.

*Carm.* Yours, Sir——a troublesome Fellow, this — confounded Memory----useful, tho' ----Rounds of Beef and roasted Pigs!--- must get rid of him-----Ay, but when?---- Why when?---when I have gain'd my Point. But how, how then?----Oh, then it does not signify Two Pence.

*The End of the FIRST ACT.*

ACT

## A C T II.

*Enter Puff, as Monsieur Baron de Groningen,  
Carmine as Canto, and Brush.*

CANTO. **C**OME, bustle, bustle. *Brush*, you introduce *Puff*. *Puff*, how are you in your *German*?

*Puff*. I cannot speak for *Englandt*, but I can mak understand very mightily. Will that do?

*Brush*. To a Hair. Remember you are come hither to purchase Pictures for the Elector of *Bavaria*. *Carmine*, you must clap Lord *Dupe's* Coat of Arms on that Half Length of *Erasmus*; I have sold it him, as his Great Grandfather's third Brother, for fifty Guineas.

*Canto*. It shall be done---Be it my Province to establish the Baron's Reputation as a Connoisseur.--*Brush* has seen you Abroad at the Court of the reigning Prince of *Blantin*.

*Puff*. Yes; I was do Business mightily for Prince *Blantin*.

*Brush*. Your Portraits go first, *Carmine*. *Novice*, Sir *Positive Bubble*, *Jack Squander*, Lord *Dupe*, and *Mordecai Lazarus*, the Jew Broker, have appointed me to examine with them the History Pieces.---Which are most likely to stick?

*Canto*.



*Canto.* Here's a List.

*Brush.* Hush, hide the *Erasmus*, I hear the Company on the Stairs,

(*Exit Carmine, and re-enters anon.*

*Enter Lord Dupe, Bubble, Squander, &c.*

*Lord.* Mr. *Brush*. I am your devoted Servant. You have procured my Ancestor.

*Brush.* It is in my Possession, my Lord; and I have the Honour to assure your Lordship, that the Family Features are very discernible; and allowing for the Difference of Dress, there's a strong Likeness between you and your Predecessor.

*Lord.* Sir, you have oblig'd me. All these you have mark'd in the Catalogue are Originals?

*Brush.* Undoubted. But my Lord, you need not depend solely on my Judgment; here's Mynheer Baron *de Groningen*, who is come hither to survey, and purchase for the Elector of *Bavaria*; an indisputable Connoisseur; his Bidding will be a Direction for your Lordship. 'Tis a thousand Pities that any of these Masters should quit *England*. They were conducted hither at an immense Expence; and if they now leave us, what will it be but a public Declaration, that all Taste and liberal Knowledge is vanish'd from amongst us?

*Lord.* Sir---leave the Support of the national Credit to my Care. Could you introduce me to Mynheer?---Does he speak *English*?

*Brush.*



*Brush.* Not fluently, but so as to be understood. Mynheer, Lord *Dupe*—the Patron of Arts, the *Petronius* for Taste, and for well-timed Generosity, the *Leo*—and the *Mecænas*—of the present Age, desires to know you.

*Puff.* Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was here of Lord *Dupes* in *Hollandt*. I was tell he was one Delatant, one Curieuse, one Precieuse of his Country.

*Lord.* The *Dutch* are an obliging, civilized, well-bred, pretty Kind of People. But, pray Sir, what occasions us the Honour of a Visit from you?

*Puff.* I was come to bid for Paints for de Elector of *Bavaria*.

*Lord.* Are there any here that deserve your Attention?

*Puff.* O! dare are good Pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; the off Sky, and home Track is fine, and the Maister is in it.

*Lord.* What is the Subject?

*Puff.* Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the Draws and the Colors.

*Lord.* Mr. *Canto*, what is the Subject?

*Canto.* It is, my Lord St. *Anthony* of *Padua* exorcising the Devil out of a Ram-Cat; it has a Companion somewhere--Oh! here, which is the same Saint in a Wilderness, reading his Breviary by the Light of a Glow-worm.

*Brush.* Invaluable Pictures, both! and will match your Lordship's *Corregio* in the Saloon.

C

Lord.

*Lord.* I'll have them. What Pictures are those, Mr. *Canto*?

*Canto.* They are not in the Sale; but I fancy I could procure them for your Lordship.

*Lord.* This, I presume, might have been a Landskip; but the Water, and the Men, and the Trees, and the Dogs, and the Ducks, and the Pigs, they are all obliterated, all gone.

*Brush.* An indisputable Mark of its Antiquity; its very Merit; besides a little Varnish will fetch the Figures again.

*Lord.* Set it down for me—The next.

*Canto.* That is a *Moses* in the Bulrushes. The blended Joy and Grief in the Figure of the Sister in the Corner, the Distress and Anxiety of the Mother here, and the Beauty and Benevolence of *Pharaoh's* Daughter, are Circumstances happily imagined, and boldly express'd.

*Brush.* Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern Performance; the Master is alive, and an *Englishman*--

*Lord.* Oh! then I would not give it House-room.

*Puff.* Here is a pretty Piece I find stick up here in de Corner: I was see in *Hollandt*, at *Loo*, a Piece mighty like; there was little Mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call Frumage, and little Shurels all with bruth Tails ran up the Trees; and there was great Things, vat you call--Pshaw, that have long Bearts, and cry Ba.

*Brush.*

*Brush.* What, Goats?

*Puff.* Ay, dat was de Name.

*Lord.* I should think, by the Cheese and the Goats, Mynheer, yours was a *Welch* Piece, instead of a *Dutch*.

*Puff.* Ah, 'twas good Piece. I wish to my Heart *Lord Dupes* was have that Piece.

*Enter Novice.*

*Novice.* Where's Mr. *Brush*? My dear *Brush*, am I too late?

*Brush.* In pretty good Time.

*Nov.* May I lose my *Otho*, or be tumbled from my Phaëton the first Time I jehup my Sorrels, if I have not made more Haste than a young Surgeon to his first Labour. But the Lots, the Lots, my dear *Brush*, what are they? I'm upon the Rack of Impatience till I see them, and in a Fever of Desire till I possess them.

*Brush.* Mr. *Canto*, the Gentleman would be glad to see the Busts, Medals, and precious Reliques of *Greece* and ancient *Rome*.

*Canto.* Perhaps, Sir, we may show him something of greater Antiquity—Bring them forward---The first Lot consists of a Hand without an Arm, the first Joint of the Fore-Finger gone, supposed to be a Limb of the *Apollo Delphos*---The second, Half a Foot, with the Toes entire, of the *Juno Lucina*—The third, the *Caduceus* of the *Mercurius In-*

*fernalis*--The fourth, the Half of the Leg of the Infant *Hercules*--all indisputable Antiques, and of the *Memphian* Marble.

*Puff.* Let me see *Juno's* Half Foot. All the Toes entire?

*Canto.* All.

*Puff.* Here is a little Swelt by this Toe, that looks bad Proportion.

*All.* Hey, hey.

*Puff.* What's dat?

*Canto.* That! Pshaw! that! Why that's only a Corn.

*All.* Oh!

*Puff.* Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; the Maister is in it.

*All.* Very fine! Invaluable!

*Puff.* Where is de *Hercules'* Calf? Upon my Word 'tis a very large Calf; big, big, big, all de Way up, all de Way down.

*Lord.* I believe this *Hercules* was an *Irish* Man.

*Nov.* But where are your Busts? Here, here, Gentlemen; here's a Curiosity; a Medal of *Oriuna*; got for me by Doctor *Mummy*; the only one in the visible World; there may be some under Ground.

*Lord.* Fine, indeed! Will you permit me to taste it? It has the Relish. (*All taste.*)

*Nov.* The Relish! 'Zooks it cost me a hundred Guineas.

*Puff.* By gar, it is a dear Bit tho'.

*Nov.*



*Nov.* So you may think ; but three Times the Money should not purchase it.

*Lord.* Pray, Sir, whose Bust is it that dignifies this Coin?

*Nov.* The Empress *Oriuna*, my Lord.

*Lord.* And who, Sir, might she be? I don't recollect to have heard of the Lady before.

*Nov.* She, my Lord? Oh! she was a Kind of a What-d'ye-call'em--a Sort of a Queen, or Wife, or something or other to somebody, that liv'd a damn'd while ago---*Mummy* told me the whole Story ; but before Gad I've forgot it. But come, the Busts.

*Canto.* Bring forward the Head from *Herculeaneum*. Now, Gentlemen, here is a Jewel.

*All.* Ay, ay, let's see.

*Canto.* 'Tis not entire, tho'.

*Nov.* So much the better.

*Canto.* Right, Sir--- the very Mutilations of this Piece are worth all the most perfect Performances of modern Artists---Now, Gentlemen, here's a Touchstone for your Taste!

*All.* Great! great, indeed!

*Nov.* Great! Amazing! Divine! Oh, let me embrace the dear dismember'd Bust! a little farther off. I'm ravish'd! I'm transported! What an Attitude! But then the Locks! How I adore the Simplicity of the Antients! How unlike the present, priggish, prick ear'd Puppets! How gracefully they fall all adown the Cheek! so decent, and so grave, and---

Who the Devil do you think it is, *Brush*? Is it a Man or a Woman?

*Canto*. The Connoisseurs differ. Some will have it to be the *Jupiter Tonans* of *Phidias*, and others the *Venus of Paphos* from *Praxiteles*; but I don't think it fierce enough for the first, nor handsome enough for the last.

*Nov*. Yes, handsome enough.

*All*. Very handsome; handsome enough.

*Canto*. Not quite—therefore I am inclined to join with Signor *Julio de Pampedillo*, who, in a Treatise dedicated to the King of the *Two Sicilies*, calls it the *Serapis* of the *Ægyptians*, and supposes it to have been fabricated about Eleven hundred and three Years before the Mosaic Account of the Creation.

*Nov*. Prodigious! and I dare swear, true.

*All*. Oh! true, very true.

*Puff*. Upon my Honour, 'tis a very fine Bust; but where is de Nose?

*Nov*. The Nose; what care I for the Nose? Where is de Nose? Why, Sir, if it had a Nose, I would not give Sixpence for it--How the Devil should we distinguish the Works of the Antients, if they were perfect?—The Nose, indeed! Why I don't suppose, now, but, barring the Nose, *Roubiliac* could cut as good a Head every Whit—*Brush*, who s this Man with his Nose? The Fellow should know something of something too, for he speaks broken *English*.

*Brush*

*Brush.* It is Mynheer *Groningen*, a great Connoisseur in Painting.

*Nov.* That may be; but as to Sculpture, I am his very humble Servant. A Man must know damn'd little of Statuary, that dislikes a Bust for want of a Nose.

*Canto.* Right, Sir—The Nose itself without the Head, nay, in another's Possession, would be an Estate—But here are behind, Gentlemen and Ladies, an Equestrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius* without the Horse; and a complete Statue of the Emperor *Trajan*, with only the Head and Legs missing; both from *Herculaneum*.——This Way, Gentlemen and Ladies.

*Enter Lady Pentweazel, Alderman, and Caleb.*

*Lady.* Now, Mr. *Pentweazel*, let us have none of your *Blawbladder* Breeding. Remember you are at the Court End of the Town. This is a Quality Auction—

*Ald.* Where of course nothing is sold that is useful.——I am tutor'd, sweet Honey.

*Lady.* *Caleb*, keep behind, and don't be meddling. Sir—— (To *Brush*.)

*Brush.* Your Pleasure, Ma'am.

*Lady.* I should be glad you would inform me if there are any Lots of very fine old China. I find the Quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to show the World, that we in the City have Taste.

*Brush.* 'Tis a laudable Resolution, Ma'am, and, I dare say, Mr. *Canto* can support— Bless me, what's that?

(*Caleb throws down a China Dish.*)

*Lady.* That Boy, I suppose! Well, if the mischievous Brat has not broke a—and look how he stands—Sirrah, Sirrah, did I not bid you not meddle?——Leave sucking your Thumbs. What, I suppose you learnt that Trick of your Friend the Monkey in the Waggon?

*Caleb.* Indeed I did not go to do it, Mother.

*Ald.* Pr'ythee, sweet Honey, don't be so passionate. What's done can't be undone. The Loss is not great; come, come.

*Brush.* Mr. Alderman is in the Right. The Affair is a Trifle; but a Twenty Guinea Job.

*Lady.* Twenty Guineas! You should have twenty of my Teeth as——

*Canto.* You mean if you had them--Your Ladyship does not know the Value of that Piece of China. It is the right old Japan of the Peagreen Kind. Lady *Mandarin* offer'd me, if I could match it, Fourscore Guineas for the Pair.

*Lady.* A fine Piece, indeed!

*Puff.* 'Tis ver fine!

*Caleb.* Indeed, Father, I did not break it, 'Twas crack'd in the Middle, and so fell a two in my Hand.

*Lady.* What, was it crack'd?

*Caleb.* Yes indeed, Mother.

*Lady.* There, Gentlemen!

*Lord,*



*Lord.* Ma'am, I would willingly set you right in this Affair; you don't seem acquainted with these Kinds of Things; therefore I have the Honour to tell you, that the Crack in the Middle is a Mark of it's Antiquity, and enhances it's Value; and these Gentlemen are, I dare say, of the same Opinion.

*All.* Oh, intirely.

*Lady.* You are all of a Gang, I think. A broken Piece of China better than a whole one!

*Lord.* Ma'am, I never dispute with a Lady; but this Gentleman has Taste; he is a Foreigner, and so can't be thought prejudiced; refer it to him; the Day grows late, and I want the Auction to begin.

*Ald.* Sweet Honey, leave it to the Gentleman.

*Lady.* Well, Sir.

*Puff.* Ma'am, I love to serve de Lady. 'Tis a ver fine Piece of China. I was see such another Piece sell at *Amsterdam* for a hundred Ducats. 'Tis ver well worth twenty Guinea.

*Caleb.* Mother!—Father! Never stir if that Gentleman ben't the same that we see'd at the Painting Man's, that was so zivil to Mother, only he has got a black Wig on, and speaks Outlandish. I'll be fur enough if it en't a May-game.

*Lady.*

*Lady.* Hey! Let me die but the Boy's in the Right. My Dear, as I'm alive, Mr. *Puff*, that we saw at the Limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer Man than I ever saw. *Caleb* is right; some Matter of Merriment, I warrant.

*Puff.* I wish it was. (*Aside.*) I no understand.

*Cato.* So, Master *Puff*, you are caught.

(*Aside.*)

*Lord.* This is a most unfortunate old Lady. —Ma'am, you are here under another Mistake. This is Mynheer Baron de——

*Lady.* Mynheer Figs-end. Can't I believe my own Eyes? What, do you think, because we live in the City, we can't see?

*Nov.* Fire me, my Lord, there may be more in this than we can guess. It's worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the Devil knows you?

*Puff.* I was know Maister *Canto* mightily.

*Nov.* Mr. *Canto*, do you know this Baron?

*Canto.* I see the Dog will be detected, and now is my Time to be even with him for his Rounds of Beef and roasting Pigs. (*Aside.*) I can't say I ever saw the Gentleman before.

*Nov.* Oh, oh!

*Lord.* The Fellow is an Impostor; a palpable Cheat. Sir, I think you came from the *Rbine*; pray, how should you like walking into the *Thames*?

*Nov.* Or what think you, my Lord? The Rascal complain'd but now that the Bust wanted

wanted a Nose; suppose we were to supply the Deficiency with his?

*Lord.* But Justice, Mr. *Novice*.

*Canto.* Great Rascal, indeed, Gentlemen. If Rogues of this Stamp get once a Footing in these Assemblies, adieu to all moral Honesty. I think an Example should be made of him. But, were I to advise, he is a properer Subject for the Rabble to handle than the present Company.

*All.* Away with him——

*Puff.* Hands off. If I must suffer, it shall not be singly, Here is the obsequious Mr. *Brush*, and the very courtly Mr. *Canto*, shall be the Partners of my Distress. Know then, we all are Rogues, if the taking Advantage of the Absurdities and Follies of Mankind can be call'd Roguery. I own I have been a Cheat, and I glory in it. But what Point will you Virtuosi, you Connoisseurs, gain by the Detection? Will not the publishing of our Crimes trumpet forth your Folly?

*Lord.* Matchless Impudence!

*Puff.* My noble Lord here the *Delatanti*, the *Curieu*, the *Precieu* of this Nation, what infinite Glory will he acquire from this Story, that the *Leo*, the *Mecanas*, the *Petronius*, notwithstanding his exquisite Taste, has been drawn in to purchase, at an immense Expence, a Cart-load of—Rubbish!

*Lord.*

*Lord.* Gentlemen and Ladies—I have the Honour to take my Leave.

*Puff.* Your Lordship's most obedient—When shall I send you your *Corregio*, your *St. Anthony of Padua*, your *Ram Cat*, my good Lord?

*Lord.* Rascal!

(*Exit.*)

*Nov.* This won't do, Sir.—Tho' my Lord has not Spirit enough, damn me if I quit you.

*Puff.* What, my sprightly Squire! Pray favour me with a Sight of your *Oriuna*.----It has the Relish; an indisputable Antique; being a *Bristol* Fathing, coin'd by a Soap-boiler to pay his Journeymen in the Scarcity of Cash, and purchased for Two Pence of a travelling Tinker by, Sir, your humble Servant, *Timothy Puff*. Ha, ha, ha!

*Nov.* My *Oriuna* a *Bristol* Farthing!

*Puff.* Most assuredly.

*Nov.* I'll be revenged.

(*Going.*)

*Puff.* Stay, stay, and take your Bult, my sweet Squire; your *Serapis*. Two Heads, they say, are better than one; lay them together. But the Locks! how gracefully they fall all adown! so decent, and so--ha, ha, ha!

*Nov.* Confound you!

*Puff.* Why, Sir, if it had a Nose, I would not give Six-pence for it--Pray, how many Years before the Creation was it fabricated, Squire?

*Nov.* I shall live to see you hang'd, you Dog.

(*Exit.*)

*Puff.*



*Puff.* Nay, but, Squire; ha, ha, ha!—  
Now, Madam, to your Ladyship I come; to  
whose Discernment, aided by the Sagacity of  
your Son *Caleb*, I owe my Discovery.

*Ald.* Look you, don't think to abuse my  
Lady. I am one of the——

*Puff.* *Quorum*--I know it, Mr. Alderman;  
but I mean to serve your Worship by hum-  
bling a little the Vanity of your Wife.

*Lady.* Come along, Chuck. I'll not stay  
to hear the Rascality of the Fellow.

*Puff.* Oh, my Lady *Pentweazel*, correct  
the Severity of that Frown, lest you should  
have more of the *Medusa* than the *Medicis* in  
your Face.

*Lady.* Saucy Jackanapes!

*Puff.* What, then, I have quite lost my City  
Acquaintance; why, I've promised all my  
Friends Tickets for my Lord Mayor's Ball,  
through your Ladyship's Interest.

*Lady.* My Interest, indeed, for such a——

*Puff.* If *Blowbladder-street* has any Charms  
——Sir——Ma'am——Not a Step---The finest  
Gentleman! ha, ha, ha!—And what can  
you say for yourself, you cowardly ill-looking  
Rascal? (*to Canto.*) Desert your Friend at  
the first Pinch——your Ally---your Part-  
ner---No Apology, Sir---I have done with  
you. From Poverty and Shame I took you;  
to that I restore you. Your Crime be your  
Punishment. (*Turning to the Audience.*)

Could

Could I be as secure from the Censure of this Assembly as I am safe from the Resentment of *Dupe, Novice, Squander*; from the alluring Baits of my amorous City Lady; and the dangerous Combination of my false Friend, I should be happy.

*'Tis from your Sentence I expect my Fate;  
Your Voice alone my Triumph can complete.*

F I N I S.



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46. Siege of Damascus ; Mr. Smith as Phocyas.
47. Theodosius ; Mr. Wroughton as Theodosius.
48. Cato ; Mrs. Hartley as Marcia.
49. Douglas ; Mr. Lewis as Douglas.
50. Zara ; Miss Young and Mr. Garrick as Zara and Lusignan, Vignette by West and Byrne.
51. City Wives' Confederacy ; Miss Pope as Corinna.
52. Country Wife ; Miss P. Hopkins as Miss Peggy.
53. Minor ; Mr. Foote as Mrs. Cole.
54. Wonder ; Mr. Garrick as Don Felix.
55. Chances ; Mr. Garrick as Don John, Vignette by Mortimer and Walker.
56. Medea ; Mrs. Yates as Medea.
57. Grecian Daughter ; Mr. J. Aickin as Phocion.
58. Roman Father ; Mr. Henderson as Horatius.
59. Brothers ; Mr. Garrick as Demetrius.
60. Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage ; Mr. Henderson as Count Biron, Vignette by Mortimer and Hall.



T H E  
A U T H O R;  
A  
C O M E D Y,  
Of T W O A C T S.

As performed at the  
T H E A T R E R O Y A L  
I N  
D R U R Y - L A N E.

Written by Mr. F O O T E.  
A N E W E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. L O W N D E S, No. 77, Fleet-street; and  
S. B L A D O N, Pater-noster-row. 1782.

[ PRICE ONE SHILLING. ]

44446

A U T H O R

C O M P E D Y

O F T W O A C T S

T H E A T E R R O Y A L

A N D R E W A R D

W H I C H I S A P L A Y

A N E W E D I T I O N

I N A N E W

E D I T I O N

W I T H A N E W

P R E F A C E



## P R O L O G U E,

WRITTEN and SPOKEN by Mr. FOOTE.

SEVERE their Task, who in this critic Age,  
With fresh Materials furnish out the Stage !  
Not that our Father's drain'd the comic Store ;  
Fresh Characters spring up as heretofore——  
Nature with Novelty does still abound ;  
On every Side fresh Follies may be found.  
But then the Taste of every Guest to hit,  
To please at once, the Gall'ry, Box, and Pit ;  
Require's at least—no common Share of Wit.

Those, who adorn the Orb of higher Life,  
Demand the lively Rake, or modish Wife ;  
Whilst they, who in a lower Circle move,  
Yawn at their Wit, and slumber at their Love.  
If light, low Mirth employs the comic Scene,  
Such Mirth, as drives from vulgar Minds the Spleen ;  
The polish'd Critic damns the wretched Stuff,  
And cries,—“ 'twill please the Gall'ries well enough.”  
Such jarring Judgments who can reconcile,  
Since Fops will frown, where humble Traders smile ?

To dash the Poet's ineffectual Claim,  
And quench his Thirst for universal Fame,  
The Grecian Fabulist, in moral Lay,  
Has thus address'd the Writers of this Day.

Once on a Time, a Son and Sire we're told,  
The Stripling tender, and the Father old,

## P R O L O G U E

Purchas'd a Jack-Afs at a country Fair,  
 To ease their Limbs, and hawk about their Ware :  
 But as the sluggish Animal was weak,  
 They fear'd, if both should mount, his Back wou'd break :  
 Up gets the Boy ; the Father leads the Afs,  
 And through the gazing Crowd attempts to pass ;  
 Forth from the Throng, the Grey-beards hobble out,  
 And hail the Cavalcade with feeble Shout.  
 " This the Respect to reverend Age you shew ?  
 " And this the Duty you to Parents owe ?  
 " He beats the Hoof, and you are set astride ;  
 " Sirrah ? get down, and let your Father ride."  
 As *Grecian* Lads were seldom void of Grace,  
 The decent, duteous Youth, resign'd his Place.  
 Then a fresh Murmur through the Rabble ran ;  
 Boys, Girls, Wives, Widows, all attack the Man.  
 " Sure never was brute Beast so void of Nature !  
 " Have you no Pity for the pretty Creature ?  
 " To your own Baby can you be unkind ?  
 " Here—*Suke, Bill, Betty*—put the Child behind."  
 Old *Dapple* next, the Clowns Compassion claim'd ;  
 " 'Tis Wonderment, them Boobies ben't asham'd.  
 " Two at a Time upon a poor dumb Beast !  
 " They might as well have carried he at least."  
 The Pair, still pliant to the partial Voice,  
 Dismount and bear the Afs—Then what a Noise !——  
 Huzzas—Loud Laughs, low Gibe, and bitter Joke,  
 From the yet silent Sire, these Words provoke.  
 " Proceed, my Boy, nor heed their farther Call,  
 " Vain his Attempt, who strives to please them all !"

EPILOGUE.



# E P I L O G U E,

WRITTEN by a LADY,

And SPOKEN by Mrs. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my Stars, that I have done my Task,  
 And now throw off this aukward, idiot Mask.  
 Cou'd we suppose this Circle so refin'd,  
 Who seek those Pleasures that improve the Mind,  
 Cou'd from such vulgarisms feel Delight;  
 Or laugh at Characters, so unpolite?  
 Who come to Plays, to see, and to be seen;  
 Not to hear Things that shock, or give the Spleen;  
 Who shun an Opera, when they hear 'tis thin. }  
 “ Lord! do you know?” says Lady *Bell*—“ I'm told  
 “ That *Jacky Dapple* got so great a Cold  
 “ Last *Tuesday* Night—There wa'n't a Creature there;  
 “ Not a male Thing to hand one to one's Chair.  
 “ Divine *Mingotti*! what a Swell has she! }  
 “ O! Such a *Sustituto* upon B!  
 “ Ma'am, when she's quite in Voice she'll go to C. }  
 “ Lord,” says my Lady *English*—“ here's a Pother!  
 “ Go where she will, I'll never see another.”  
 Her Ladyship, half choak'd with London Air,  
 And brought to Town to see the fights—and stare.  
 “ Fine Singing that!--I'm sure it's more like screaming:  
 “ To me, I vow, they're all a Pack of Women!  
 “ Oh Barbare!--Inhumana!--Tramontane!--  
 “ Does not this Creature come from *Pudding-Lane*?  
 “ Look, look, my Lord!--She goggles!--Ha, ha, pray be  
 quiet;  
 “ Dear Lady *Bell*, for shame! You'll make a Riot.,  
 “ Why will they mix with us to make this Rout?  
 “ Bring in a Bill, my Lord, to keep 'em out.  
 “ We'll have a Taste Act, faith!--”---my Lord replied;  
 “ And shut out all, that are not qualified.”  
 Thus Ridicule is bounded like a Ball, }  
 Struck by the Great, then answer'd by the Small;  
 While we, at Times, return it to you all.  
 A skilful Hand will ne'er your Rage provoke;  
 For though it hits you, you'll applaud the Stroke;  
 Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;  
 Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your Neighbour down.

# Dramatis Personæ.

At DRURY-LANE, 1782.

<i>Governor Cape,</i>	Mr. WRIGHTEN.
<i>Young Cape,</i>	Mr. AIKIN.
<i>Sprightly,</i>	Mr. R. PALMER.
<i>Cadwallader,</i>	Mr. BANNISTER.
<i>Poet,</i>	Mr. WALDRON.
<i>Vamp,</i>	Mr. MOODY.
<i>Printer's Devil,</i>	Mr. BURTON.
<i>Robin,</i>	Mr. CHAPLIN.
<i>Mrs. Cadwallader,</i>	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.
<i>Miss Arabella,</i>	Mrs. SHARP.

---

T H E  
A U T H O R;  
A  
C O M E D Y.

---

A C T I.

Governor CAPE, and ROBIN.

*Governor.* **A**ND he believes me dead, *Robin?*  
*Rob.* Most certainly.

*Gov.* You have given him no Intimation that his Fortunes might mend.

*Rob.* Not a distant Hint.

*Gov.* How did he receive the News?

*Rob.* Calmly enough: When I told him that his Hopes from abroad were at an End, that the Friend of his deceased Father thought he had done enough in putting it in his Power to earn his own Livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had long expected; charged me with his warmest Acknowledgments to his conceal'd Benefactor; thanked me for my Care, sigh'd and left me.

*Gov.* And how has he lived since?

*Rob.* Poorly, but honestly : To his Pen he owes all his Subsistence. I am sure my Heart bleeds for him : Consider, Sir, to what Temptations you expose him.

*Gov.* The severer his Trials, the greater his Triumph. Shall the Fruits of my honest Industry, the Purchase of many Perils, be lavish'd on a lazy luxurious Booby, who has no other Merit than being born five-and-twenty Years after me? No, no, *Robin*; him, and a Profusion of Debts were all that the Extravagance of his Mother left me.

*Rob.* You loved her, Sir.

*Gov.* Fondly.—nay, foolishly, or Necessity had not compell'd me to seek for Shelter in another Climate. 'Tis true, Fortune has been favourable to my Labours, and when *George* convinces me that he inherits my Spirit, he shall share my Property; not else.

*Rob.* Consider, Sir, he has not your Opportunities.

*Gov.* Nor had I his Education.

*Rob.* As the World goes, the worst you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day, Learning, Learning, Sir, is no Commodity for this Market; nothing makes Money here, Sir, but Money; or some certain fashionable Qualities that you would not wish your Son to possess.

*Gov.* Learning useless? Impossible!—Where are the *Oxfords*, the *Halifaxes*, the great Protectors and Patrons of the liberal Arts?

*Rob.* Patron!—The Word has lost its Use; a Guinea Subscription at the Request of a Lady,  
whose



whose Chambermaid is acquainted with the Author, may be now and then pick'd up—Proteectors!—Why I dare believe there's more Money laid out upon *Islington* Turnpike in a Month, than upon all the learned Men in *Great Britain* in seven Years.

*Gov.* And yet the Press groans with their Productions. How do they all exist?

*Rob.* In Garrets, Sir; as, if you will step to your Son's Apartment in the next Street, you will see.

*Gov.* But what Apology shall we make for the Visit?

*Rob.*—That you want the Aid of his Profession; a well penn'd Address now, from the Subjects of your late Government, with your gracious Reply, to put into the News-papers.

*Gov.* Aye; is that Part of his Practice?—Well, lead on, *Robin*.

*Scene draws and discovers Young CAPE with the Printer's DEVIL.*

*Cape.* Prythee go about thy business—Vaniſh, dear Devil.

*Devil.* Maſter bid me not come without the Proof; he ſays as how there are two other Answers ready for the Preſs, and if your's don't come out a *Saturday* 'twon't pay for the Paper; but you are always ſo lazy: I have more Plague with you—There's Mr. *Guzzle*, the Translator, never keeps me a Minute—unleſs the poor Gentleman happens to be fuddled.

*Cape.*

*Cape.* Why, you little sooty, sniv'ling, diabolical Puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the Stupidity of your absurd Master, but I must be pester'd with your Impertinence?

*Devil.* Impertinence!—Marry, come up, I keep as good Company as your Worship every Day in the Year——There's Master *Clench*, in *Little Britain*, does not think it beneath him to take Part of a Pot of Porter with me, tho' he has wrote two Volumes of Lives in Quarto, and has a Folio a coming out in Numbers.

*Cape.* Harky', Sirrah, if you don't quit the Room this instant, I'll shew you a shorter Way into the Street than the Stairs.

*Devil.* I shall save you the Trouble—Give me the *French Book* that you took the Story from for the last Journal.

*Cape.* Take it——(*throws it at him.*)

*Devil.* What, d'ye think it belongs to the Circulating Library, or that it is one of your own Performances, that you——

*Cape.* You shall have a larger——(*Exit Devil.*)  
'Sdeath! a pretty Situation I am in! And are these the Fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious and expensive——

### Re-enter DEVIL.

*Devil.* I had like to have forgot, here's your Week's Pay for the News-paper, five and five-pence, which with the two-and-a-penny, Master pass'd his Word for to Mrs. *Suds*, your Washer-woman, makes the three half Crowns.

*Cape.* Lay it on the Table.

*Devil.* Here's a Man on the Stairs wants you;  
by

by the Sheepishness of his Looks, and the Shabbiness of his Dress, he's either a Pick-pocket, or Poet—Here, walk in, Mr. *What-d'ye-call-um*, the Gentleman's at Home.

(*Surveys the Figure, laughs, and exit.*)

Enter Poet.

*Poet.* Your name, I presume, is *Cape*.

*Cape.* You have hit it, Sir.

*Poet.* Sir, I beg Pardon ; you are a Gentleman that write ?

*Cape.* Sometimes.

*Poet.* Why, Sir, my Case, in a Word, is this ; I, like you, have long been a Retainer of the Muses, as you may see by their Livery.

*Cape.* They have not discarded you, I hope.

*Poet.* No, Sir, but their upper Servants, the Booksellers, have.—I printed a Collection of Jest's upon my own Account, and they have ever since refused to employ me ; you, Sir, I hear, are in their Graces : Now I have brought you, Sir, three Imitations of *Juvenal* in Prose ; *Tully's* Oration for *Milo*, in blank Verse ; two Essays on the *British* Herring Fishery, with a large Collection of Rebuffes ; which, if you will dispose of to them, in your own Name, we'll divide the Profits.

*Cape.* I am really, Sir, sorry for your Distress, but I have a larger Cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuse to engage in.

*Poet.* That's pity ; you have nothing in the compiling or index Way, that you wou'd intrust to the Care of another ?

*Cape.* Nothing.

*Poet.* I'll do it at half Price,

*Cape.*

*Cape.* I'm concern'd it is not in my Power at present to be useful to you; but if this Trifle—

*Poet.* Sir, your Servant. Shall I leave you any of my—

*Cape.* By no Means.

*Poet.* An Essay, or an Ode?

*Cape.* Not a Line.

*Poet.* Your very obedient.— (*Exit Poet.*)

*Cape.* Poor Fellow! and how far am I removed from his Condition? *Virgil* had his *Pollio*; *Horace* his *Mecænas*; *Martial* his *Pliny*: My Protectors are *Title-page*, the Publisher; *Vamp*, the Bookseller; and *Index*, the Printer. A most noble Triumvirate; and the Rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary, as the famous *Roman* one, into the Bargain.

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

*Spri.* What! in Soliloquy, *George*? Reciting some of the Pleasantries, I suppose, in your new Piece.

*Cape.* My Disposition has, at present, very little of the *Vis Comica*.

*Spri.* What's the Matter?

*Cape.* Survey that Mass of Wealth upon the Table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a Week.

*Spri.* Why, 'tis an inexhaustible Mine!

*Cape.* Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the soft Civility of *Billinggate*, by a Printer's prime Minister, call'd a *Devil*.

*Spri.* I met the Imp upon the Stairs; but I thought these Midwives to the Muses, were the Idolizers of you, their favourite Sons,

*Cape.*



*Cape.* Our Tyrants, *Tom.* Had I indeed a posthumous Piece of Infidelity, or an amorous Novel, decorated with luscious Copper-plates, the Slaves would be civil enough.

*Spri.* Why don't you publish your own Works?

*Cape.* What! and paper my Room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are Secrets in all Trades; ours is one great Mystery, but the Explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

*Spri.* Then why don't you divert your Attention to some other Object?

*Cape.* That Subject was employing my Thoughts.

*Spri.* How have you resolved?

*Cape.* I have, I think, at present, two Strings to my Bow; if my Comedy succeeds, it buys me a Commission; if my Mistress, my *Laura*, proves kind, I am settled for Life; but if both my Cords snap, adieu to the Quill, and welcome the Musket.

*Spri.* Heroically determined!—But *à propos*—how proceeds your honourable Passion?

*Cape.* But slowly—I believe I have a Friend in her Heart, but a most potent Enemy in her Head: You know, I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her Fortune too, I believe her Brother's Consent essentially necessary—But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

*Spri.* I expect him here every Instant. He may, *George*, be useful to you in more than one Capacity; if your Comedy is not crowded, he is a Character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible Figure in it.

*Cape.*

*Cape.* His Sister gave me a Sketch of him last Summer.

*Spri.* A Sketch can never convey him. His Peculiarities require infinite Labour and high Finishing.

*Cape.* Give me the Out-lines.

*Spri.* He is a Compound of Contrarieties ; Pride and Meanness ; Folly and Archness : At the same Time that he wou'd take the Wall of a Prince of the Blood, he would not scruple eating a fry'd Sausage at the *Merws-Gate*. There is a Minuteness, now and then, in his Descriptions ; and some whimsical, unaccountable Turns in his Conversation, that are entertaining enough : But the Extravagance and Oddity of his Manner, and the Boast of his Birth, compleat his Character,

*Cape.* But how will a Person of his Pride and Pedigree, relish the Humility of this Apartment ?

*Spri.* Oh, he is prepar'd—You are, *George*, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted Being, odd and whimsical ; the Case with all you great Genius's : You love the snug, the Chimney-corner of Life ; and retire to this obscure Nook, merely to avoid the Importunity of the Great.

*Cape.* Your Servant——But what Attraction can a Character of this Kind have for Mr. *Cadwallader* ?

*Spri.* Infinite ! next to a Peer, he honours a Poet : And modestly imputes his not making a Figure in the learned World himself to the Neglect of his Education—hush ! he's on the Stairs——on with your Cap, and open your Book. Remember great Dignity and Absence.

*Enter*

Enter VAMP.

Cape. Oh, no ; 'tis Mr. *Vamp* : Your Commands, good Sir ?

*Vamp*. I have a Word, Master *Cape*, for your private Ear.

*Cape*. You may communicate ; this Gentleman is a Friend.

*Vamp*. An Author ?

*Cape*. Voluminous.

*Vamp*. In what Way ?

*Cape*. Universal.

*Vamp*. Bless me ! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd ; what, a good Subscription, I reckon.

*Cape*. Not a Month from *Leyden* ; an admirable Theologist ! he study'd it in *Germany* ; if you should want such a Thing now, as ten or a dozen Manuscript Sermons, by a deceas'd Clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

*Vamp*. No.

*Cape*. Warranted Originals.

*Vamp*. No, no, I don't deal in the Sermon Way, now ; I lost Money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodist ; but, I believe, Sir, if they be'nt long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a Chap.

*Spri*. For what, Sir ?

*Vamp*. The Manuscript Sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

*Spri*. Sermons that I have wrote ?

*Vamp*. Ay, ay ; Master *Cape* has been telling me—

*Spri*. He has ; I am mightily oblig'd to him.

*Vamp*. Nay, nay, don't be afraid ; I'll keep Council ;

Council; old *Vamp* had not kept a Shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret; why, in the Year Forty-five, when I was in the treasonable Way, I never squeak'd; I never gave up but one Author in my Life, and he was dying of a Consumption, so it never came to a Trial.

*Spri.* Indeed!

*Vamp.* Never——look here (*Shews the Side of his Head*) crop'd close!—bare as a Board!—and for nothing in the World but an innocent Book of Bawdy, as I hope for Mercy: Oh! the Laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

*Spri.* You have given me, Sir, so positive a Proof of your Secresy that you may rely upon my Communication.

*Vamp.* You will be safe——but gadso, we must mind Business, tho'; here, Master *Cape*, you must provide me with three taking Titles for these Pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin Motto for the largest——

*Cape.* They shall be done.

*Vamp.* Do so, do so. Books are like Women, Master *Cape*; to strike, they must be well-dress'd; fine Feathers make fine Birds; a good Paper, an elegant Type, a handsome Motto, and a catching Title, has drove many a dull Treatise thro' three Editions——Did you know *Harry Handy*?

*Spri.* Not that I recollect.

*Vamp.* He was a pretty Fellow; he had his Latin, *ad anguem*, as they say; he would have turn'd you a Fable of *Dryden's*, or an Epistle of *Pope's* into Latin Verse in a twinkling; except

*Peter*



*Peter Hasty* the Voyage-writer, he was as great a Loss to the Trade as any within my Memory.

—*Cape*. What carry'd him off?

*Vamp*. A Halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, Master *Cape*; I thought there was something the Matter by his not coming to our Shop for a Month or two: He was a pretty Fellow!

*Spri*. Were you a great Loser by his Death?

*Vamp*. I can't say:—as he had taken to another Course of Living, his Execution made a Noise; it sold me seven Hundred of his Translations, besides his last dying Speech and Confession; I got it; he was mindful of his Friends in his last Moments: He was a pretty Fellow!

*Cape*. You have no farther Commands, Mr.

*Vamp*?

*Vamp*. Not at present; about the Spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a Couple of Volumes in Octavo.

*Spri*. Upon what Subject?

*Vamp*. I leave that to him; Master *Cape* knows what will do, tho' Novels are a pretty light Summer reading, and do very well at *Tunbridge*, *Bristol*, and the other watering Places: No bad Commodity for the *West-India* Trade neither; let 'em be Novels, Master *Cape*.

*Cape*. You shall be certainly supply'd.

*Vamp*. I doubt not; pray how does *Index* go on with your Journal?

*Cape*. He does not complain.

*Vamp*. Ah, I knew the Time—but you have over-stock'd the Market. *Titlepage* and I had once lik'd to have engag'd in a Paper. We had got a young Cantab for the Essays; a pretty Historian from *Aberdeen*; and an Attorney's

Clerk for the true Intelligence; but I don't know how, it drop'd for Want of a Politician.

*Cape.* If in that Capacity I can be of any—

*Vamp.* No, thank you, Master *Cape*; in half a Year's Time, I have a Grandson of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a Waiter at the *Cocoa-Tree* Coffee-house; I intend giving him the Run of *Jonathan's* for three Months to understand Trade and the Funds; and then I'll start him——no, no, you have enough on your Hands; stick to your Business: and d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining; remember *Harry Handy*; he was a pretty Fellow!

(*Exit.*)

*Spri.* And I'm sure thou art a most extraordinary Fellow! But prythee, *George*, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a Writer of Sermons?

*Cape.* You seem'd desirous of being acquainted with our Business, and I knew old *Vamp* wou'd let you more into the Secret in five Minutes, than I cou'd in as many Hours.

(*Knocking below, loud.*)

*Spri.* *Cape*, to your Post; here they are e'faith, a Coachful! Let's see, Mr. and Mrs. *Cadwallader*, and your Flame, the Sister, as I live.

(*Cadwallader without*)

Pray, by the Bye, han't you a Poet above?

(*Without.*) Higher up.

*Cad.* Egad, I wonder what makes your Poets have such an Aversion to middle Floors—they are always to be found in the Extremities; in Garrets, or Cellars——

*Enter*

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. CADWALLADER and ARABELLA.*

*Cad.* Ah! *Sprightly!*

*Spri.* Hush!

*Cad.* Hey, what's the Matter?

*Spri.* Hard at it; untwisting some knotty Point; totally absorb'd!

*Cad.* Gadso! what, that's he! *Beck, Bell,* there he is, egad, as great a Poet, and as ingenious a——what's he about?——*Hebrew?*

*Spri.* Weaving the whole *Æneid* into a Tragedy: I have been here this half Hour, but he has not mark'd me yet.

*Cad.* Cou'd not I take a Peep?

*Spri.* An Earthquake wou'd not rouse him.

*Cad.* He seems in a damn'd Passion.

*Cape.* The Belt of *Pallas!* nor Prayers, nor Tears, nor supplicating Gods shall save thee now.

*Cad.* Hey! Zounds, what the Devil? who?

*Cape.* ——*Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas Immolat, & pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.*

*Cad.* Damn your Palace; I wish I was well out of your Garret.

*Cape.* Sir, I beg ten thousand Pardons: Ladies, your most devoted. You will excuse me, Sir, but being just on the Catastrophe of my Tragedy, I am afraid the poetic Furor may have betray'd me into some Indecency.

*Spri.* Oh, Mr. *Cadwallader* is too great a Genius himself, not to allow for these intemperate Sallies of a heated Imagination.

*Cad.* Genius! Look ye hear, Mr. *What's-your-name?*

*Cape.* *Cape.*

*Cad. Cape!* True; tho' by the Bye here, hey! You live devilish high; but perhaps you may chuse that for Exercise, hey! *Sprightly!* Genius! Look'e here, Mr. *Cape*, I had as pretty natural Parts, as fine Talents!—but between you and I, I had a damn'd Fool of a Guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod—he cou'd as soon pay the national Debt as write his own Name, and so was resolv'd to make his Ward no wiser than himself, I think.

*Spri.* Oh! fye, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you don't do yourself Justice.

*Cape.* Indeed, Sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this Defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. *Cadwallader's* literary Acquisitions loudly talk'd of.

*Cad.* Have you?—no, no, it can't be, hey! tho' let me tell you, last Winter, before I had the Measles, I cou'd have made as good a Speech upon any Subject, in *Italian, French, German*—but I am all unhing'd; all—Oh! Lord, Mr. *Cape*, this is *Becky*; my dear *Becky*, Child, this is a great Poet—ah, but she does not know what that is—a little foolish or so, but of a very good Family—here *Becky*, Child, won't you ask Mr. *Cape* to come and see you?

*Mrs. Cad.* As *Dicky* says, I shall be glad to see you at our House, Sir.

*Cape.* I have too great a Regard for my own Happiness, Ma'am, to miss so certain an Opportunity of creating it.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hey! What?

*Cape.* My Inclinations, as well as my Duty, I say, will compel me to obey your kind Injunctions,

*Mrs. Cad.*



*Mrs. Cad.* What does he say, our *Bell*?

*Arab.* Oh, that he can have no greater Pleasure than waiting on you.

*Mrs. Cad.* I'm sure that's more his Goodness than my Desert; but when you be'nt better engag'd we shou'd be glad of your Company of an Evening to make one with our *Dicky*, Sister *Bell*, and I, at Whisk and Swabbers.

*Cad.* Hey, ecod do, *Cape*, come and look at her Grotto and Shells and see what she has got—well, he'll come, *Beck*,—ecod do, and she'll come to the third Night of your Tragedy, hey! won't you, *Beck*?—is'nt she a fine Girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;—hey, *Beck*; he says you are as fine a Woman as ever he—ecod who knows but he may make a Copy of Verses on you?—there, go, and have a little Chat with her, talk any Nonsense to her, no Matter what; she's a damn'd Fool, and won't know the Difference—there, go, *Beck*—well, *Sprightly*, hey! what are you and *Bell* like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. *Sprightly*, that you have frequently Lords and Viscounts and Earls, that take a Dinner with you; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular Favour, if you would invite me at the same Time, hey! will you?

*Spri.* You may depend on it.

*Cad.* Will you? Gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr. *Sprightly*, I am of as antient a Family as the best of them, and People of Fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

*Spri.* By all manner of Means.

*Cad.* Hey! should not they so? When you have any Lord, or Baron, nay egad, if it be but a Baronet, or a Member of Parliament, I shou'd take it as a Favour.

*Spri.* You will do them honour; they must all have heard of the Antiquity of your House.

*Cad.* Antiquity! hey! *Beck*, where's my Pedigree?

*Mrs. Cad.* Why at Home, lock'd up in the Butler's Pantry.

*Cad.* In the Pantry! What the Devil, how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

*Mrs. Cad.* Lord! What signifies carrying such a lumb'ring Thing about?

*Cad.* Signifies! you are a Fool, *Beck*, why suppose we should have any Disputes when we are abroad, about Precedence? how the Devil shall we be able to settle it? But you shall see it at Home. Oh *Becky*, come hither, we will refer our Dispute to—— (*They go apart.*)

*Arab.* Well, Sir, your Friend has prevail'd; you are acquainted with my Brother; but what Use you propose——

*Cape.* The Pleasure of a more frequent Admission to you.

*Arab.* That all?

*Cape.* Who knows but a strict intimacy with *Mr. Cadwallader* may in Time incline him to favour my Hopes?

*Arab.* A sandy Foundation! Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your Want of Fortune; the Obscurity, or at least Uncertainty, of your Birth, will prove an unsurmountable Bar.

*Cad.*

*Cad.* Hold, hold, hold, *Beck*; zounds! you are so——

*Spri.* Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

*Cape.* Consider we have but an Instant. What Project? What Advice?

*Arab.* O fye! You would be aſham'd to receive Succour from a weak Woman! Poetry is your Profeſſion, you know; ſo that Plots, Contrivances, and all the Powers of Imagination, are more peculiarly your Province.

*Cape.* Is this a Season to rally?

*Cad.* Hold, hold, hold; aſk Mr. *Cape*.

*Arab.* To be ſerious then; if you have any Point to gain with my Brother, your Application muſt be made to his better Part.

*Cape.* I underſtand you; plough with the Heifer.

*Arab.* A delicate Alluſion, on my Word; but take this Hint—Amongſt her Paſſions, Admiration, or rather Adoration, is the principal.

*Cape.* Oh; that is her Foible?

*Arab.* One of them; againſt that Fort you muſt plant your Batteries—But here they are.

*Mrs. Cad.* I tell you, you are a nonſenſe Man, and I won't agree to any ſuch Thing: Why what ſignifies a Parliament Man? You make ſuch a Rout indeed.

*Cad.* Hold, *Becky*, my Dear, don't be in a Paſſion now, hold; let us reaſon the Thing a little, my Dear.

*Mrs. Cad.* I tell you I won't; what's the Man an Oaſe? I won't reaſon, I hate reaſon, and ſo there's an End on't.

*Cad.* Why then you are obſtinate ecod, perverſe, hey! But my Dear, now, *Becky*, that's a

good Girl: Hey! come, hold, hold——Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. *Cape*.

*Mrs. Cad.* Defer it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

*Cape.* Bless me, what's the Matter, Madam? Sure, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you must have been to blame; no inconsiderable Matter cou'd have ruffled the natural Softness of that tender and delicate Mind.

*Arab.* Pretty well commenced.

*Mrs. Cad.* Why he's always a Fool, I think; he wants to send our little *Dicky* to School, and make him a Parliament Man.

*Cape.* How old is Master, Ma'am?

*Mrs. Cad.* Three Years and a Quarter, come Lady-day.

*Cape.* The Intention is rather early.

*Cad.* Hey! early, hold, hold; but *Becky*, mistakes the Thing, egad I'll tell you the whole Affair.

*Mrs. Cad.* You had better hold your chattering, so you had.

*Cad.* Nay, prythee, my Dear; Mr. *Sprightly*, do, stop her Mouth, hold, hold; the Matter, Mr. *Cape*, is this. Have you ever seen my *Dicky*?

*Cape.* Never.

*Cad.* No? Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensible Child; I tell *Becky* he's like her, to keep her in Humour; but between you and I he has more Sense already, than all her Family put together. Hey! *Becky*! is not *Dicky* the Picture of you? He's a sweet Child! Now, Mr. *Cape*, you must know, I want to put little *Dicky* to School; now between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great Use of a School is, hey! egad,  
for



for Children to make Acquaintances, that may hereafter be useful to them; for between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify Two-pence.

*Cape.* Not a Farthing.

*Cad.* Does it, hey? Now this is our Dispute, whether poor little *Dicky*, he's a sweet Boy, shall go to Mr. *Quæ-Genius's* at *Edgware*, and make an Acquaintance with my young Lord *Knap*, the eldest Son of the Earl of *Frize*, or to Doctor *Ticklepitcher's* at *Barnet*, to form a Friendship with young *Stocks*, the rich Broker's only Child.

*Cape.* And for which does the Lady determine?

*Cad.* Why I have told her the Case; says I, *Becky*, my Dear; who knows, if *Dicky* goes to *Quæ-Genius's*, but my Lord *Knap* may take such a Fancy to him, that upon the Death of his Father, and he comes to be Earl of *Frize*, he may make poor little *Dicky* a Member of Parliament? Hey! *Cape*?

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay, but then if *Dicky* goes to *Ticklepitcher's* who can tell but young *Stocks*, when he comes to his Fortune, may lend him Money if he wants it?

*Cad.* And if he does not want it, he won't take after his Father, hey! Well, what's your Opinion, Master *Cape*?

*Cape.* Why Sir, I can't but join with the Lady, Money is the main Article; it is that that makes the Mare to go.

*Cad.* Hey! egad, and the Alderman too, you; so *Dicky* may be a Member, and a Fig for my Lord: Well, *Becky*, be quiet, he shall stick to *Stocks*.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay let'n; I was sure as how I was right.

*Cad.* Well, hush *Becky*. Mr. *Cape*, will you eat a Bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

*Cape.* You command me.

*Cad.* That's kind; why then *Becky* and *Bell* shall step and order the Cook to tofs up a little, nice—Hey! will you, *Becky*? Do, and I'll bring *Cape*.

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay, with all my Heart. Well, Mr. *What-d'ye-call'um*, the Poet; ecod the Man's well enough—Your Servant.

*Cape.* I am a little too much in Dishabille, to offer your Ladyship my Hand to your Coach.

*Cad.* Pshaw! never mind, I'll do it—Here you have Company coming.

(*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cad. and Arab.*)

*Enter GOVERNOR and ROBIN.*

*Cape.* Ah, Master *Robin*!

*Robin.* Why, you have a great Levee this Morning, Sir.

*Cape.* Ay *Robin*, there's no obscuring extraordinary Talents.

*Rob.* True, Sir; and this Friend of mine begs to claim the Benefit of them.

*Cape.* Any Friend of yours: But how can I be serviceable to him?

*Rob.* Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable Government; and, as you know the unsatisfied Mind of Man, no sooner is one Object possess'd, but another starts up to—

*Cape.* A Truce to moralizing, dear *Robin*, to the Matter; I am a little busy.

*Rob.*

*Rob.* In a Word then, this Gentleman, having a good deal of Wealth, is desirous of a little Honour.

*Cape.* How can I confer it?

*Rob.* Your Pen may.

*Cape.* I don't understand you.

*Rob.* Why touch him up a handsome complimentary Address from his Colony, by Way of praising the Prudence of his Administration, his Justice, Valour, Benevolence, and——

*Cape.* I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The Obligations I owe you, *Robin*, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this wou'd prove our last Interview.——Your Friend, Sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a Person fit for your Purpose. Letters have been always my Passion, and indeed are now my Profession; but tho' I am the Servant of the Public, I am not the Prostitute of Particulars: As my Pen has never been ting'd with Gall, to gratify popular Resentment, or private Pique, so it shall never sacrifice its Integrity to flatter Pride, impose Falshood, or palliate Guilt. Your Merit may be great, but let those, Sir, be the Heralds of your Worth, who are better acquainted with it.

*Gov.* Young Man, I like your Principles and Spirit; your manly Refusal gives me more Pleasure, than any Honors your Papers cou'd have procured me.

*Spri.* Now this Business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own Affairs——You dine at *Cadwallader's*?

*Cape.* I do.

*Spri.*

*Spri.* Wou'd it not be convenient to you, to have him out of the Way?

*Cape.* Extremely.

*Spri.* I have a Project, that I think will prevail.

*Cape.* Of what kind?

*Spri.* Bordering upon the Dramatic; but the Time is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure Performers. Let's see—*Robin* is a sure Card—A Principal may easily be met with, but where the Duce can I get an Interpreter?

*Rob.* Offer yourself, Sir; it will give you an Opportunity of more closely inspecting the Conduct of your Son.

*Gov.* True. Sir, tho' a Scheme of this Sort may ill suit with my Character and Time of Life, yet from a private Interest I take in that Gentleman's Affairs, if the Means are honourable——

*Spri.* Innocent upon my Credit.

*Gov.* Why then, Sir, I have no Objection, if you think me equal to the Task——

*Spri.* Most happily fitted for it. I shou'd not have taken the Liberty—but hush! He's return'd.

*Enter CADWALLADER.*

*Spri.* My dear Friend! the luckiest Circumstance!

*Cad.* Hey! how? Stay, hey!

*Spri.* You see that Gentleman?

*Cad.* Well, hey!

*Spri.* Do you know who he is?

*Cad.* Not I.

*Spri.* He is Interpreter to Prince *Potowowsky*.

*Cad.* *Wowsky*? Who the Devil is he?

*Spri.*



*Spri.* Why the *Tartarian* Prince, that's come over Ambassador from the Cham of the *Cal-mucks*.

*Cad.* Indeed !

*Spri.* His Highness has just sent me an Invitation to dine with him ; now every body that dines with a *Tartarian* Lord, has a Right to carry with him what the *Latins* call'd his *Umbra* ; in their Language it is *Jablanousky*.

*Cad.* *Jablanousky* ! well ?

*Spri.* Now if you will go in that Capacity, I shall be glad of the Honour.

*Cad.* Hey ! why wou'd you carry me to dine with his Royal Highness ?

*Spri.* With Pleasure.

*Cad.* My dear Friend, I shall take it as the greatest Favour, the greatest Obligation—I shall never be able to return it.

*Spri.* Don't mention it.

*Cad.* Hey ! but hold, hold, how the Devil shall I get off with the Poet ? You know I have ask'd him to Dinner.

*Spri.* Oh, the Occasion will be Apology sufficient ; besides, there will be the Ladies to receive him.

*Cad.* My dear Mr. *Cape*, I beg ten thousand Pardons, but here your Friend is invited to Dinner with Prince——what the Devil is his Name ?——

*Spri.* *Potowowski*.

*Cad.* True ; now, Sir, ecod he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his *Jablanousky*, wou'd you be so good to excuse—

*Cape.* By all means ; not a Word, I beg.

*Cad.*

*Cad.* That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after Dinner; hey! stay, but is there any Ceremony to be used with his Highness?

*Spri.* You dine upon Carpets, cross-legg'd.

*Cad.* Hey! hold, hold, cross-legg'd, Zounds! that's odd, well, well, you shall teach me.

*Spri.* And his Highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his Guests that do honour to his country Soup.

*Cad.* Oh! let me alone for that; but should not I dress?

*Spri.* No, there's no Occasion for it.

*Cad.* Dear Friend, forgive me; nothing should take me from you, but being a *Hobblin Wisky*. Well, I'll go and study to fit cross-legg'd, 'till you call me.

*Spri.* Do so.

*Cad.* His Highness *Potowowsky*! This is the luckiest Accident! (Exit.

*Cape.* Hah! hah! hah! but how will you conduct your Enterprize?

*Spri.* We'll carry him to your Friend *Robin's*; dress up one of the under Actors in a ridiculous Habit; this Gentleman shall talk a little Gibberish with him. I'll compose a Soup of some nauseous Ingredients; let me alone to manage. But do you chuse, Sir, the Part we have assign'd?

*Gov.* As it seems to be but a harmless Piece of Mirth, I have no objection.

*Spri.* Well then let us about it; come, Sir,

*Cape.* Mr. *Sprightly*!

*Spri.* What's the Matter?

*Cape.* Wou'd it not be right to be a little spruce, a little smart upon this Occasion?

*Spri.*

*Spri.* No doubt; dress, dress, Man; no Time is to be lost.

*Cape.* Well, but *Jack*, I cannot say that at present I—

*Spri.* Prythee explain. What would you say?

*Cape.* Why then, I cannot say, that I have any other Garments at Home,

*Spri.* Oh, I understand you, is that all? Here, here, take my—

*Cape.* Dear *Sprightly*, I am quite ashamed, and sorry.

*Spri.* That's not so obliging, *George*; what, sorry to give me the greatest Pleasure that— But I have no time for Speeches; I must run to get ready my Soup. Come, Gentlemen,

*Rob.* Did you observe, Sir?

*Gov.* Most feelingly! But it will soon be over.

*Rob.* Courage, Sir; Times perhaps may change.

*Cape.* A poor Prospect, *Robin*! But this Scheme of Life at least must be changed; for what Spirit, with the least Spark of Generosity, can support a Life of eternal Obligation, and disagreeable Drudgery? Inclination not consulted, Genius cramp'd, and Talents misapply'd.

What Prospect have those Authors to be read,  
Whose daily Writings earn their daily Bread?

(*Exeunt.*)

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

## A C T II.

Young CAPE and Mrs. CADWALLADER  
at Cards.

*Mrs.* } YOU want four, and I two, and  
*Cad.* } my Deal: Now, Knave noddy  
—no, Hearts be Trumps.

*Cape.* I beg.

*Mrs. Cad.* Will you stock 'em?

*Cape.* Go on, if you please, Madam.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hearts again—One, two, three;  
one, two,—hang 'em, they won't slip, three.  
Diamonds—the two: Have your higher than  
the Queen?

*Cape.* No, Madam.

*Mrs. Cad.* Then there's highest—and lowest,  
by Gosh. Games are even; you are to deal.

*Cape.* Pshaw, hang Cards; there are other  
Amusements better suited to a tête-a tête, than  
any the four Aces can afford us.

*Mrs. Cad.* What Pastimes be they?—We  
ben't enough for Hunt the Whistle, nor Blind-  
Man's Buff: but I'll call our *Bell*, and *Robin*  
the Butler. *Dicky* will be here an Bye.

*Cape.* Hold a Minute. I have a Game to  
propose, where the Presence of a third Person,  
especially Mr. *Cadwallader's*, wou'd totally ruin  
the Sport.

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay, what can that be?

*Cape.* Can't you guess?

*Mrs. Cad.* Not I; Questions and Commands,  
mayhap.

*Cape.*



*Cape.* Not absolutely that——some little Resemblance ; for I am to request, and you are to command.

*Mrs. Cad.* Oh daify ! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born Days ; come, begin then.

*Cape.* Can you love me ?

*Mrs. Cad.* Love you ! But is it in jest or earnest ?

*Cape.* That is as you please to determine.

*Mrs. Cad.* But mayn't I ask you Questions too ?

*Cape.* Doubtless.

*Mrs. Cad.* Why then do you love Me ?

*Cape.* With all my Soul.

*Mrs. Cad.* Upon your Sayso.

*Cape.* Upon my Sayso.

*Mrs. Cad.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart. This is the rarest Pastime !

*Cape.* But you have not answer'd my Question.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hey ? that's true. Why I believe there's no Love lost.

*Cape.* So ; our Game will soon be over ; I shall be up at a Deal. I wish I mayn't be engag'd to play deeper here than I intended tho'.

(*Afide.*)

*Mrs. Cad.* Well, now 'tis your Turn.

*Cape.* True ; aye ; but zooks you are too hasty ; the Pleasure of this Play, like Hunting, does not consist in immediately chopping the Prey.

*Mrs. Cad.* No ! How then ?

*Cape.* Why first I am to start you, then run you a little in View, then lose you, then un-

D

ravel

ravel all the Tricks and Doubles you make to escape me.

*You fly o'er Hedge and Stile,  
I pursue for many a Mile,  
You grow tir'd at last and quat,  
Then I catch you, and all that.*

*Mrs. Cad.* Dear me, there's a deal on't! I shall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in View.

*Cape.* I believe you.

*Mrs. Cad.* Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quatting—Hush! here's Sister; what the Deuce brought her? *Bell* will be for learning this Game too, but don't you teach her for your Life, *Mr. Poet*.

*Enter ARABELLA.*

*Arab.* Your Mantua-maker, with your new Sack, Sister.

*Mrs. Cad.* Is that all? She might have stay'd I think.

*Arab.* What? You were better engaged? But don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hey! Now will I be hang'd if she be'n't jealous of *Mr. Poet*; but I'll listen, and see the End on't, I'm resolved. (*Aside and Exit.*)

*Arab.* Are you concern'd at the Interruption too?

*Cape.* It was a very seasonable one, I promise you; had you stay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the Consequence.

*Arab.* No Danger to your Person, I hope.

*Cape.*

*Cape.* Some little Attacks upon it.

*Arab.* Which were as feebly resisted.

*Cape.* Why, consider, my dear *Bell*; tho' your Sister is a Fool, she is a fine Woman, and Flesh is frail.

*Arab.* Dear *Bell*! And Flesh is frail! We are grown strangely familiar, I think.

*Cape.* Heydey! In what Corner sits the Wind now?

*Arab.* Where it may possibly blow strong enough to overset your Hopes.

*Cape.* That a Breeze of your Breath can do.

*Arab.* Affected!

*Cape.* You are obliging Madam; but pray, what is the Meaning of all this?

*Arab.* Ask your own guilty Conscience.

*Cape.* Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little Passion wou'd be no bad Presage.

*Arab.* You may prove a false Prophet.

*Cape.* Let me die, if I know what to—But to descend to a little common Sense; what Part of my Conduct——

*Arab.* Look'e, Mr. *Cape*, all Explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover your Disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no Occasion—but however, I'll not be any impediment to you; my Sister will be back immediately; I suppose my Presence will only—But consider, Sir, I have a Brother's Honour——

*Cape.* Which is as safe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your Brother's Closet: But surely, Madam, you are a little capricious, here; have I done any thing but obey your Directions?

*Arab.* That was founded upon a Supposition that—but no matter.

*Cape.* That what?

*Arab.* Why, I was weak enough to believe, what you was wicked enough to protest—

*Cape.* That I loved you; and what Reason have I given you to doubt it?

*Arab.* A pretty Situation I found you in at my Entrance.

*Cape.* An assumed Warmth, for the better concealing the Fraud.

*Mrs. Cad.* What's that? (*Aside, listening.*)

*Cape.* Surely if you doubted my Constancy, you must have a better Opinion of my Understanding.

*Mrs. Cad.* Mighty well. (*Aside.*)

*Cape.* What an Idiot, a Driveller! no Consideration upon Earth, but my paving the Way to the Possession of you, could have prevail'd upon me to support her Folly a Minute.

*Enter Mrs. CADWALLADER.*

*Mrs. Cad.* Soh! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty Gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not such a Fool as you think for, Man; but here will be *Dicky* presently, he shall hear of your Tricks, he shall: I'll let him know what a pretty Person he has got in his House.

*Cape.* There's no parrying this; had not I better decamp.

*Arab.* And leave me to the Mercy of the Enemy: My Brother's Temper is so odd, there's no knowing in what Light he'll see this.

*Mrs. Cad.*



*Mrs. Cad.* Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, Madam.

*Enter CADWALLADER, GOVERNOR,  
SPRIGHTLY and ROBIN.*

*Cad.* No, pray walk in, Mr. *Interpreter*, between you and I, I like his Royal Highness mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred Gentleman—but damn his Soup.

*Gov.* Why, Sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

*Cad.* Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another Mefs to be his Master's prime Minister; as bitter as Gall, and as black as my Hat; and there have I been sitting these two Hours with my legs under me 'till they are both as dead as a Herring.

*Cape.* Your Dinner displeas'd you?

*Cad.* Displeas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr. *Sprightly*, I'm mightily obliged to you for the Honour; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a *Hobblin'wiskey* again, if the great Cham of the *Calmucks* were to come over himself. Hey! and what a damn'd Language has he got? Whee, haw, haw! but you speak it very fluently.

*Gov.* I was long resident in the Country.

*Cad.* May be so, but he seems to speak it better; you have a foreign kind of an Accent, you don't sound it through the Nose so well as he. Hey! well *Becky*, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. *Cape*?

*Mrs. Cad.* Oh! here have been fine Doings since you have been gone.

*Cape.* So, now comes on the Storm.

*Cad.* Hey! hold, hold, what has been the Matter?

*Mrs. Cad.* Matter! why the Devil is in the Poet, I think.

*Cad.* The Devil! hold.

*Mrs. Cad.* Why here he has been making Love to me like bewitch'd.

*Cad.* How, which Way?

*Mrs. Cad.* Why some on't was out of his Poetry, I think.

*Cad.* Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad; this Morning he took me for King *Turnus*, you; now who can tell, but this Afternoon he may take you for Queen *Dido*?

*Mrs. Cad.* And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

*Cad.* Hold, hold, catch you? Mr. *Cape*, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly Thing to make Love to *Becky* in my Absence.

*Cape.* But, Sir.

*Cad.* And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. *Cape*, to take this Advantage, as you know she is but a foolish Woman.

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay, me; who am but a foolish Woman.

*Cape.* But hear me.

*Cad.* A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor *Becky*! And for a Man of your Parts to attack——

*Cape.* There's no——

*Cad.* Hold, hold, ecod it is just as if the *Grand Signor*, at the Head of his Janisaries, was to kick a Chimney-sweeper.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Cad.* Hey! what's that you say, *Dicky*; what, be I like a Chimney-sweeper?

*Cad.* Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, *Beck*; hey! no: That's only by Way of Simile, to let him see I understand your Tropes, and Figures, as well as himself, egad! and therefore——

*Spri.* Nay, but Mr. *Cadwallader*——

*Cad.* Don't mention it, Mr. *Sprightly*; he is the first Poet I ever had in my House, except the Bellman for a Christmas-box.

*Spri.* Good Sir.

*Cad.* And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall be the last.

*Spri.* I have but one Way to silence him.

*Cad.* And let me tell you——

*Spri.* Nay, Sir, if I must tell him; he owes his Reception here to my Recommendation; any abuse of your Goodness, any Breach of Hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

*Cad.* Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod; at him; give it him home.

*Spri.* Ungrateful Monster! and is this your Return for the open, generous Treatment——

*Mrs. Cad.* As good fry'd Cow-heel, with a roast Fowl and Sauages, as ever came to a Table.

*Cad.* Hush, *Beck*, hush!——

*Spri.* And cou'd you find no other Object, but Mr. *Cadwallader*; a Man, perhaps, possess'd of a Genius superior to your own——

*Cad.* If I had had a University Education——

*Spri.* And of a Family as old as the Creation.

*Cad.* Older; *Beck*, fetch the Pedigree.

*Spri.* Thus far relates to this Gentleman; but now, Sir, what Apology can you make me, who was your Passport, your Security?

*Cad.* Zounds, none ; fight him.

*Spri.* Fight him ?

*Cad.* Ay, do ; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the Measles last Winter ; but stay till I get out of the Room.

*Spri.* No, he's sure of a Protection here, the Presence of the Ladies.

*Cad.* Pshaw, Pox ! they belong to the Family, never mind them.

*Spri.* Well, Sir, are you dumb ? No Excuse ? No Palliation ?

*Cad.* Ay, no Palliation ?

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay, no Tribulation ? It's a Shame, so it is.

*Cape.* When I have leave to speak——

*Cad.* Speak ! what the Devil can you say ?

*Cape.* Nay, Sir——

*Spri.* Let's hear him, Mr. *Cadwallader*, however.

*Cad.* Hold, hold ; come, begin then.

*Cape.* And first to you Mr. *Sprightly*, as you seem most interested ; pray does this Charge correspond with any other Action of my Life, since I have had the honour to know you ?——

*Spri.* Indeed, I can't say that I recollect, but still as the Scholiasts says — *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*.

*Cad.* Hold, hold, what's that ?

*Spri.* Why, that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

*Mrs. Cad.* By Gosh ! and so it is.

*Cad.* Ecod, and so it is : Speak a little more *Latin* to him ; if I had been bred at the University, you shou'd have it both Sides of your Ears.

*Cape.*



*Cape.* A little Patience, Gentlemen ; now, to you ; you were pleased yourself to drop a few Hints of your Lady's Weakness ; might not she take too seriously, what was meant as a mere Matter of Merriment ?

*Cad.* Hey ! hold, hold.

*Spri.* A paltry Excuse ; can any Woman be such a Fool as not to know when a Man has a Design upon her Person ?

*Cad.* Answer that Mr. *Cape*, hey ! Answer that.

*Cape.* I can only answer for the Innocency of my own Intentions ; may not your Lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a Favourite, contrive this Charge with a View of destroying the Connexion——

*Spri.* Connexion !

*Cad.* Hey ! hold, hold, Connexion.

*Spri.* There's something in that——

*Cad.* Hey ! is there ? Hold, hold, hey ! egad, he is right——You're right, Mr. *Cape* ; hold, *Becky*, my Dear, how the Devil cou'd you be so wicked, hey ! Child ; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the Wickedness to attempt to destroy the Connexion ?

*Mrs. Cad.* I don't know what you say.

*Cad.* D'ye hear ? You are an Incendiary, but you have mis'd your Point ; the Connexion shall be only the stronger ; My dear Friend, I beg ten thousand Pardons, I was too hasty ; but ecod, *Becky's* to blame.

*Cape.* The Return of your Favour has effaced every other Impression.

*Cad.* There's a good-natured Creature!

*Cape,*

*Cape.* But if you have the least Doubts remaining, this Lady, your Sister, I believe, will do me the Justice to own——

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay, ask my Fellow, if I be a Thief.

*Cad.* What the Devil is *Becky* at now?

*Mrs. Cad.* She's as bad as he.

*Cad.* Bad as he? Hey! how; what the Devil, she did not make Love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

*Mrs. Cad.* Why no, Foolish, but you are always running on with your Riggmonrowles, and won't stay to hear a Body's Story out.

*Cad.* Well, *Beck*, come let's have it.

*Mrs. Cad.* Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, first he made Love to me, and wanted me to be a Hare.

*Cad.* A Hare! hold, ecod, that was whimsical; a Hare! hey! oh ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hair-brain'd already: *Becky*, a damn'd good Story. Well, *Beck*, go on, let's have it out.

*Mrs. Cad.* No, I won't tell you no more, so I won't.

*Cad.* Nay, prythee, *Beck*.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hold your Tongue then: And so there he was going on with his Nonsense, and so in come our *Bell*; and so——

*Cad.* Hold, hold, *Becky*; damn your So's; go on, Child, but leave out your So's; its a low——hold, hold, vulgar——but go on.

*Mrs. Cad.* Why how can I go on, when you stop me every Minute? Well, and then our *Bell* came in and interrupted him, and me—

methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

*Cad.* Well.

*Mrs. Cad.* And so I went out and listen'd.

*Cad.* So, what you staid and listen'd?

*Mrs. Cad.* No; I tell you upon my staying, she went out; no——upon my going out, she staid.

*Cad.* This is a damn'd blind Story, but go on, *Beck*.

*Mrs. Cad.* And then at first she scolded him roundly for making Love to me; and then he said as how she advised him to it; and then she said no; and then he said——

*Cad.* Hold, hold; we shall never understand all these He's and She's; this may all be very true, *Beck*, but, hold, hold; as I hope to be saved, thou art the worst Teller of a Story——

*Mrs. Cad.* Well, I have but a Word more; and then he said as how I was a great Fool.

*Cad.* Not much mistaken in that. (*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Cad.* And that he wou'd not have stay'd with Me a Minute, but to pave the Way to the Possession of She.

*Cad.* Well, *Beck*, well?

*Mrs. Cad.* And so——that's all.

*Cad.* Make Love to Her, in Order to get Possession of You?

*Mrs. Cad.* Love to Me, in order to get She.

*Cad.* Hey! Oh, now I begin to understand. Hey! What's this true, *Bell*? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey!  
*Mr. Cape?*

*Cape.* How shall I act? ○

*Rob.* Own it, Sir, I have a Reason.

*Cad.*

*Cad.* Well, what say you, Mr. *Cape*? Let's have it, without Equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental Reservation. Guilty, or not?

*Cape.* Of what, Sir?

*Cad.* Of what? Hold, hold, of making Love to *Bell*.

*Cape.* Guilty.

*Cad.* Hey! how? Hold, Zounds! No, what not with an Intention to marry her?

*Cape.* With the Lady's Approbation, and your kind Consent.

*Cad.* Hold, hold, what my Consent to marry You?

*Cape.* Ay, Sir.

*Cad.* Hold, hold, hold, what our *Bell*? To mix the Blood of the *Cadwalladers* with the Puddle of a Poet?

*Cape.* Sir?

*Cad.* A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming——

*Spri.* But Mr.——

*Cad.* A scribbling, hold, hold, hold——  
Garretteer? that has no more Cloaths than Backs, no more Heads than Hats, and no Shoes to his Feet.

*Spri.* Nay, but——

*Cad.* The Offspring of a Dunghill! Born in a Cellar, hold, hold, and living in a Garret; a Fungus, a Mushroom.

*Cape.* Sir, my Family——

*Cad.* Your Family! Hold, hold, hold, *Peter*, fetch the Pedigree; I'll shew you——Your Family! a little obscure——hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a Grandfather.

*Enter*



*Enter PETER with the Pedigree.*

There it is ; there ; *Peter*, help me to stretch it out : There's seven Yards more of Lineals, besides three of Collaterals, that I expect next *Monday* from the Herald's Office ; d'ye see, Mr. *Sprightly* ?

*Spr.* Prodigious !

*Cad.* Nay, but look'e, there's *Welch* Princes, and Ambassadors, and Kings of *Scotland*, and Members of Parliament : Hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an Earl or a Lord in my Pedigree, hold, hold, than *Kouli Khan* wou'd a Serjeant in the Train'd Bands.

*Spr.* An amazing Descent !

*Cad.* Hey, is it not ? And for this low, lousy Son of a Shoe-maker, to talk of Families —hold, hold, get out of my House.

*Rob.* Now is your Time, Sir.

*Cad.* Mr. *Sprightly*, turn him out.

*Gov.* Stop, Sir, I have a Secret to disclose, that may make you alter your Intentions.

*Cad.* Hold, hold : how, Mr. *Interpreter* ?

*Gov.* You are now to regard that young Man in a very different Light, and consider him as my Son.

*Cape.* Your Son, Sir ?

*Gov.* In a Moment, *George*, the Mysteries shall be explain'd.

*Cad.* Your Son ? Hold, hold ; and what then ?

*Gov.* Then ! Why then he is no longer the Scribbler, the Mushroom you have described, but of Birth and Fortune equal to your own.

*Cad.*

*Cad.* What! the Son of an Interpreter equal to Me! A Fellow that trudges about, teaching of Languages to foreign Counts!

*Gov.* A Teacher of Languages!

*Cad.* Stay; ecod, a Runner to Monfieurs and Marquiffes!

*Spri.* You are mistaken, Sir.

*Cad.* A Jack-pudding! that takes Fillips on the Nose for Six-pence a Piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me Eighteen-pennyworth, and Change for half a Crown.

*Gov.* Stop, when you are well.

*Cad.* A Spunger at other Men's Tables! that has Jallop put into his Beer, and his Face black'd at Christmas for the Diversion of Children!

*Gov.* I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir; who is it you dare treat in this Manner?

*Cad.* Hey! Zounds, Mr. *Sprightly*, lay hold of him.

*Spri.* Calm your Choler. Indeed, Mr. *Cadwallader*, nothing cou'd excuse your Behaviour to this Gentleman, but your mistaking his Person.

*Cad.* Hold, hold. Is not he Interpreter to—

*Spri.* No.

*Cad.* Why did not you tell——

*Spri.* That was a Mistake. This Gentleman is the Prince's Friend; and, by a long Residence in the Monarch's Country, is perfect Master of the Language.

*Cad.* But who the Devil is he then?

*Spri.* He is Mr. *Cape*, Sir; a Man of unblemish'd Honour, capital Fortune, and late Governor of one of our most considerable Settlements.

*Cad.*

*Cad.* Governor! Hold, hold, and how came you Father to——hey!——

*Gov.* By marrying his Mother.

*Cape.* But how am I to regard this?

*Gov.* As a solemn Truth; that foreign Friend, to whom you owe your Education, was no other than myself; I had my Reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my Son.

*Cape.* Sir; it is not for me (*kneeling.*) but if Gratitude, Duty filial——

*Gov.* Rise, my Boy; I have ventured far to fix thy Fortune, *George*; but to find thee worthy of it, more than o'erpays my Toil; the Rest of my Story shall be reserved till we are alone.

*Cad.* Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good sensible old Fellow this; but, hark'e, *Sprightly*, I have made a damn'd Blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr. Governor, I ask ten thousand Pardons; but who the Devil cou'd have thought that the Interpreter to Prince *Potowowsky*——

*Gov.* Oh, Sir you have in your Power sufficient Means to atone for the Injuries done us both.

*Cad.* Hold, how?

*Gov.* By bestowing your Sister, with, I flatter myself, no great Violence to her Inclinations, here.

*Cad.* What, marry *Bell*? Hey! Hold, hold; Zounds, *Bell*, take him, do; 'ecod, he is a good likely——hey! Will you?

*Arab.*

*Arab.* I shan't disobey you, Sir.

*Cad.* Shan't you? That's right. Who the Devil knows but he may come to be a Governor himself; hey! Hold, hold; come here then, give me your Hands both; (*Joins their Hands.*) There, there, the Business is done: And now, Brother Governor——

*Gov.* And now, Brother *Cadwallader*.

*Cad.* Hey, *Beck*! Here's something new for my Pedigree; we'll pop in the Governor to-morrow.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hark'e, Mr. Governor, can you give me a black Boy and a Monkey?

*Cad.* Hey! Ay, ay, you shall have a black Boy, and a Monkey, and a Parrot too, *Beck*.

*Spri.* Dear *George*, I am a little late in my Congratulations; but——

*Gov.* Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested Friendship, I shall be sorry I ever own'd him. Now, *Robin*, my Cares are over, and my Wishes full; and if *George* remains as untainted by Affluence, as he has been untempted by Distress, I have given the Poor a Protector, his Country an Advocate, and the World a Friend.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

F I N I S.



THE  
L Y A R.

A  
C O M E D Y

IN THREE ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for P. VAILLANT, J. RIVINGTON,  
And S. BLADON, in PATER-NOSTER-ROW,

M DCC LXXVI.

[ Price One Shilling and Six-pence. ]

THE

PLAY

A

COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS.

As it is performed at the

Theatre in the Hay-Market.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, Esq.

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Printed by M. VAUGHAN, J. Rivington,

And S. BARNES, in Pall-mall.

MDCCLXXV.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

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# PROLOGUE.

**W**HAT various revolutions in our art,  
Since Thispis first sung ballads in a cart !  
By nature fram'd the witty war to wage,  
And lay the deep foundations of the stage,  
From his own soil that bard his pictures drew :  
The gaping crowd the mimic features knew,  
And the broad jest with fire electric flew.  
Succeeding times, more polish'd and refin'd,  
To rigid rules the comic muse confin'd :  
Robb'd of the nat'ral freedom of her song,  
In artful measures now she floats along ;  
No sprightly sallies rouse the slumb'ring pit ;  
Thalia, grown mere architect in wit,  
To doors and ladders has confin'd her cares,  
Convenient closets, and a snug back stairs ;  
'Twixt her and Satire has dissolv'd the league,  
And jilted humour to enjoy intrigue.  
To gain the suff'rage of this polish'd age,  
We bring to-night a stranger on the stage :  
His fire De Vega ; we confess this truth,  
Lest you mistake him for a British youth.  
Severe the censure on my feeble pen,  
Neglecting manners, that she copies men :  
Thus, if I hum or ha, or name report,  
'Tis Serjeant Splitcause from the Inns of Court ;  
If, at the age that ladies cease to dance,  
To romp at Ranelagh, or read romance,  
I draw a dowager inclin'd to man,  
Or paint her rage for china or japan,  
The true original is quickly known,  
And lady Squab proclaim'd throughout the town.  
But in the following group let no man dare  
To claim a limb, nay, not a single hair :  
What gallant Briton can be such a sot  
To own the child a Spaniard has begot.

## Dramatis Personæ.

Sir JAMES ELLIOT,

Mr. DAVIS.

OLD WILDING, the Father, Mr. CASTLE.

YOUNG WILDING,

Mr. FOOTE.

PAPILLION,

Mr. WESTON.

Miss GRANTAM,

Mrs. JEFFRIES.

Miss GODFREY,

Mrs. BROWN.

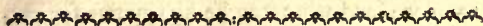
KITTY, the Maid,

Mrs. PARSONS.

The Servants.



T H E  
L Y A R.



A C T I.

SCENE a Lodging.

YOUNG WILDING and PAPILLION *discovered,*

*Young Wilding.*

AND I am now, Papillion, perfectly  
equipped?

*Papillion.* Personne mieux. Nobody  
better.

*Y. Wild.* My figure?

*Pap.* Fait a peindre.

*Y. Wild.* My air.

*Pap.* Libre.

*Y. Wild.* My address?

*Pap.* Parisienne.

*Y. Wild.* My hat fits easily under my arm;  
not like the draggled tail of my tatter'd acade-  
mical habit

*Pap.* Ah, bein autre chose.

*Y. Wild.* Why then, adieu, Alma Mater, and  
bien venüe, la ville de Londre; farewell to the  
schools, and welcome the theatres; presidents,  
proctors, short commons with long graces, must  
now give place to plays, bagnios, long tavern-  
bills with no graces at all.

*Pap.*

*Pap.* Ah, bravo, bravo!

*Y. Wild.* Well, but my dear Papillion, you must give me the chart du paye: This town is a new world to me; my provident papa, you know, would never suffer me near the smoak of London; and what can be his motive for permitting me now, I can't readily conceive

*Pap.* Ni moi.

*Y. Wild.* I shall, however, take the liberty to conceal my arrival from him for a few days.

*Pap.* Vous avez raison.

*Y. Wild.* Well my Mentor, and how am I to manage? direct my road: where must I begin? But the debate is, I suppose, of consequence?

*Pap.* Vraiment.

*Y. Wild.* How long have you left Paris, Papillion?

*Pap.* Twelve, dirteen year.

*Y. Wild.* I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

*Pap.* The accent is difficult.

*Y. Wild.* But here you are at home,

*Pap.* C'est vrai.

*Y. Wild.* No stranger to fashionable places.

*Pap.* O faite!

*Y. Wild.* Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both sexes.

*Pap.* Sans doute.

*Y. Wild.* Well then, open your lecture: And, d'ye hear, Papillion, as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet, to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us: See me ready to slack my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

*Pap.* Here then I disclose my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

*Y. Wild.*

*Y. Wild.* Hey, Papillion!

*Pap.* Sir?

*Y. Wild.* What is this? why you speak English!

*Pap.* Without doubt.

*Y. Wild.* But like a native;

*Pap.* To be sure.

*Y. Wild.* And what am I to conclude from all this?

*Pap.* Logically thus, Sir: Whoever speaks pure English is an Englishman: I speak pure English; ergo, I am an Englishman. There's a categorical syllogism for you, Major, Minor, and Consequence. What do you think, Sir, that whilst you was busy at Oxford, I was idle? no, no, no.

*Y. Wild.* Well, Sir, but notwithstanding your pleasantry, I must have this matter explain'd.

*Pap.* So you shall, my good Sir; but don't be in such a hurry: You can't suppose I would give you the key, unless I meant you should open the door.

*Y. Wild.* Why then, prythee unlock.

*Pap.* Immediately. But by way of entering upon my post as preceptor, suffer me first to give you a hint: You must not expect, Sir, to find here, as at Oxford, men appearing in their real characters; every body there, Sir, knows that Dr. Muffy is a fellow of Maudlin, and Tom Trifle a student of Christchurch; but this town is one great comedy, in which not only the principles, but frequently the persons are feigned.

*Y. Wild.* A useful observation.

*Pap.* Why now, Sir, at the first coffee-house I shall enter you, you will perhaps meet a man from whose decent sable dress, placid countenance, insinuating behaviour, short sword, with the waiter's civil addition of "a dish of coffee  
for

for Dr. Julap," you would suppose him to be a physician.

*Y. Wild.* Well?

*Pap.* Does not know diascordium from diaculum. An absolute French spy, concealed under the shelter of a huge medicinal perriwig.

*Y. Wild.* Indeed!

*Pap.* A martial figure too, it is odds but you will encounter; from whose scars, title, dress, and address, you would suppose to have had a share in every action since the peace of the Pyrenees; runner to a gaming-table, and bully to a bawdy-house. Battles, to be sure, he has been in—with the watch; and frequently a prisoner too—in the round house.

*Y. Wild.* Amazing!

*Pap.* In short, Sir, you will meet with lawyers who practise smuggling, and merchants who trade upon Hounslow-heath; reverend atheists, right honourable sharpers, and Frenchmen from the county of York.

*Y. Wild.* In the last list, I presume, you roll.

*Pap.* Just my situation.

*Y. Wild.* And pray, Sir, what may be your motive for this whimsical transformation?

*Pap.* A very harmless one, I promise you: I would only avail myself at the expence of folly and prejudice.

*Y. Wild.* As how?

*Pap.* Why, Sir — But, to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

*Y. Wild.* Prithee do.

*Pap.* Why then you are to know, Sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies



academies with which our county of York is so plentifully stocked.

*Y. Wild.* But to the point : Why this disguise ? Why renounce your country ?

*Pap.* There, Sir, you make a little mistake ; it was my country that renounced me.

*Y. Wild.* Explain.

*Pap.* In an instant, upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

*Y. Wild.* What an author too ?

*Pap.* Oh, a voluminous one : The whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inspection ; physic, divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress managed herself. There, Sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemn'd books I never read, and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original.

*Y. Wild.* Ah ! why I thought acuteness of discernment, and depth of knowledge, were necessary to accomplish a critic.

*Pap.* Yes Sir ; but not a monthly one. Our method was very concise : We copy the title-page of a new book ; we never go any further : If we are ordered to praise it, we have at hand about ten words, which, scatter'd through as many periods, effectually does the business ; as, “ laudable design, happy arrangement, spirited language, nervous sentiment, elevation of thought, conclusive argument ; ” if we are to decry, then we have, “ unconnected, flat, false, illiberal stricture, reprehensible, unnatural.” And thus, Sir, we pepper the author, and soon rid our hands of his work.

*Y. Wild.* A short recipe.

*Pap.* And yet, Sir, you have all the materials that are necessary: These are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all subjects are equal; plays or sermons, poetry or politics, music or midwifry, it is the same thing.

*Y. Wild.* How came you to resign this easy employment?

*Pap.* It would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves; our work hung upon hand, and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a-week, and my small beer. Poor pittance!

*Y. Wild.* Poor indeed.

*Pap.* Oh, half-starv'd me!

*Y. Wild.* What was your next change?

*Pap.* I was mightily puzzled to choose. Some would have had me turn player, and others methodist preacher; but as I had no money to build me a tabernacle, I did not think it could answer; and as to player—whatever might happen to me, I was determined not to bring a disgrace upon my family, and so I resolved to turn footman.

*Y. Wild.* Wisely resolv'd.

*Pap.* Yes, Sir, but not so easily executed.

*Y. Wild.* No!

*Pap.* Oh no, Sir. Many a weary step have I taken after a place: Here I was too old, there I was too young; here the last livery was too big, there it was too little; here I was awkward, there I was knowing; madam dislik'd me at this house, her ladyship's woman at the next; so that I was as much puzzled to find out a place, as the great Cynic philosopher to discover a man. In short, I was quite in a state of despair, when chance threw an old friend in my way that quite retrieved my affairs.

*Y. Wild.*

*T. Wild.* Pray who might he be.

*Pap.* A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I opened my melancholy story to him over three-pennyworth of beef-a-la-mode, in a cellar, in St. Ann's. My little foreign friend purs'd up his lanthorn jaws, and with a shrug of contempt, "Ah, maître Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no finesse: To thrive here you must study the folly of your own country." "How, Monsieur!" "Taisez vous. Keep a your tongue! autre foy! I teach you speak French, now I teach a you to forget English. Go vid me to my lodgement, I vil give you proper dress, den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house; you will find all de doors dat was shut in your face as footman Anglois, will fly open demselves to a French valet de chambre."

*T. Wild.* Well Papillion?

*Pap.* Gad, Sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determin'd to follow my friend's advice.

*T. Wild.* Did it succeed?

*Pap.* Better than expectation: My tawny face, long queü, and broken English, was a pas par tout. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

*T. Wild.* As how?

*Pap.* Why, at a pinch, Sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master; these, Sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, Sir, to the point: As you were pleased to be so candid with me, I was determin'd to have no reserve with you. You have studied books, I have studied men; you want advice, and I have some at your service.

*T. Wild.*

*Y. Wild.* Well, I'll be your customer.

*Pap.* But guard my secret: if I should be so unfortunate to lose your place, don't shut me out from every other.

*Y. Wild.* You may rely upon me.

*Pap.* In a few years I shall be in a condition to retire from business; but whether I shall settle at my family-seat, or pass over to the continent, is as yet undetermined. Perhaps, in gratitude to the country, I may purchase a marquissate near Paris, and spend the money I have got by their means, generously amongst them.

*Y. Wild.* A grateful intention. But let us tally. Where do we open?

*Pap.* Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day: the Mall will be crowded.

*Y. Wild.* Alons.

*Pap.* But don't stare, Sir: survey every thing with an air of habit and indifference.

*Y. Wild.* Never fear.

*Pap.* But I would, Sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a subject that may prove very material to you.

*Y. Wild.* proceed.

*Pap.* You will pardon my presumption; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

*Y. Wild.* What is it?

*Pap.* And yet it is a pity too, you do it so very well.

*Y. Wild.* Prithee be plain.

*Pap.* You have, Sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

*Y. Wild.* Well.

*Pap.* But now and then in your narratives you are hurry'd, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable, a little given to the marvelous.

*Y. Wild.*



*Y. Wild.* I understand you: what, I am somewhat subject to lying.

*Pap.* Oh, pardon me, Sir; I don't say that; no, no, only a little apt to embellish; that's all. To be sure it is a fine gift; that there is no disputing: but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attach'd to matter of fact——And yet this talent of yours is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose, I can't for my life determine.

*Y. Wild.* You would advise me, then, not to be quite so poetical in my prose?

*Pap.* Why, Sir, if you would descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

*Y. Wild.* I'll think of it.

*Pap.* Besides, Sir, in this town people are more smoaky and suspicious. Oxford, you know, is the seat of the mules, and a man is naturally permitted more ornament and garniture to his conversation than they will allow in this latitude.

*Y. Wild.* I believe you are right. But we shall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion: if at any time you find me growing too poetical give me a hint; your advice shan't be thrown away.

[*Exit.*

*Pap.* I wish it mayn't; but the disease is too rooted to be quickly removed. Lord, how I have sweat for him! yet he is as unimbarressed, easy, and fluent, all the time, as if he really believed what he said. Well, to be sure he is a great master; it is a thousand pities his genius could not be converted to some public service: I think the government should employ him to answer the Brussels Gazette. I'll be hanged if he is not too many for Monsieur Maubert, at his own weapons.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

## SCENE the Park.

*Enter Miss GRANTAM and Miss GODFREY,  
and Servant.*

*Miss Grantam.* John, let the chariot go round to Spring-Gardens, for your mistress and I shall call at Lady Bab's, Miss Arabella Allnight's, the countess of Crumple's, and the tall man's, this morning. My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out! why, child, you are as tedious as a long mourning. Do you know now, that of all places of public rendezvous I honour the Park? forty thousand million of times preferable to the play-house! Don't you think so my dear?

*Miss Godfrey.* They are both well in their way.

*M. Gr.* Way! why the purpose of both is the same; to meet company, isn't it? what, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? ha, ha! well, that is well enough. But, O Gemini! I beg a million of pardons: You are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

*M. God.* Liberties in public!

*M. Gr.* Yes, child, such as enchoring a song at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical scene of distress, hallooing to a pretty fellow cross the Mall, as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know now, my dear that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a croud, on a Sunday, as if I was the Tripoly ambassador?

*M. God.*

*M. God.* The good fortune, Ma'am! Surely, the wish of every decent woman is to be unnotic'd in public.

*M. Gr.* Decent! oh, my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion! Decency is, child, a mere burgois, plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas: you are a fine girl, and we must not have you lost; I'll undertake you myself. But, as I was saying—Pray, my dear, what was I saying.

*M. God.* I profess I don't recollect.

*M. Gr.* Hey!—Oh, ah, the Park. One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connections.

*M. God.* Ma'am!

*M. Gr.* Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know that all my male friendships are form'd in this place?

*M. God.* It is an odd spot: But you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

*M. Gr.* Oh, I will convince you in a moment; for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I do'nt recollect. I will throw out a lure.

*M. God.* Nay, for Heaven's sake!

*M. Gr.* I am determin'd, child: that is——

*M. God.* You will excuse my withdrawing.

*M. Gr.* Oh, please yourself, my dear.

[*Exit Miss Godfrey.*]

*Enter* YOUNG WILDING *with* PAPILLION.

*Y. Wild.* Your ladyship's handkerchief, Ma'am.

*M. Gr.* I am, Sir, concern'd at the trouble—

*Y. Wild.* A most happy incident for me, Ma'am; as chance has given me an honour in one lucky

lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

*M. Gr.* Is this meant to me, Sir?

*T. Wild.* To whom else, Madam? Surely, you must have mark'd my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance; to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottas, I have pursued you like your shadow; I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit and entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

*Pap.* So, now he is in for it; stop him who can.

*T. Wild.* In short, Madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night, your ladyship's portal, as a centinel the powder-magazine in a fortified city.

*Pap.* Quitted America! well pull'd.

*M. Gr.* You have serv'd in America then?

*T. Wild.* full four years, Ma'am: and during that whole time, not a single action of consequence, but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity, affirm I did not miss the occasion. You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

*Pap.* What the deuce is he driving at now?

*T. Wild.* The project to surprize that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There indeed, the whole army did me justice.

*M. Gr.* I have heard the honour of that conquest attributed to another name.

*T. Wild.* The mere taking the town, Ma'am. But that's a trifle: Sieges now a-days are reduc'd to certainties; it is amazing how minutely



nutely exact we, who know the business are at calculation: For instance now, we will suppose the commander in chief, addressing himself to me, was to say, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expence?" "Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds."

*M. Gr.* And you should be near the mark?

*Y. Wild.* To an odd joint, Ma'am. But, Madam, it is not to the French alone that my feats are confin'd: Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Ees of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

*Pap.* This is too much, Sir.

*Y. Wild.* Hands off! Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, Madam, than terrible in battle: To me we owe the friendship of the Five Nations, and I had the first honour of smocking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter.

*M. Gr.* And so young!

*Y. Wild.* This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine Years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs: he shall present you with the wampum-belt, and a scalping-knife. Will you permit him, Madam, just to give you a taste of the military dance, with a short specimen of their warwhoop.

*Pap.* For Heaven's sake!

*M. Gr.* The place is too public.

*Y. Wild.* In short, Madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I returned to reap the harvest of the well-fought field. Here

it was my good fortune to encounter you: then was the victor vanquished; what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant atchiev'd; prouder to serve here than command in chief elsewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquish'd world.

*M. Gr.* I have got here a most heroical lover: But I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I accept the rendre of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at present it is necessary we should separate.

*Y. Wild.* "Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence.

*M. Gr.* Sir?

*Y. Wild.* Your place of abode.

*M. Gr.* Oh, Sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that; you have a whole year stood centinel at my ladyship's portal.

*Y. Wild.* Madam, I—I—I——

*M. Gr.* Oh, Sir, your servant. Ha, ha, ha! What, you are caught! Ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

*Pap.* That last was an unlucky question, Sir.

*Y. Wild.* A little mal-a-propos I must confess.

*Pap.* A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

*Y. Wild.* Poh! I'll soon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is: Hark ye, Papillion, could not you contrive to pump out of her footman—I see there he stands—the name of his mistress?

*Pap.* I will try.

[*Exit.*]

[*Wilding retires to the back of the stage.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT, and Servant.*

*Sir James.* Music and an entertainment?

*Servant.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Ja.* Last night, upon the water?

*Serv.* Upon the water, last night.

*Sir Ja.* Who gave it?

*Serv.* That, Sir, I can't say.

*To them WILDING.*

*Y. Wild.* Sir James Elliot your most devoted.

*Sir Ja.* Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome to town.

*Y. Wild.* You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you; you seem'd upon an interesting subject.

*Sir Ja.* Oh, an affair of gallantry.

*Y. Wild.* Of what kind?

*Sir Ja.* A young lady regal'd last night by her lover, on the Thames.

*Y. Wild.* As how?

*Sir Ja.* A band of music in boats.

*Y. Wild.* Were they good performers?

*Sir Ja.* The best. Then conducted to Marble-hall, where she found a magnificent collation.

*Y. Wild.* Well order'd?

*Sir Ja.* With elegance. After supper a ball; and, to conclude the night, a firework.

*Y. Wild.* Was the last well design'd?

*Sir Ja.* Superb.

*Y. Wild.* And happily executed?

*Sir Ja.* Not a single faux pas.

*Y. Wild.* And you don't know who gave it?

*Sir Ja.* I can't even guess.

*Y. Wild.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Ja.* Why do you laugh?

*Y. Wild.* Ha, ha, ha! It was me.

*Sir*

*Sir Ja.* You!

*Pap.* You, Sir!

*Y. Wild.* Moi—me.

*Pap.* So, so, so; he is enter'd again.

*Sir Ja.* Why, you are fortunate, to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

*Y. Wild.* Short! why, man, I have been in London these six Weeks.

*Pap.* O Lord, O Lord!

*Y. Wild.* It is true, not caring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventur'd out but at nights.

*Pap.* I can hold no longer. Dear Sir.

*Y. Wild.* Peace, puppy!

*Pap.* A curb to your poetical vein.

*Y. Wild.* I shall curb your impertinence.—But since the story is got abroad I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

*Sir Ja.* I shall hear it with pleasure.—This is a lucky adventure: But he must not know he is my rival. [*Aside.*]

*Y. Wild.* Why, Sir, between six and seven my goddess embark'd, at Somerset-stairs, in one of the companies barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

*Pap.* Mercy on us!

*Y. Wild.* At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing: The conceits were pretty; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter; but, however, well-tim'd, and what was better, well taken.

*Sir Ja.* Doubtless.

*Pap.* At what a rate he runs!

*Y. Wild.* As soon as we had gained the center of the river, two boats full of trumpets, French horns,



horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surry-side, which were eccho'd by a suitable number of lutes, flutes, and hautboys from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sail'd along, till the arches of the New Bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant desert in Dresden china, by Robinson. Here the repast clos'd, with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

*Pap.* Mercy on us!

*T. Wild.* Opposite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscawen's victory over the French was repeated: the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

*Sir Ja.* Surely you exaggerate a little.

*Pap.* Yes, yes, this battle will sink him.

*T. Wild.* True to the letter, upon my honour, I sha'n't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, feu d'artifice, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produc'd: it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produc'd in a lavish abundance.

*Sir Ja.* The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

*T. Wild.* Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

*Pap.* Modest creature!

*Sir J.* I wish you joy of your success.—For the present you will excuse me.

*T. Wild.* Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

*Sir Ja.* For that I shall seize another occasion. (Exit.

*Pap.* Nobly perform'd, Sir.

*T. Wild.*

*Y. Wild.* Yes, I think happily hit off.

*Pap.* May I take the liberty to offer one question?

*Y. Wild.* Freely.

*Pap.* Pray, Sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams?

*Y. Wild.* Dreams! what dost mean by dreams?

*Pap.* These ornamental reveries, these frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deem'd absolute flames.

*Y. Wild.* Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed genius.

*Pap.* I most own, Sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

*Y. Wild.* No; a plebian soul! But I will animate thy clay: mark my example, follow my steps, and in time thou may'st rival thy master.

*Pap.* Never, never, Sir, I have not talents to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't cost me a farthing. Besides, Sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year?

*Y. Wild.* The better to plead the length, any consequently the strength of my passion.

*Pap.* But why, Sir, a soldier.

*Y. Wild.* How little thou know'st of the Sex! What, I suppose thou would'st have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic, classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools. What, dost think that women are to be got like degrees?

*Pap.* Nay, Sir——

*Y. Wild.* No, no; the *scavoir vivre* is the science for them; the man of war is their man: they must be taken like towns, by lines of approach, counterscraps, angles, trenches, cohornes, and

and covert-ways; then enter sword in hand, pell-mell! oh, how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swappinback, Count Rousoumoufsky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fustinburgh! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller, but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the sighing, dying, crying crotchets, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

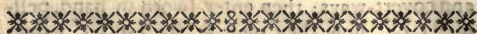
*Pap.* Very well, Sir; this is all very lively; but remember the travelling pitcher: if you don't one time or other, under favour, lye yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be hanged.

*Y. Wild.* Do you think so, Papillion?—And whenever that happens, if I don't lye myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucify'd. And so, along after the lady. [*Stops short, going out.*] Zounds, here comes my father! I must fly. Watch him Papillion, and bring me word to the Cardigan.

[*Exeunt separately.*]

E N D of the F I R S T A C T.

A C T



## A C T II.

## S C E N E a Tavern.

YOUNG WILDING and PAPILLION *rising from Table.*

*Young Wilding.*

GAD, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

*Pap.* It is pretty near the same thing; for I saw him join Sir James Elliot: so your arrival is no longer a secret.

*Y. Wild.* Why then I must lose my pleasure, and you your preferment: I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so flutter'd at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair: pr'ythee who is she?

*Pap.* There were two.

*Y. Wild.* That I saw?

*Pap.* From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

*Y. Wild.* And her fortune?

*Pap.* Immense.

*Y. Wild.* Single, I hope?

*Pap.* Certainly.

*Y. Wild.* Then will I have her.

*Pap.* What, whether she will or no?

*Y. Wild.* Yes.

*Pap.* How will you manage that?

*Y. Wild.*



*Y. Wild.* By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

*Pap.* I don't understand you, Sir,

*Y. Wild.* Oh, I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see, by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

*Pap.* At the expence of the lady's reputation, perhaps.

*Y. Wild.* That will be as it happens.

*Pap.* And have you no qualms, Sir?

*Y. Wild.* Why, where's the injury?

*Pap.* No injury to ruin her fame!

*Y. Wild.* I will restore it to her again.

*Pap.* How?

*Y. Wild.* Turn tinker, and mend it myself.

*Pap.* Which way?

*Y. Wild.* The old way; solder it by marriage: that, you know, is the modern salve for every fore.

*Enter WAITER.*

*Wait.* An elderly gentleman to enquire for Mr. Wilding.

*Y. Wild.* For me! what sort of a being is it?

*Wait.* Being, Sir!

*Y. Wild.* Ay; how is he drest?

*Wait.* In a tye-wig and snuff-colour'd coat.

*Pap.* Zooks, Sir, it is your father.

*Y. Wild.* Shew him up. [*Exit Waiter.*]

*Pap.* And what must I do?

*Y. Wild.* Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank: I have a reason for it.

*Enter OLD WILDING.*

*O. Wild.* Your servant, Sir: you are welcome to town.

D

*Y. Wild.*

*Y. Wild.* You have just prevented me, Sir : I was preparing to my duty to you.

*O. Wild.* If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharg'd it.

*Y. Wild.* Sir !

*O. Wild.* Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me ?

*Y. Wild.* Six weeks ! I have scarce been six hours.

*O. Wild.* Come, come ; I am better inform'd.

*Y. Wild.* Indeed, Sir, you are impos'd upon. This gentleman (whom first give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you), this, Sir, is the marquis de Chatteau Briant, of an ancient house in Brittany ; who travelling thro' England, chose to make Oxford for some time the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

*O. Wild.* Does he speak English.

*Y. Wild.* Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

*Pap.* Pray, Sir——

*O. Wild.* Any services, Sir, that I can render you here you may readily command.

*Pap.* Beacoup d'honneur.

*Y. Wild.* This gentleman, I say, Sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you that yesterday we left Oxford together.

*O. Wild.* Indeed !

*Pap.* C'est vrai.

*O. Wild.* This is amazing, I was, at the same time inform'd of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interfer'd with a favourite scheme of my own.

*Y. Wild.*

*Y. Wild.* What could that be, pray, Sir?

*O. Wild.* That you had conceiv'd a violent affection for a fair lady.

*Y. Wild.* Sir!

*O. Wild.* And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

*Y. Wild.* Me, Sir!

*O. Wild.* Particularly last night; music, collations, balls, and fireworks.

*Y. Wild.* Monsieur le marquis!—And pray, Sir, who could tell you all this?

*O. Wild.* An old friend of yours.

*Y. Wild.* His name, if you please.

*O. Wild.* Sir James Elliot.

*Y. Wild.* Yes; I thought he was the man.

*O. Wild.* Your reason.

*Y. Wild.* Why, Sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is, upon the whole, a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

*O. Wild.* What may that be?

*Y. Wild.* Why you can't, Sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent.

*O. Wild.* How!

*Y. Wild.* Oh, notorious to a proverb.—His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is, with a vengeance: Why, he will tell you more lyes in an hour, than all the circulating libraries, put together, will publish in a year.

*O. Wild.* Indeed!

*Y. Wild.* Oh, he is the modern Mandeville at Oxford: he was always distinguish'd by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

*O. Wild.* Amazing!

*Y. Wild.*

*Y. Wild.* Lord, Sir, he is so well understood in his own country, that at the last Hereford assize a cause, as clear as the sun, was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

*O. Wild.* A strange turn.

*Y. Wild.* Unaccountable. But there, I think, they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounc'd neither; but in common occurrences there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected too.

*Pap.* Poor gentleman!

*O. Wild.* Why, I never heard this of him.

*Y. Wild.* That may be: but can there be a stronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you, of fireworks, and the Lord knows what. And I dare swear, Sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

*O. Wild.* Extremely.

*Y. Wild.* Yes, that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, marquis?

*Pap.* Oh, dat is all a fiction upon mine honour.

*Y. Wild.* You see, Sir.

*O. Wild.* Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, become a kind of constitutional lyars.

*Y. Wild.* Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

*Pap.* I'm sure it is yours.

*O. Wild.* Well; Sir, I suppose we shall see you this evening.

*Y. Wild.*



*Y. Wild.* The marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promis'd to attend; besides, Sir, as he is an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.

*O. Wild.* Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make, in which you are deeply concern'd.

*Y. Wild.* I shall attend your commands; but where?

*O. Wild.* Why here. Marquis, I am your obedient servant.

*Pap.* Votre serviteur tres humble.

[Exit Old Wilding.]

*Y. Wild.* So, Papillion; that difficulty is dispatch'd. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

*Pap.* Most ingeniously manag'd: But are not you afraid of the consequence?

*Y. Wild.* I don't comprehend you.

*Pap.* A future explanation between the parties.

*Y. Wild.* That may embarrass: but the day is distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

*Pap.* It is in vain for me to advise.

*Y. Wild.* Why, to say truth, I do begin to find my system attended with danger: Give me your hand, Papillion—I will reform.

*Pap.* Ah, Sir!

*Y. Wild.* I positively will: Why this practice may in time destroy my credit.

*Pap.* That is pretty well done already. [Aside.] Ay, think of that, Sir.

*Y. Wild.* Well, if I don't turn out the meerest dull matter of fact fellow——But, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is——

*Pap.*

*Pap.* Godfrey; her father, an India governor shut up in the strong room at Calcutta, left her all his wealth: she lives near Miss Grantam, by Grosvenor-square.

*Y. Wild.* A governor!—oh ho!—Bushels of rupees, and pecks of pagodas, I reckon.—Well, I long to be rummaging.—But the old gentleman will soon return: I will hasten to finish my letter.—But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concern'd?

*Pap.* I can't guess.

*Y. Wild.* I shall know presently.—To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor-square.—Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lye.

*Pap.* You won't, Sir?

*Y. Wild.* No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and sincere.

*Pap.* And if you are, it will be the first time.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Miss GRANTAM and Miss GODFREY.*

*M. God.* And you really like this gallant spark?

*M. Gr.* Prodigiously. Oh, I'm quite in love with his assurance! I wonder who he is: he can't have been long in town; a young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way to the best of company.

*M. God.* By way of amusement he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't, surely, have any serious designs upon him.

*M. Gr.* Indeed but I have.

*M. God.*

*M. God.* And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

*M. Gr.* Oh, no.

*M. God.* What is your intention in regard to him?

*M. Gr.* Hey?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

*M. God.* Thou art a strange giddy girl.

*M. Gr.* Quite the reverse; a perfect pattern of prudence: why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse?

*M. God.* My dear!

*M. Gr.* Why I say, child, my fortune being in money, I have some in India-bonds, some in the Bank, some on this loan, some on the other; so that if one fund fails, I have a sure resource in the rest.

*M. God.* Very true.

*M. Gr.* Well, my dear, just so I manage my love-affairs: if I should not like this man—if he should not like me—if we should quarrel—if, if—or in short, if any of the ifs should happen, which you know break engagements every day, why by this means I shall be never at a loss.

*M. God.* Quite provident. Well, and pray on how many different securities have you at present plac'd out your love?

*M. Gr.* Three: the sober Sir James Elliot, the new America-man, and this morning I expect a formal proposal from an old friend of my father.

*M. God.* Mr. Wilding.

*M. Gr.* Yes; but I don't reckon much upon him: for you know, my dear, what can I do with an awkward, raw, college cub? Though,  
upon

upon second thoughts, that may'nt be too bad neither; for as I must have the fashioning of him, he may be easily moulded to one's mind.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Mr. Wilding, Madam.

*M. Ga.* Shew him in. [*Exit Servant.*] You need not go, my dear; we have no particular business.

*M. God.* I wonder now what she calls particular business.

*Enter OLD WILDING.*

*O. Wild.* Ladies, your servant. I wait upon you, Madam, with a request from my son, that he may be permitted the honour of kissing your hand.

*M. Gr.* Your son is in town then?

*O. Wild.* He came last night, Ma'am; and though but just from the university I think I may venture to affirm, with as little the air of a pedant as——

*M. Gr.* I don't, Mr. Wilding, question the accomplishments of your son; and shall own too, that his being descended from the old friend of my father, is to me the strongest recommendation.

*O. Wild.* You honour me, Madam.

*M. Gr.* But, Sir, I have something to say——

*O. Wild.* Pray, Madam, speak out; it is impossible to be too explicit on these important occasions.

*M. Gr.* Why then, Sir, to a man of your wisdom and experience I need not observe, that the loss of a parent to counsel and direct at this solemn



lemn crisis, has made a greater degree of personal prudence necessary in me.

*O. Wild.* Perfectly right, Ma'am.

*M. Gr.* We live, Sir, in a very censorious world: a young woman can't be too much upon her guard; nor should I chuse to admit any man in the quality of a lover, if there was not at least a strong probability——

*O. Wild.* Of a more intimate connection. I hope, Madam, you have heard nothing to the disadvantage of my son.

*M. Gr.* Not a syllable: but you know, Sir, there are such things in nature as unaccountable antipathies, aversions, that we take at first sight: I should be glad there could be no danger of that.

*O. Wild.* I understand you, Madam; you shall have all the satisfaction imaginable: Jack is to meet me immediately; I will conduct him under your window; and if his figure has the misfortune to displease, I will take care his addresses shall never offend you. Your most obedient servant.

[*Exit.*]

*M. Gr.* Now there is a polite, sensible, old father for you.

*M. God.* Yes; and a very discreet, prudent daughter he is likely to have. Oh, you are a great hypocrite, Kitty.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* A letter for you, Madam. [*To Miss Godfrey.*] Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyship. [*To Miss Grantam.*]

[*Exit.*]

*M. Gr.* Lord, I hope he won't stay long here. He comes, and seems entirely wrapt up in the distmals: what can be the matter now?

E.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT.*

*Sir Ja.* In passing by your door, I took the liberty, Ma'am, of enquiring after your health.

*M. Gr.* Very obliging. I hope, Sir, you receiv'd a favourable account.

*Sir Ja.* I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

*M. Gr.* Cold! why Sir, I hope I did not sleep with my bed-chamber window open.

*Sir Ja.* Ma'am!

*M. Gr.* Sir!

*Sir Ja.* No, Ma'am; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

*M. Gr.* Upon the water!

*Sir Ja.* Not but the variety of amusements, it must be own'd, were a sufficient temptation.

*M. Gr.* What can he be driving at now!

*Sir Ja.* And pray, Madam, what think you of Young Wilding? is not he a gay, agreeable, sprightly——

*M. Gr.* I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

*Sir Ja.* You don't know him!

*M. Gr.* No.

*Sir Ja.* And his father I did not meet at your door!

*M. Gr.* Most likely you did.

*Sir Ja.* I am glad you own that, however: But, for the son, you never——

*M. Gr.* Sat eyes upon him.

*Sir Ja.* Really?

*M. Gr.* Really.

*Sir Ja.* Finely supported. Now, Madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure?

*M. Gr.*

*M. Gr.* Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

*Sir Ja.* Ma'am, you do me honour : but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

*M. Gr.* And that is a wonder !—What, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose.

*Sir Ja.* Admirably rally'd ! But I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

*M. Gr.* I dare the attack. Come on, Sir.

*Sir Ja.* Know then, and blush, if you are not as lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to all last night's transactions.

*M. Gr.* Indeed !

*Sir Ja.* From your first entering the barge at Someriet-house, to your last landing at Whitehall.

*M. Gr.* Surprizing !

*Sir Ja.* Cupids, collations, feasts, fireworks, all have reach'd me.

*M. Gr.* Why you deal in magic.

*Sir Ja.* My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

*M. God.* May I be indulg'd with the name of your informer.

*Sir Ja.* Freely, Madam. Only the very individual spark to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

*M. Gr.* But his name ?

*Sir Ja.* Young Wilding.

*M. Gr.* You had this story from him ?

*Sir Ja.* I had.

*M. Gr.* From Wilding !—That is amazing.

*Sir Ja.* Oh ho ! what you are confounded at last ; and no evasion to subterfuge, no——

*M. Gr.* Lookye, Sir James ; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary

nary behaviour, it is impossible for me to conceive ; but if it is meant, as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, less pains would have answer'd your purpose.

*Sir Ja.* Oh, Madam, I know you are provided.

*Mr. Gr.* Matchless insolence ! As you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleas'd with the subject of this visit, you won't be surprized at my wishing it as short as possible.

*Sir Ja.* I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence ; but you may rest secure you will have no interruption for me ; and I really think it would be pity to part two people so exactly formed for each other. Your ladyship's servant. [*Going.*] But, Madam, though your sex secures you from any farther resentment, yet the present object of your favour may have something to fear. [*Exit.*]

*M. Gr.* Very well. No my dear I hope you will acknowledge the prudence of my plan. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduc'd if my hopes had rested upon one lover alone.

*M. God.* But are you sure that your method to multiply, may not be the means to reduce the number of your slaves ?

*M. Gr.* Impossible !—Why can't you discern that this sham of Sir James Elliot's is a mere fetch to favour his retreat.

*M. God.* And you never saw Wilding ?

*M. Gr.* Never.

*M. God.* There is some mystery in this. I have too here in my hand another mortification that you must endure.

*M. Gr.* Of what kind ?

*M. God.*



*M. God.* A little ally'd to the last : it is from the military spark you met this morning.

*M. Gr.* What are the contents ?

*M. God.* Only a formal declaration of love.

*M. Gr.* Why, you did not see him.

*M. God.* But it seems he did me.

*M. Gr.* Might I peruse it?—" Battles—no wounds so fatal—cannon-balls—Cupid—spring a mine—cruelty—die on a counterscarp—eyes—artillery—death the stranger." It is address'd to you.

*M. God.* I told you so.

*M. Gr.* You will pardon me, my dear ; but I really can't compliment you upon the supposition of a conquest at my expence.

*M. God.* That would be enough to make me vain : But why do you think it was so impossible ?

*M. Gr.* And do you positively want a reason ?

*M. God.* Positively.

*M. Gr.* Why then I shall refer you for an answer to a faithful counsellor and most accomplish'd critic.

*M. God.* Who may that be ?

*M. Gr.* The mirror upon your toilette.

*M. God.* Perhaps you may differ in judgment.

*M. Gr.* Why, can glasses flatter ?

*M. God.* I can't say I think that necessary.

*M. Gr.* Saucy enough !—But come, child, don't let us quarrel upon so whimsical an occasion ; time will explain the whole. You will favour me with your opinion of Young Wilding, at my window.

*M. God.* I attend you.

*M. Gr.* You will forgive me, my dear, the little hint I dropt ; it was meant merely to serve you ; for indeed, child, there is no quality so insufferable

insufferable in a young woman as self-conceit and vanity.

*M. God.* You are most prodigiously obliging.

*M. Gr.* I'll follow you, Miss. [*Exit Miss Godfrey.*] Pert thing!—She grows immoderately ugly. I always thought her aukward, but she is now an absolute fright.

*M. God.* [*within.*] Miss, Miss Grantam, your hero's at hand.

*M. Gr.* I come.

*M. God.* As I live, the very individual stranger.

*M. Gr.* No, sure!—Oh Lord, let me have a peep.

*M. God.* It is he, it is he, it is he.

*Enter OLD WILDING, YOUNG WILDING, and PAPILLION.*

*O. Wild.* There, Marquis, you must pardon me; for though Paris be more compact, yet surely London covers a much greater quantity, — Oh, Jack, look at that corner house; how d'ye like it?

*Y. Wild.* Very well: but I don't see any thing extraordinary.

*O. Wild.* I wish though you were the master of what it contains.

*Y. Wild.* What may that be, Sir?

*O. Wild.* The mistress, you rogue, you: a fine girl, and an immense fortune; ay, and a prudent sensible wench into the bargain.

*Y. Wild.* Time enough yet, Sir.

*O. Wild.* I don't see that: You are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

*Y. Wild.*

*Y. Wild.* Suppose, Sir, you were to repeat your endeavours, you have cordially my consent.

*O. Wild.* No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

*Y. Wild.* Why, Sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you disapprove of yourself.

*O. Wild.* Why, Sirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family, by producing you: now, Sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

*Y. Wild.* In the college cant, I shall beg leave to tick a little longer.

*O. Wild.* Why then, to be serious, son, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and by providing the lady of that mansion for the purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

*Y. Wild.* Far be it from me to question your care; yet some preparation for so important a change——

*O. Wild.* Oh, I will allow you a week.

*Y. Wild.* A little more knowledge of the world.

*O. Wild.* That you may study at leisure.

*Y. Wild.* Now all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

*O. Wild.* You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

*Y. Wild.* You are then resolv'd.

*O. Wild.* Fix'd.

*Y. Wild.* Positively?

*O. Wild.* Peremptorily.

*Y. Wild.* No prayers——

*O. Wild.* Can move me.

*Y. Wild.* How the deuce shall I get out of this toil. [*Aside.*] But suppose, Sir, there should be an unsurmountable objection?

*O. Wild.*

*O. Wild.* Oh, leave the reconciling that to me; I am an excellent casuist.

*Y. Wild.* But I say, Sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

*O. Wild.* Impossible!—I don't understand you.

*Y. Wild.* Oh, Sir!—But, on my knees, first let me crave your pardon.

*O. Wild.* Pardon! for what?

*Y. Wild.* I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

*O. Wild.* Which way?

*Y. Wild.* I have done a deed——

*O. Wild.* Let us hear it.

*Y. Wild.* At Abington, in the county of Berks.

*O. Wild.* Well?

*Y. Wild.* I am——

*O. Wild.* What?

*Y. Wild.* Already married.

*O. Wild.* Married!

*Pap.* Married!

*Y. Wild.* Married,

*O. Wild.* And without my consent?

*Y. Wild.* Compell'd; fatally forc'd. Oh, Sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad, sad story, your rage would soon convert itself to pity.

*O. Wild.* What an unlucky event!—But rise, and let me hear it all.

*Y. Wild.* The shame and confusion I now feel renders that task at present impossible: I must therefore rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

*Pap.* Me, Sir, I never heard one word of the matter.

*O. Wild.* Come, Marquis, favour me with the particulars.

*Pap.*



*Pap.* Upon my vard, Sire, dis affair has so shock me, that I am almost as incapable to tell de tale as your son.—[*To Young Wilding.*] Dry a your tears. What can I say, Sir?

*Y. Wild.* Any thing.—Oh! [*Seems to weep.*]

*Pap.* You see, Sire.

*O. Wild.* Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgement.

*Pap.* Dis is great misfortunes, fans doute.

*O. Wild.* But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

*Pap.* Oh, beaucoup great deal more.

*O. Wild.* But since the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worst at once. Well, Sir, at Abington.

*Pap.* Yes, at Abington.

*O. Wild.* In the county of Berks?

*Pap.* Dat is right, in de county of Berks.

*Y. Wild.* Oh, oh!

*O. Wild.* Ah, Jack, Jack! are all my hopes then—Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; who is the girl, pray Sir?

*Pap.* De girl, Sir—[*Aside to Young Wilding*] Who shall I say?

*Y. Wild.* Any body.

*Pap.* For de girl, I can't say upon my vard.

*O. Wild.* Her condition?

*Pap.* Pas grande condition; dat is to be sure. But dere is no help.—[*Aside to Young Wilding.*] Sir, I am quite aground.

*O. Wild.* Yes; I read my shame in his reserve: some artful hussy!

*Pap.* Dat may be. Vat you call hussy?

*O. Wild.* Or perhaps some common creature! But I'm prepar'd to hear the worst.

*Pap.* Have you no mercy?

*Y. Wild.* I'll step to your relief, Sir.

*Pap.* O Lord! a happy deliverance.

*Y. Wild.* Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady suffer by my silence: She is, Sir, of an ancient house and unblemish'd character.

*O. Wild.* That is something.

*Y. Wild.* And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet——

*O. Wild.* Her name?

*Y. Wild.* Miss Lydia Sybthorp.

*O. Wild.* Sybthorp.——I never heard of the name. But proceed.

*Y. Wild.* The latter end of last long vacation, I went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his near Abington. There at an assembly it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

*O. Wild.* Is she handsome?

*Y. Wild.* Oh, Sir, more beautiful——

*O. Wild.* Nay, no raptures; but go on.

*Y. Wild.* But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

*O. Wild.* Modestly observed.

*Y. Wild.* I was deterr'd from a public declaration of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

*O. Wild.* Was that so decent?——But love and prudence, madness and reason.

*Y. Wild.*

*Y. Wild.* One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I mistake not, we were in a retir'd room, innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expect to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

*O. Wild.* What, unobserved by him ?

*Y. Wild.* Entirely. But, as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the same place : I unhappily trod upon one of the brood, which so provok'd the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

*O. Wild.* I have observ'd those creatures very fierce in defence of their young.

*Pap.* I shall hate a cat as long as I live.

*Y. Wild.* The noise rous'd the old gentleman's attention : he opened the door, and there discover'd your son.

*Pap.* Unlucky.

*Y. Wild.* I rush'd to the door; but fatally my foot slip'd at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom; the pistol in my hand went off by accident : this alarm'd her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their servants, rush'd with united force upon me.

*O. Wild.* And so surpriz'd you ?

*Y. Wild.* No, Sir; with my sword I for some time made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escap'd, but a raw-bon'd, over-grown, clumsy cook-wench, struck at my sword with a kitchen poker, broke it in two, and compell'd me to surrender at discretion : the consequence of which is obvious enough.

*O. Wild.*

*O. Wild.* Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combin'd to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

*Y. Wild.* May I hope then you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

*O. Wild.* Why your situation is a sufficient excuse; all I blame you for is your keeping it a secret from me. With Miss Grantam I shall make an awkward figure: but the best apology is the truth: I'll hasten and explain it to her all———Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying business.

*Y. Wild.* Most melancholy.

[Exit Old Wilding.]

*Pap.* I am amaz'd Sir, that you have so carefully conceal'd this transaction from me.

*Y. Wild.* Heyday! what do you believe it too.

*Pap.* Believe it! Why is not the story of the marriage true?

*Y. Wild.* Not a syllable.

*Pap.* And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker.

*Y. Wild.* All invention. And were you really taken in.

*Pap.* Lord, Sir, how was it possible to avoid it? Mercy on us! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

*Y. Wild.* Genius; the mere effects of genius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who so thoroughly know me!

*Pap.* But to prevent that for the future, could you not just give your humble servant a hint, when you are bent upon bouncing. Besides, Sir, if you recollect your fix'd resolution to reform———

*Y. Wild.*



*Y. Wild.* Ay, as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic of invention : but in case of necessity—why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forc'd to use all my finesse.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Two letters, Sir. [*Exit*

*Pap.* There are two things in my conscience my master will never want : a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling of it.

*Y. Wild.* Hum ! business begins to thicken upon us : a challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observ'd, but in their order ; therefore the lady first. Let me see—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wife ; now if I can but get engaged in a chancery suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no Time to be idle.

[*Exeunt.*

E N D of the S E C O N D A C T.

O  
A C T



### A C T III.

*Miss GRANTAM and Miss GODFREY.*

*Miss Godfrey.*

UPON my word, Miss Grantam, this is but an idle piece of curiosity: you know the man is already dispos'd of and therefore——

*M. Gr.* That is true, my dear; but there is in this affair some mystery that I must and will have explain'd.

*M. God.* Come, come, I know the grievance. You can't brook that this spark, though even a married man, should throw off his allegiance to you, and enter a volunteer in my service.

*M. Gr.* And so you take the fact for granted?

*M. God.* Have I not his letter?

*M. Gr.* Conceited creature!—I fancy, Miss, by your vast affection for this letter, it is the first of the kind you have ever receiv'd.

*M. God.* Nay, my dear, why should you be piqu'd at me? the fault is none of mine; I dropt no handkerchief; I threw out no lure: the bird came willingly to hand, you know.

*M. Gr.* Metaphorical too! what, you are setting up for a wit as well as a belle! why really, Madam, to do you justice, you have full as fine pretensions to one as the other.

*M. God.* I fancy, Madam, the world will not form their judgment of either from the report of a disappointed rival.

*M. Gr.*

*M. Gr.* Rival ! admirably rally'd !—But, let me tell you, Madam, this sort of behaviour, Madam, at your own house, whatever may be your beauty, is no great proof of your breeding, Madam.

*M. God.* As to that, Ma'am, I hope I shall always shew a proper resentment to any insult that is offer'd me, let it be in whose house it will. The assignation, Ma'am, both time and place, was of your own contriving.

*M. Gr.* Mighty well, Ma'am !

*M. God.* But if, dreading a mortification, you think proper to alter your plan, your chair, I believe is in waiting.

*M. Gr.* It is, Madam ! then let it wait—Oh, what that was your scheme ! but it won't take, Miss : the contrivance is a little too shallow.

*M. God.* I don't understand you.

*M. Gr.* Cunning creature ! So all this insolence was concerted, it seems ; a plot to drive me out of the house, that you might have the fellow all to yourself : But I have a regard for your character, though you neglect it. Fie, Miss ! a passion for a married man ! I really blush for you.

*M. God.* And I most sincerely pity you. But curb your choler a little : the enquiry you are about to make requires rather a cooler disposition of mind ; and by this time the hero is at hand.

*M. Gr.* Mighty well ; I am prepar'd. But, Miss Godfrey, if you really wish to be acquitted of all artificial underhand dealings, in this affair, suffer me in your name to manage the interview.

*M. God.* Most willingly. But he will recollect your voice.

*M. Gr.*

*M. Gr.* Oh, that is easily alter'd. [*Enter a Maid, who whispers Miss Grantam, and exit.*] It is he, but hide yourself, Miss, if you please.

*M. God.* Your hood a little forwarder, Miss : you may be known, and then we shall have the language of politeness inflam'd to proofs of a violent passion.

*M. Gr.* You are prodigiously cautious.

*Enter YOUNG WILDING.*

*Y. Wild.* This rendezvous is something in the Spanish taste, imported, I suppose, with the guitar. At present, I presume, the custom is confin'd to the great ; but it will descend, and in a couple of months I shall not be surpriz'd to hear an attorney's hackney clerk rousing at midnight, a millener's 'prentice, with an "Ally, Ally Croker." But that, if I mistake not, is the temple ; and see my goddess herself. Miss Godfrey !

*M. Gr.* Hush.

*Y. Wild.* Am I right, Miss ?

*M. Gr.* Softly. You receiv'd my letter, I see, Sir.

*Y. Wild.* And flew to the appointment with more——

*M. Gr.* No raptures, I beg. But you must not suppose this meeting meant to encourage your hopes.

*Y. Wild.* How, Madam !

*M. Gr.* Oh, by no means, Sir ; for tho' I own your figure is pleasing, and your conversation——

*M. God.* Hold, Miss ; when did I ever converse with him ?

*M. Gr.* Why, did not you see him in the Park ?

*M. God.*



*M. God.* True, Madam; but the conversation was with you.

*M. Gr.* Bless me! you are very difficult, I say, Sir, though your person may be unexceptionable, yet your character——

*Y. Wild.* My character!

*M. Gr.* Come, come, you are better known than you imagine.

*Y. Wild.* I hope not.

*M. Gr.* Your name is Wilding.

*Y. Wild.* How the deuce came she by that! True, Madam.

*M. Gr.* Pray have you never heard of a Miss Grantam?

*Y. Wild.* Frequently.

*M. Gr.* You have. And had you never any favourable thoughts of that lady? Now mind Miss.

*Y. Wild.* If you mean as a lover, never. The lady did me the honour to have a small design upon me.

*M. God.* I hear every word, Miss.

*M. Gr.* But you need not lean so heavy upon me; he speaks loud enough to be heard.——I have been told, Sir, that——

*Y. Wild.* Yes, Ma'am, and very likely by the lady herself.

*M. Gr.* Sir!

*Y. Wild.* Oh, Madam, I have another obligation in my pocket to Miss Grantam, which must be discharg'd in the morning.

*M. Gr.* Of what kind?

*Y. Wild.* Why the lady, finding an old humble servant of hers a little lethargic, has thought fit to administer me in a jealous draught, in order to quicken his passion.

*M. Gr.* Sir, let me tell you——

*M. God.* Have a care ; you will betray yourself.

*Y. Wild.* Oh, the whole story will afford you infinite diversion: such a farago of fights and feasts. But, upon my honour, the girl has a fertile invention.

*M. God.* So ! what that story was yours was it ?

*Y. Wild.* Pray, Madam, do'nt I hear another voice ?

*M. Gr.* A distant relation of mine.—Every syllable false.—But, Sir, we have another charge against you. Do you know any thing of a lady at Abington ?

*Y. Wild.* Miss Grantam again. Yes, Madam, I have some knowledge of that lady.

*M. Gr.* You have ! Well, Sir, and that being the case, how could you have the assurance——

*Y. Wild.* A moment's patience, Ma'am. That lady, that Berkshire lady, will, I can assure you, prove no bar to my hopes.

*M. Gr.* How, Sir, no bar ?

*Y. Wild.* Not in the least, Ma'am ; for that lady exists in idea only.

*M. Gr.* No such person.

*Y. Wild.* A meer creature of the imagination.

*M. Gr.* Indeed ?

*Y. Wild.* The attacks of Miss Grantam were so powerfully enforc'd too by paternal authority, that I had no method of avoiding the blow, but by the sheltering myself under the conjugal shield.

*M. Gr.* You are not marry'd then ?——But what credit can I give to the professions of a man, who, in an article of such importance, and to a person of such respect——

*Y. Wild.*

*Y. Wild.* Nay, Madam, surely Miss Godfrey should not accuse me of a crime her own charms have occasion'd. Could any other motive but the fear of losing her prevail on me to trifle with a father, or compel me to infringe those laws which I have hitherto so unavoidably observ'd?

*M. Gr.* What laws, Sir?

*Y. Wild.* The sacred laws of truth, Ma'am.

*M. Gr.* There, indeed, you did yourself an infinite violence. But when the whole of the affair is discover'd, will it be so easy to get rid of Miss Grantam? the violence of her passion, and the old gentleman's obstinacy——

*Y. Wild.* Are nothing to a mind resolv'd.

*M. Gr.* Poor Miss Grantam!

*Y. Wild.* Do you know her, Madam?

*M. Gr.* I have heard of her: but you, Sir, I suppose, have been long on an intimate footing?

*Y. Wild.* Bred up together from children.

*M. Gr.* Brave!—Is she handsome?

*Y. Wild.* Her paint comes from Paris, and her femme de chambre is an excellent artist.

*M. Gr.* Very well!—Her shape?

*Y. Wild.* Pray, Madam, is not Curzon esteem'd the best stay-maker for people inclin'd to be crooked?

*M. Gr.* But as to the qualities of her mind: for instance, her understanding?

*Y. Wild.* Uncultivated.

*M. Gr.* Her wit?

*Y. Wild.* Borrow'd.

*M. Gr.* Her taste?

*Y. Wild.* Trifling.

*M. Gr.* And her temper,

*Y. Wild.* Intollerable.

*M. Gr.*

*M. Gr.* A finish'd picture. But come these are not your real thoughts; this is a sacrifice you think due to the vanity of our sex.

*Y. Wild.* My honest sentiments: and to convince you how thoroughly indifferent I am to that lady, I would, upon my veracity, as soon take a wife from the grand signior's seraglio.— Now, Ma'am, I hope you are satisfy'd.

*M. Gr.* And you would not scruple to acknowledge this before the lady's face?

*Y. Wild.* The first opportunity

*M. Gr.* That I will take care to provide you. Dare you meet me at her house?

*Y. Wild.* When?

*M. Gr.* In half an hour.

*Y. Wild.* But won't a declaration of this sort appear odd at——a——

*M. Gr.* Come, no evasion; your conduct and character seem to me a little equivocal, and I must insist on this proof, at least of——

*Y. Wild.* You shall have it.

*M. Gr.* In half an hour.

*Y. Wild.* This instant.

*M. Gr.* Be punctual.

*Y. Wild.* Or may I forfeit your favour.

*M. Gr.* Very well: till then, Sir, adieu.— Now I think I have my spark in the toil; and if the fellow has any feeling, if I don't make him smart for every article——Come, my dear, I shall stand in need of your aid. [*Exeunt.*]

*Y. Wild.* So! I am now, I think, arriv'd at a critical period. If I can but weather this point——But why should I doubt it? it is in the day of distress only that a great man displays his abilities. But I shall want Papillion: where can the puppy be?

*Enter*



*Enter PAPILLION.*

*Y. Wild.* So, Sir; where have you been rambling?

*Pap.* I did not suppose you would want——

*Y. Wild.* Want!—you are always out of the way: Here have I been forc'd to tell forty lies upon my own credit, and not a single soul to vouch for the truth of them.

*Pap.* Lord, Sir, you know——

*Y. Wild.* Don't plague me with your apologies: but it is lucky for you that I want your assistance. Come with me to Miss Grantam's.

*Pap.* On what occasion?

*Y. Wild.* An important one: but I'll prepare you as we walk.

*Pap.* Sir, I am really——I could wish you would be so good as to——

*Y. Wild.* What, desert your friend in the heat of battle! oh, you poltroon!

*Pap.* Sir, I would do any thing, but you know I have not talents.

*Y. Wild.* I do; and for my own sake shall not task them too high.

*Pap.* Now I suppose the hour is come when we shall pay for all.

*Y. Wild.* Why, what a dastardly, hen-hearted——But come, Papillion, this shall be your last campaign. Don't droop, man; confide in your leader, and remember, Sub auspice Teucro nil desperandum.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E a Room.

*Enter a SERVANT, conducting in OLD WILDING.*

*Serv.* My lady, Sir, will be at home immediately. Sir James Elliot is in the next Room waiting her return.

*O. Wild.* Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him. [*Exit Servant.*] This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled all.

*Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT.*

Sir, I ask your pardon ; but upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, Sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorpes in Berkshire ?

*Sir Ja.* Sir !

*O. Wild.* I don't mean as to property ; that I am not so solicitous about ; but as to their character : Do they live in reputation ? Are they respected in the neighbourhood ?

*Sir Ja.* The family of the Sybthorpes !

*O. Wild.* Of the Sybthorpes.

*Sir Ja.* Really I don't know, Sir.

*O. Wild.* Not know !

*Sir Ja.* No ; it is the very first time I ever heard of the name.

*O Wild.* How steadily he denies it ! Well done, baronet ! I find Jack's account was a just one. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

*Sir Ja.*

*Sir Ja.* It will be to no purpose.

*O Wild.* Come, Sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous, but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son: but I know the whole affair.

*Sir Ja.* What affair?

*O Wild.* Jack's marriage.

*Sir Ja.* What Jack?

*O Wild.* My son Jack.

*Sir Ja.* Is he marry'd?

*O Wild.* Is he marry'd! why you know he is.

*Sir Ja.* Not I, upon my honour.

*O Wild.* Nay, that is going a little too far: but to remove all your scruples at once, he has own'd it himself.

*Sir Ja.* He has.

*O Wild.* Ay, ay, to me. Every circumstance: Going to your new purchase at Abington—meeting Lydia Sybthorp at the assembly—their private interviews—surpriz'd by the father—pistol—poker—and marriage; in short, every particular.

*Sir Ja.* And this account you had from your son?

*O Wild.* From Jack; not two hours ago.

*Sir Ja.* I wish you joy, Sir.

*O Wild.* Not much of that, I believe.

*Sir Ja.* Why, Sir, does the marriage displease you?

*O Wild.* Doubtless.

*Sir Ja.* Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

*O Wild.* Why so?

*Sir Ja.* You have got, Sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

*O Wild.* I am happy to hear it.

*Sir Ja.*

*Sir Ja.* For though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.

*O. Wild.* Ay; exactly Jack's account.

*Sir Ja.* She'll be easily jointur'd.

*O. Wild.* Justice shall be done her.

*Sir Ja.* No provision necessary for younger children.

*O. Wild.* No Sir! why not?—I can tell you, if she answers your account, not the daughter of a duke——

*Sir Ja.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*O. Wild.* You are merry, Sir.

*Sir Ja.* What an unaccountable fellow!

*O. Wild.* Sir!

*Sir Ja.* I beg your pardon, Sir. But with regard to this marriage——

*O. Wild.* Well, Sir.

*Sir Ja.* I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than absolute fable.

*O. Wild.* How, Sir!

*Sir Ja.* Even so.

*O. Wild.* Why, Sir, do you think my son would dare to impose upon me?

*Sir Ja.* Sir, he would dare to impose upon any body. Don't I know him?

*O. Wild.* What do you know?

*Sir Ja.* I know, Sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit; and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

*O. Wild.* Oh, mighty well, Sir!—He wants to turn the tables upon Jack.—But it won't do; you are forestall'd; your novels won't pass upon me.

*Sir Ja.* Sir!

*O. Wild.* Nor is the character of my son to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

*Sir Ja.*



*Sir Ja.* What is this ?

*O. Wild.* No, no, Mr. Mandeville, it won't do ; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

*Sir Ja.* Mr. Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behaviour owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

*O. Wild.* Nor, Sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm, wither'd and impotent as you may think it.

*Enter Miss GRANTAM.*

*M. Gr.* Bless me, Gentlemen, what is the meaning of this ?

*Sir Ja.* No more, at present, Sir : I have another demand upon your son ; we'll settle the whole together.

*O. Wild.* I am sure he will do you justice.

*M. Gr.* How, Sir James Elliot, I flatter'd myself that you had finish'd your visits here, Sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage ? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends ! Pray, Sir, what right——

*O. Wild.* Madam, I ask your pardon ; a disagreeable occasion brought me here : I come, Madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer ally'd to you, my son unfortunately being marry'd already.

*M. Gr.* Marry'd !

*Sir Ja.* Yes, Madam, to a lady in the clouds ; and because I have refus'd to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behav'd in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

H

*O. Wild.*

*O. Wild.* Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserv'd for another occasion; but you, it seems—

*M. Gr.* Oh, is that the business?—Why, I begin to be afraid that we are here a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

*O. Wild.* Madam!

*M. Gr.* Your son has just confirm'd Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

*O. Wild.* Is it possible?

*M. Gr.* Most true; and assign'd two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

*O. Wild.* What can they be?

*M. Gr.* An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once, and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

*O. Wild.* You amaze me.

*M. Gr.* Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth; he has finely perplex'd us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

*Sir Ja.* Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

*O. Wild.* You have my consent. An abandoned profligate! was his father a proper subject for his——But I discard him.

*M. Gr.* Nay, now, Gentlemen, you are rather too warm: I can't think Mr. Wilding bad-hearted at the bottom. This is a levity——

*O. Wild.* How, Madam! a levity!

*M. Gr.* Take my word for it, no more; enflam'd into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in my hands, both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

*Sir Ja.*

*Sir Ja.* I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

*M. Gr.* D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding? I am afraid my opinion with Sir James must cement the general peace.

*O. Wild.* Madam, I submit to any—

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Mr. Wilding to wait upon you, Madam;

[*Exit.*

*M. Gr.* He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction. You, Sir, will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abington business. You must likewise seemingly consent to his marriage with Miss Godfrey, who I shrewdly suspect he has by some odd accident mistaken for me: the lady herself shall appear at your call. Come, Sir James, you will withdraw. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction. Kitty.

*Enter KITTY.*

Let John shew Mr. Wilding in to his father; then come to my dressing room: I have a short scene to give you in study. [*Exit Kitty.*] The girl is lively, and, I warrant, will do her character justice. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony; we must be as busy as bees. [*Exeunt.*

*O. Wild.* This strange boy!—But I must command my temper.

*Y. Wild.* [*speaking as he enters.*] People to speak with me! See what they want, Papillion, —My father here! that's unlucky enough.

*O. Wild,*

*O. Wild.* Ha, Jack! what brings you here?

*Y. Wild.* Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantam, in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate——

*O. Wild.* Well now, that is prudently, as well as politely done.

*Y. Wild.* I am happy to meet, Sir, with your approbation.

*O. Wild.* I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

*Y. Wild.* Sir!

*O. Wild.* Would it not be right to send for her home?

*Y. Wild.* Doubtless, Sir.

*O. Wild.* I think so. Why then to-morrow my chariot shall fetch her.

*Y. Wild.* The devil it shall! [*Afide.*] Not quite so soon, if you please, Sir.

*O. Wild.* No! why not?

*Y. Wild.* The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

*O. Wild.* What's the matter with her?

*Y. Wild.* She is big with child, Sir.

*O. Wild.* An audacious——Big with child! that is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage, and short stages can't hurt her.

*Y. Wild.* Pardon me, Sir, I dare not trust her: she is six months gone.

*O. Wild.* Nay, then, there may be danger indeed. But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discovered the secret.

*Y. Wild.* By all means, Sir, it will make him extremely happy.

*O. Wild.*



*O Wild.* Why then I will instantly about it.  
Pray how do you direct to him?

*Y. Wild.* Abington, Berkshire.

*O. Wild.* True; but his address?

*Y. Wild.* You need not trouble yourself, Sir;  
I shall write by this post to my wife, and will  
send your letter inclos'd.

*O. Wild.* Ay, ay, that will do. [*Going.*]

*Y. Wild.* So, I have parry'd that thrust.

*O. Wild.* Tho' upon second thoughts, Jack,  
that will rather look too familiar for an intro-  
ductory letter.

*Y. Wild.* Sir!

*O. Wild.* And these country gentlemen are  
full of punctilios——No, I'll send him a letter  
apart; so give me his direction.

*Y. Wild.* You have it, Sir.

*O Wild.* Ay, but his name: I have been so  
hurry'd that I have entirely forgot it.

*Y. Wild.* I am sure so have I. [*Aside.*] His  
name—his name, Sir—Hopkins.

*O. Wild.* Hopkins!

*Y. Wild.* Yes, Sir.

*O. Wild.* That is not the same name that you  
gave me before: that, if I recollect, was either  
Sythorpe, or Sybthorpe.

*Y. Wild.* You are right, Sir; that is his pa-  
ternal appellation; but the name of Hopkins  
he took for an estate of his mother's: so he is  
indiscriminately called Hopkins or Sybthorpe;  
and now I recollect I have his letter in my poc-  
ket—he signs himself Sybthorpe Hopkins.

*O. Wild.* There is no end of this: I must  
stop him at once. Harkye, Sir, I think you are  
call'd my son.

*Y. Wild.* I hope, Sir, you have no reason to  
doubt it.

*O. Wild.*

*O. Wild.* And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

*Y. Wild.* In having the honour of descending from you.

*O. Wild.* And that you thing a sufficient pretension?

*Y. Wild.* Sir—pray, Sir—

*O. Wild.* And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtain'd that distinguishing title? By their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose.

*Y. Wild.* Doubtless, Sir.

*O. Wild.* And has it never occur'd to you, that what was gain'd by honour might be lost by infamy?

*Y. Wild.* Perfectly, Sir.

*O. Wild.* Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a lye demands, and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront.

*Y. Wild.* Doubtless, Sir.

*O. Wild.* Then how dare you call yourself a gentleman! you, whose whole life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! And would nothing content you but making me a partner in your infamy? not satisfied with violating that great band of society, mutual confidence, the most sacred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions!

*Y. Wild.* But, Sir!

*O. Wild.* Within this hour my life was near sacrific'd in defence of your fame: But perhaps that was your intention, and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

*Y. Wild.*

*T. Wild.* For heaven's sake, Sir.

*O. Wild.* What other motive?

*T. Wild.* Hear me, I intreat you, Sir.

*O. Wild.* To be again impos'd on! no, Jack, my eyes are open'd at last.

*T. Wild.* By all that's sacred, Sir——

*O. Wild.* I am now deaf to your delusions.

*T. Wild.* But hear me, Sir. I own the Abington business——

*O. Wild.* An absolute fiction?

*T. Wild.* I do.

*O. Wild.* And how dare you——

*T. Wild.* I crave but a moment's audience.

*O. Wild.* Go on.

*T. Wild.* Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met with a lady whose charms——

*O. Wild.* So! what here's another marriage trumped out: but that is a stale device. And pray, Sir, what place does this lady inhabit? Come, come, go on; you have a fertile invention, and this is a fine opportunity. Well, Sir, and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, in Nubibus——

*T. Wild.* No, Sir; in London.

*O. Wild.* Indeed.

*T. Wild.* Nay, more, and at this instant in this house.

*O. Wild.* And her name——

*T. Wild.* Godfrey.

*O. Wild.* The friend of Miss Grantam?

*T. Wild.* The very same, Sir.

*O. Wild.* Have you spoke to her?

*T. Wild.* Parted from her not ten minutes ago, nay, am here by her appointment.

*O. Wild.* Has she favour'd your address?

*T. Wild.* Time, Sir, and your approbation, will, I hope.

*O. Wild.*

*O. Wild.* Lookye, Sir ; as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth farther enquiry. To be plain with you, I know Miss Godfrey ; am intimate with her family ; and though you deserve but little from me, I will endeavour to aid your intention. But if in the progress of this affair, you practise any of your usual arts ; if I discover the least falshood, the least duplicity, remember you have lost a father.

*T. Wild.* I shall submit without a murmur.

[*Exit Old Wilding.*]

*Enter PAPILLION.*

*T. Wild.* Well, Papillion.

*Pap.* Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

*T. Wild.* What's the matter ?

*Pap.* A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters, and watermen.

*T. Wild.* What do they want ?

*Pap.* You, Sir.

*T. Wild.* Me !

*Pap.* Yes, Sir ; they have brought in their bills.

*T. Wild.* Bills ! for what ?

*Pap.* For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

*T. Wild.* That I gave !

*Pap.* Yes, Sir ! you remember the bill of fare : I am sure the very mention of it makes my mouth water.

*T. Wild.* Prithee, are you mad ? There must be some mistake ; you know that I—

*Pap.* They have been vastly puzzled to find out your lodgings ; but Mr. Robinson meeting by accident with Sir James Elliot, he was kind enough to tell him where you liv'd. Here are the bills : Almack's, twelve dozen of claret, ditto



ditto Champagne, Frontiniac, sweatmeats, pine-apples : the whole amount is 372l. 9s. besides music and fireworks.

*Y. Wild.* Come, Sir, this is no time for trifling.

*Pap.* Nay, Sir, they say they have gone full as low as they can afford ; and they were in hopes, from the great satisfaction you express'd to Sir James Elliot, that you would throw them in an additional compliment.

*Y. Wild.* Harkye, Mr. Papillion, if you don't cease your impertinence, I shall pay you a compliment that you would gladly excuse.

*Pap.* Upon my faith I relate but the mere matter of fact. You know, Sir, I am but bad at invention ; tho' this incident I can't help thinking is the natural fruit of your happy one.

*Y. Wild.* But are you serious ? is this possible ?

*Pap.* Most certain. It was with difficulty I restrain'd their impatience ; but however I have dispatch'd them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

*Y. Wild.* Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop.—Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abington business.

*Pap.* The deuce !

*Y. Wild.* We parted this moment. Such a scene !

*Pap.* And what was the issue ?

*Y. Wild.* Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

*Pap.* With Miss Godfrey ?

*Y. Wild.* Who else ?—He is now with her in another room.

*Pap.* And there is no—you understand me—in all this ?

*Y. Wild.* No, no ; that is all over now—my reformation is fix'd.

*Pap.* As a weather-cock.

*Y. Wild.* Here comes my father.

*Enter OLD WILDING.*

*O. Wild.* Well, Sir, I find in this last article you have condescended to tell me the truth : the young lady is not averse to your union ; but in order to fix so mutable a mind, I have drawn up a slight contract, which you are both to sign.

*Y. Wild.* With transport.

*O. Wild.* I will introduce Miss Godfrey. [*Exit.*

*Y. Wild.* Did not I tell you, Papillion ?

*Pap.* This is amazing, indeed.

*Y. Wild.* Am not I a happy fortunate ?—But they come.

*Enter OLD WILDING, and Miss GODFREY.*

*O. Wild.* If, Madam, he has not the highest sense of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to regard him.—There, Sir, make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

*Y. Wild.* Sir !

*O. Wild.* This is more than you merit ; but let your future behaviour testify your gratitude.

*Y. Wild.* Papillion ! Madam ! Sir !

*O. Wild.* What is the puppy petrified ! Why don't you go up to the lady ?

*Y. Wild.* Up to the lady !—That lady !

*O. Wild.* That lady !—To be sure, What other lady ?—To Miss Godfrey !

*Y. Wild.* That lady Miss Godfrey !

*O. Wild.* What is all this ?—Harkye, Sir : I see what you are at : But no trifling ; I'll be no more the dupe of your double detestable—Re-  
collect

collect my last resolution: this instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the consequence.

*Y. Wild.* Sir, that I hope is——might not I——to be sure——

*O. Wild.* No further evasions! There, Sir.

*Y. Wild.* Heigh ho. [*Signs it.*]

*O. Wild.* Very well. Now, Madam, your name if you please.

*Y. Wild.* Papillion, do you know who she is?

*Pap.* That's a question indeed! Don't you, Sir?

*Y. Wild.* Not I, as I hope to be sav'd.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* A young lady begs to speak with Mr. Wilding.

*Y. Wild.* With me!

*M. God.* A young lady with Mr. Wilding!

*Serv.* Seems distress'd, Madam, and extremely pressing for admittance.

*M. God.* Indeed! There may be something in this! You must permit me, Sir, to pause a little: who knows but a prior claim may prevent——

*O. Wild.* How, Sir, who is this lady?

*Y. Wild.* It is impossible for me to divine, Sir.

*O. Wild.* You know nothing of her?

*Y. Wild.* How should I?

*O. Wild.* You hear, Madam.

*M. God.* I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

*Y. Wild.* Not in the least, Madam.

*M. God.* Shew her in, John. [*Exit.*]

*O. Wild.* No, Madam, I don't think there is the least room for suspecting him; he can't be so abandon'd as to——But she is here. Upon my word a sightly woman.

*Enter*

*Enter KITTY as Miss Sybthorpe.*

*Kitty.* Where is he?—Oh, let me throw my arms——my life, my——

*Y. Wild.* Heyday!

*Kitty.* And could you leave me? and for so long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagg'd along.

*Y. Wild.* Madam!

*Kitty.* But we are met at last, and now will part no more.

*Y. Wild.* The deuce we won't!

*Kitty.* What, not one kind look, no tender word to hail our second meeting!

*Y. Wild.* What the devil is all this?

*Kitty.* Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this? have I deserv'd such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wander'd here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love.

*O. Wild.* To what can all this tend? Harkye, Sir, unriddle this mystery.

*Y. Wild.* Davus, non Œdipus sum. It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escap'd from her keeper, I suppose.

*Kitty.* Am I disown'd then, contemn'd, slighted?

*O. Wild.* Hold; let me enquire into this matter a little. Pray, Madam——You seem to be pretty familiar here—Do you know this gentleman?

*Kitty.* Too well.

*O. Wild.* His name?

*Kitty.* Wilding.

*O. Wild.* So far she is right. Now yours, if you please.

*Kitty.* Wilding!

*Omnes.*



*Omnes.* Wilding.

*O. Wild.* And how came you by that name pray?

*Kitty.* Most lawfully, Sir: By the sacred band, the holy tie that made us one.

*O. Wild.* What, marry'd to him!

*Kitty.* Most true.

*Omnes.* How!

*T. Wild.* Sir, may I never—

*O. Wild.* Peace, Monster!—One question more: Your maiden name?

*Kitty.* Sybthorpe.

*O. Wild.* Lydia, from Abington, in the county of Berks?

*Kitty.* The same.

*O. Wild.* As I suspected. So then the whole story is true, and the monster is marry'd at last.

*T. Wild.* Me, Sir! By all that's—

*O. Wild.* Eternal dumbness seize thee, measureless liar!

*T. Wild.* If not me, hear this gentleman—  
Marquis—

*Pap.* Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes: it is a pit of your own digging, and so get out as well as you can. Mean time I'll shift for myself. [Exit.

*O. Wild.* What evasion now, Monster?

*M. God.* Deceiver!

*O. Wild.* Lyar!

*M. God.* Imposter!

*T. Wild.* Why, this is a general combination to distract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly impos'd upon: the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover; and as to you, Madam, with whom I have been suddenly surpriz'd into a contract, I most solemnly declare this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

*O. Wild.*

*O. Wild.* Amazing confidence ! Did not I bring her at your own request ?

*Y. Wild.* No.

*M. God.* Is not this your own letter ?

*Y. Wild.* No.

*Kitty.* Am not I your wife ?

*Y. Wild.* No.

*O. Wild.* Did not you own it to me ?

*Y. Wild.* Yes—that is—no, no.

*Kitty.* Hear me.

*Y. Wild.* No.

*M. God.* Answer me.

*Y. Wild.* No.

*O. Wild.* Have not I——

*Y. Wild.* No, no, no. Zounds you are all mad, and if I stay I shall catch the infection. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT and Miss GRANTAM.*

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha !

*M. Gr.* Finely perform'd.

*O. Wild.* You have kept your promise, and I thank you, Madam.

*M. Gr.* My medicine was somewhat rough, Sir ; but in desperate cases, you know——

*O. Wild.* If his cure is compleated, he will gratefully acknowledge the cause ; if not, the punishment comes far short of his crimes. It is needless to pay you any compliments, Sir James ; with that Lady you can't fail to be happy. I shan't venture to hint a scheme I have greatly at heart, till we have undeniable proofs of the success of our operations. To the ladies, indeed, no character is so dangerous as that of a lyar.

They in the fairest fames can fix a flaw,  
And vanquish females whom they never saw.

# EPILOGUE.

Between Miss GRANTAM and OLD WILDING.

By a Man of Fashion.

M. Gr. **H**OLD, Sir.

*Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,  
Let me be heard as counsel for your son.*

*Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate :*

*Proscribe all lying, what would be the fate*

*Of this and every other earthly state ?*

*Consider, Sir, if once you cry it down,*

*You'll shut up ev'ry coffee-house in town :*

*The tribe of politicians will want food ;*

*Ev'n now half-famish'd—for the public good.*

*All Grubstreet murderers of men and sense,*

*And every office of intelligence,*

*All would be Bankrupts, the whole lying race,*

*And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.*

O. Wild. *Too mild a sentence, must the good and  
great*

*Patriots be wronged, that booksellers may eat ?*

M. Gr. *Your patience, Sir ; yet hear another word.*

*Turn to that hall where justice wields her sword :*

*Think in what narrow limits you would draw,*

*By this Proscription, all the sons of law :*

*For 'tis the fix'd, determin'd rule of courts,*

*Vyner will tell you, nay, ev'n Coke's Reports,*

*All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,*

*To gain one truth, expend a hundred lies.*

O. Wild. *To curb this practice I am somewhat loath ;  
A lawyer has no credit but an oath.*

M. Gr.

# E P I L O G U E.

M. Gr. *Then to the softer sex some favour shew :  
Leave no possession of our modest No !*

O. Wild. *Oh, freely Ma'am we'll that allowance give,  
So that two Noes be held affirmative.  
Provided ever that your pish and fie,  
On all occasions should be deem'd a lye.*

M. Gr. *Hard terms !  
On this rejoinder then I rest my cause ;  
Should all pay homage to Truth's sacred laws,  
Let us examine what would be the case :  
Why many a great man would be out of place.*

O. Wild. *'Twould many a virtuous character restore.*

M. Gr. *But take a character from many more.*

O. Wild. *Tho' on the side of bad the ballance fall,  
Better to find few good, than fear for all.*

M. Gr. *Strong are your reasons ; yet, ere I submit,  
I mean to take the voices of the pit.*

*Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,  
That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,  
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule ?*

}



# F I N I S.



THE  
ORATORS.

As it is now performing at the

NEW THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

---

*Where more is meant than meets the ear.*

IL PENSEROSO.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON;  
W. NICOLL; and S. BLADON.

MDCCLXXX.

1762.

1767.

LECTURER, Mr. Foote,

Mr. Foote.

{ Mr. Weston,

Mr. Weston.

Mr. M'George, Mr. Pynn.

Mr. Quin, Mr. Quick.

Mr. Bannister, Mr. Bannister.

Mr. Williams, Mr. Davis.

Mr. Young, Mr. Loveman.

Mr. Booth, Mr. Castle.

PUPILS.

{ Mr. Palmer, Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Kickill, Mr. Strange.

Mr. Somers, Mr. Smith.

Mr. Pearce, Mr. Pearce.

Mr. Keen.

Mr. Gardiner.

Mr. Newton.

Mr. Shuter.

THE  
ORATORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter WILL TIREHACK and HARRY SCAMPER, booted, with Whips in their Hands, into a Side-Box.*

SCAMPER.

P'SHAW! zounds! prithee, Will, let us go; what signifies our staying here?

TIREHACK.

Nay, but tarry a little; besides, you know we promis'd to give Poll Baylifs and Bett Skinner the meeting.

SCAMPER.

No matter, we shall be sure to find them at three at the Shakespeare.

TIREHACK.

But as we are here, Harry, let us know a little what it's about?

SCAMPER.

About! Why lectures, you fool! Have not you read the bills? and we have plenty of them at Oxford, you know!

TIREHACK.

Well, but for all that, there may be fun.

SCAMPER.

Why then, stay and enjoy it yourself; and I'll step to the Bull and Gate, and call upon Jerry Lack-Latin, and my horse. We shall see you at three. *[Rising.]*

TIREHACK.

Nay, but, prithee, stay.

SCAMPER.

Rot me if I do. *[Going out of the Box.]*

TIREHACK.

Halloo, Harry; Harry—

SCAMPER.

Well, what's the matter now? *[Returning.]*

TIREHACK.

Here's Poll Baylifs just come into the gallery.

SCAMPER.

No——

TIREHACK.

She is, by—

SCAM-



THE TORATORS. 5

SCAMPER. [*Looking.*

Yes, faith! it is she, sure enough.—How goes it, Poll?

TIREHACK.

Well, now, we shall have you, I hope?

SCAMPER.

Ay, if I thought we should get any fun.

TIREHACK.

I'll make an enquiry. Hallo! snuffers, snuffers.

CANDLE-SNUFFER.

Your pleasure, Sir?

TIREHACK.

What is all this business about here?

SNUFFER.

Can't say, Sir.

SCAMPER.

Well, but you could if you would, let us into the secret.

SNUFFER.

Not I, upon my honour!

TIREHACK.

Your honour, you son of a whore! D'ye hear, bid your master come hither, we want to ask him a question.

SNUFFER.

I will—

[*Exit.*

TIREHACK.

Scamper, will you ask him, or shall I?

## 6 THE ORATORS.

SCAMPER.

Let me alone to him—

*Enter* FOOT E.

TIREHACK.

O! here he is—

FOOT E.

Your commands with me, gentlemen?

SCAMPER.

Why, you must know Will and I here are upon a scheme from Oxford; and because cash begins to run low—How much have you, Will?

TIREHACK.

Three and twenty shillings, besides the crown I paid at the door.

SCAMPER.

And I eighteen; now, as this will last us but to-night, we are willing to husband our time; let us see, Will, how are we engag'd?

TIREHACK.

Why at three, with Bett and Poll, there, at the Shakespeare; after that to the Coronation; for you know we have seen it but nine times—

SCAMPER.

And then back to the Shakespeare again; where we sup, and take horse at the door.

TIREHACK.

So there's no time to be lost, you see; we desire, therefore, to know what sort of a thing this affair here of yours is? What, is it damn'd funny and comical?

FOOT E.

# THE ORATORS.

7

FOOTE.

Have you not seen the bills?

SCAMPER.

What, about the lectures? ay, but that's all slang, I suppose; no, no. No tricks upon travellers; no, we know better—What, are there any more of you; or do you do it all yourself?

FOOTE.

If I was in want of comedians, you, gentlemen, are kind enough to lend me a lift; but, upon my word, my intentions, as the bill will inform you, are serious——

TIREHACK.

Are they? then I'll have my money again. What, do you think we come to London to learn any thing?—Come, Will. [*Going.*]

FOOTE.

Hold, Gentlemen, I would detain you, if possible. What is it you expect?

SCAMPER.

To be jolly, and laugh, to be sure—

FOOTE.

At what?

TIREHACK.

At what—damme, I don't know—at you, and your frolicks and fancies—

FOOTE.

If that is all you desire; why, perhaps we shan't disappoint you—

# 8 THE ORATORS.

SCAMPER.

Shan't you?—why, that is an honest fellow—come, begin—

FOOTE.

But you'll be so kind as not to interrupt me?

SCAMPER.

Never fear—

FOOTE.

Ladies and gentlemen—

[Suds from the opposite box calls to Foote, and stops him short.

SUDS.

Stop a minute; may I be permitted to speak?

FOOTE.

Doubtless, Sir—

SUDS.

Why the affair is this: My wife Alice—for you must know my name is EphraimSuds, I am a soap-boiler in the city,—took it into her head, and nothing would serve her turn, but that I must be a common-council man this year; for, says Alice, *says she*, It is the *onliest* way to rise in the world.

FOOTE.

A just observation—you succeeded?

SUDS.

Oh! there was no danger of that—yes, yes, I got it all hollow; but now to come to the marrow



marrow of the business. Well, Alice, says I, now I am chosen, what's next to be done? "Why now, says Alice, *says she*, thee must learn to make speeches; why dost not see what purferment neighbour Grogram has got; why man, 'tis all brought about by his *speechifying*. I tell thee what, Ephraim, if thee can'st but once learn to lay down the law, there's no knowing to what thee may'st rise.——"

F O O T E.

Your lady had reason.

S U D S.

Why, I thought so too; and, as good luck would have it, who should come into the city, in the very nick of time, but master professor along with his lectures—Adod, away, in a hurry, Alice and I danced to Pewterers-Hall.

F O O T E.

You improv'd, I hope?

S U D S.

O Lud! It is unknown what knowledge we got; we can read—oh! we never stop to spell a word now—and then he told us such things about verbs, and nouns, and adverbs, that never entered our heads before, and emphasis, and accent; heav'n bless us, I did not think there had been such things in the world.

F O O T E.

And have you *speechify'd* yet?

S U D S.

S U D S.

Soft; soft and fair; we must walk before we can run—I think I have laid a pretty foundation. The Mansion-house was not built in a day, Master Foote. But to go on with my tale, my dame one day looking over the papers, came running to me; Now Ephraim, says she, thy business is done; rare news, lad; here is a man at the other end of the town, that will make thee a *speecher* at once, and out she pull'd your proposals. Ah Alice, says I, thee be'st but a fool, why I know that man, he is all upon his fun; he lecture—why, 'tis all but a bam—Well, 'tis but seeing, says she, so, *wolens nolens*, she would have me come hither; now if so be you be serious, I shall think my money wisely bestowed; but if it be only your comical works, I can tell you, you shall see me no more.

F O O T E.

Sir, I should be extremely sorry to lose you; if I knew but what would content you?

S U D S.

Why, I want to be made an orator *on*; and to speak speeches, as I tell you, at our meetings, about politicks, and peace, and addresses, and the new bridge, and all *them* kind of things.

F O O T E.

Why, with your happy talents I should think much might be done.

# THE ORATORS. II

S U D S.

I am proud to hear you say so. Indeed I am. I did *speechify* once at a vestry concerning new lettering the church buckets, and came off cutely enough; and, to say the truth, that was the thing that provok'd me to go to Pewterers-Hall. [*Sits down again.*]

F O O T E.

Well, Sir, I flatter myself, that in proportion to the difference of abilities in your two instructors, you will here make a tolerable progress. But now, Sir, with your favour, we will proceed to explain the nature of our design, and I hope, in the process, you, gentlemen, will find entertainment, and you, Sir, information.

*Mr. FOOTE then proceeds in his lecture.*

My plan, gentlemen, is to be consider'd as a superstructure on that admirable foundation laid by the modern professor of English, both our labours tending to the same general end; the perfectioning of our countrymen in a most essential article, the right use of their native language.

But what he has happily begun, I have the vanity to think I have as happily finish'd; he has, it is true, introduc'd you into the body of the church, but I conduct you into the choir of the cathedral: Or, to explain myself by a more familiar allusion, though he is the Poitier who teaches

teaches you the step and the grounds; yet I am the Gallini who gives you the air, and the grace of the minuet.

His aim is propriety alone; mine propriety with elegance.

For though reading, so shamefully neglected, not only by those of tender years, but the adult; not only by children, but even by grown men and women; not only in our private seminaries, but in our public universities; is allowed to be a necessary ingredient towards the formation of an orator; yet, a great many other rules, a great many other precepts, are requisite to obtain his perfection.

Nay, perhaps we might, to support an argument without the danger of a defeat, at least if we may trust observation, that of all the professions that require a verbal intercourse with the public, there is no one to whom reading is of so little utility as that of oratory.

I need not insist upon this head, as I believe every gentleman's experience will furnish him with instances of men eminent in oratory, who, from an early vivacity have neglected, or the indulgence of their parents have been emancipated from the attention and application necessary, it is true, to acquire this rugged art, but at the same time so ill-suited to their tender years, and so opposite to those innocent amusements in which children are known universally to delight. *Thwart not a child, for you spoil his temper,*—is, or at least ought



ought to be, an English proverb, as it is an universal practice.

I would not here be understood to depreciate the usefulness of reading, or to detract from the exceeding merit of the professor's plan; no, my meaning is only just to drop a hint that I may occasionally use him as a walking-stick; a kind of an *elegantly clouded Mocoa*, or an *airy Anamaboo*: yet, that it is by no means my intention to depend upon him as *a support*, or lean upon him as *a crutch*; in a word, he will be rather ornamental than necessary to me.

But useless as his plan is to me, I sincerely wish it success for the sake of the public; and if my influence was equal to my inclination, I would have a law enacted, upon the plan of the militia bill, that annually, or biennially, draughts should be made from every parish of two, three, or more, as in that act of able-bodied, so in this of intelligent persons, who, at the expence of the several counties, should be sent to the capital, and there compelled to go through as many courses of the professor's lectures as he shall deem sufficient: thus, by those periodical rural detachments, the whole nation will, in a few years, be completely served, and a stock of learning laid in, that will last till time shall be no more.

Would our rulers but adopt this scheme! how superior would England be even to the most illustrious periods of Greece and Rome!

what

what an unrival'd happiness for us, what an eternal fund of fame for them! Ye Solons, ye Lycurgus's, ye Numa's, hide your diminish'd heads; see what a revolution two laws in a few years have produc'd; see a whole people, sunk in more than Gothic ignorance, accustom'd to no other iron implements than the pacific plough-share, or the harmless spade, start out at once profound scholars and veteran soldiers: If at this happy period, a Frenchman, thinking any thing out of his own country worthy his attention, should condescend to pay this kingdom a visit; methinks, I anticipate the account he will give of us at his return, (like his countryman of old, who, at the taking of Rome, bursting into the capitol, and there finding the senate fix'd and immoveable in their seats, declar'd them an assembly of kings,) so will he at once pronounce the whole British nation to be an army of generals, and one congregation of doctors. Happy country! where the *Arma & Toga* are so fortunately blended, as to prevent all contention for the pre-eminence.

I know but one objection that can be made to this plan, and that merely a temporary one; that the culture of our lands will sustain an infinite injury, if such a number of peasants were to deparochiate, there being already scarce hands sufficient, from the recruits constantly made for Germany, &c. &c. &c. to carry on the common business of husbandry.

But

But what are riches, perishable commodities, glittering, transitory, fallacious goods, when compared to the substantial, incorruptible endowments of the mind! this truth is, indeed, happily inculcated by an old English adage;

“When lands and goods are gone and spent,  
“Then learning is most excellent.”

This sensible and poetical distich, I would recommend to Mr. Professor, as a motto for his intended treatise; but I suppose he is already well provided with an apt *Latin*, if not a *Greek* one, to either of which I must yield the preference.

But to waive this ethical argument; I think I can easily foil the force of this objection, by a natural and obvious *Succedaneum*. Suppose a clause was to be added to the bill for the importation of tallow, raw hides, and live cattle from Ireland, that, during this literary emigration, a sufficient number of inhabitants of that country may be transported hither to supply the vacancy: but here it must be observ'd, that for this purpose an act of parliament is indispensably necessary; for though it would be difficult, if not impossible, for us, in our present condition, to get in even our harvests, without the aid of hands annually exported for that purpose from Ireland; yet this is at best but an illicit trade, and the men themselves are to be considered under the article of smuggled goods: a very heavy penalty being  
laid

laid by statute on all masters of vessels, who shall venture to import any of the above-cited commodity into this realm, without special licence; to this purpose I recollect a case in point, the fifth of William and Mary, Ban. Reg. The King contra Oflaarty. Vide V. Rep. vol. iii. chap. 9. page 4.

But if this should be thought by the people in power too great an indulgence to the Irish, as we have never been remarkably profuse in our favours to our loyal and affectionate sister; I see no other method of redressing the imaginary evil, than by exempting from this service all the males till a general peace, and accepting, in their room, a suitable number of discreet middle-aged females; and these, when they have been properly perfected in the mysteries of our language, may be return'd to their several parishes, and there form little infantine communities of literati, which will be a stock for the succeeding generation; and, indeed, upon consideration, I don't know whether this won't prove the best method for the introduction and universal propagation of the plan.

For the English common people, naturally sullen and obstinate, and religiously attach'd to their old customs, might be shock'd and scandaliz'd to see, at one bold stroke, the fescues and fasces, which have been, from time immemorial, consign'd to one, or more matron in every village, ravish'd at once from their hands,



hands, and deliver'd over to the administration of the opposite sex.

But to return to my own subject, from which my zeal for Mr. Professor's success has tempted me to make rather too long a digression.

When I ventured to affirm that the profession of an Orator might exist independently of an accurate knowledge of the arrangement, and different combinations of the four and twenty letters, so far as (*in the words of the Professor*) they relate to their being the arbitrary marks of meaning upon paper; yet, I would not be understood to assert this generally, as to every species of oratory, but to confine myself to those particular branches only, where the orator's own mind suggests the matter that his own mouth discharges: For instance, now, as when affairs of state are weigh'd at a common-council, religious points militated at the Robin-Hood, the arts and sciences handled in the Strand, or politicks debated near Westminster-abbey; here the arguments and words given are supposed to arise from the immediate impulse of the giver; but where they are concurrent agents, as in the oratory peculiar to the pulpit and the stage, where one individual furnishes the matter, and another administers the manner, the case is widely different.

In the first instance, a tolerable proficiency in reading is indispensably requisite, as scarce any memory but the late Mr. Heydegger's

could retain, to any degree of certainty, the various parts of the Liturgy, the Old and New Testament, briefs, faculties, excommunications, &c. &c. &c. and a lapse on those solemn occasions might be attended with very awkward circumstances; nor would I here be supposed to insinuate, that the pieces of oratory delivered from the pulpit are not the composition of the deliverer; no—This is so far from being generally the case, that I have often heard complaints made against particular agents, that they have forc'd upon their congregations their own crude and insipid productions, when, at the same time, their native language would furnish them with so extensive and noble a collection of admirable materials. But here the auditor, unless he be well read in theology, may be led into a mistake; for there are some men, who, by a particular happiness in their manner, have the address to make the works of other men so absolutely their own, that there is no distinguishing the difference; at this the poet hints in his *male dum recitas*, &c. For these various reasons, I think a warm application to the art of reading cannot be too strongly recommended to the professors of this kind of oratory.

With regard to the professors of the stage, tho' reading is undoubtedly useful, yet, as the performer is to repeat, and not to read, the deficiency may be supply'd by the introduction of a third agent, viz. a person to read to him till  
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the words are rooted in his memory. This expedient, tho' tedious, I have known frequently practis'd with good success: little blunders will now and then unavoidably arise, either from the misapprehension of the second agent, or the ignorance or waggery of the third; but these slips are generally unobserved, or, thro' inattention or indulgence, overlook'd by an audience. But to return to the consideration of my own plan, from which no temptation shall, for the future, seduce me to digress.

We will first, then, consider the utility of Oratory,

Secondly, the distinct and various kinds, or species, of that science, as they are practis'd at this day in this kingdom,

Thirdly, we will demonstrate, that every branch of English oratory is peculiarly our own, owes its rise, progress, and perfection to this country, and was not only unknown to the ancients, but is entirely repugnant to all those principles they have endeavour'd to establish.

Fourthly, that any rhetorical system now existing, instead of a cross in the hands, with letters to direct you on your road, will prove only but a Will in the Wisp, to confound, perplex, and bewilder you.

Fifthly, from hence will result a necessity, for the immediate establishment of an academy, for the promulgation and inculcation of modern oratory.

To which academy, the author of these proposals does hope, sixthly, that he shall be appointed perpetual professor.

Perhaps it may not be impertinent here to observe, that the author has industriously avoided, and will, in the course of this treatise, avoid all poetical allusion, all grandeur of expression, all splendor of diction; in short, renounce every rhetorical prop, as knowing that, on didactic subjects, order, simplicity, and perspicuity, are the means to gain his end, which is not to gratify the imagination, but to improve and polish the understanding of my countrymen.

First, then, we are to demonstrate the utility of oratory: and, this, we flatter ourselves, will, in a great measure, be evident from the consideration of its universality, and the distinctions it procures, both lucrative and honourable, to any man eminent in the art.

There is, by the constitution of this kingdom, an assembly of many individuals, who, as the seventh son of a seventh son is born a physician, are orators by hereditary right; that is, by birth they are enabled to give their opinions and sentiments on all subjects, where the interest of their country is concerned: To this we are to add another assembly, consisting of 558 individuals, where, tho' the same privilege is enjoy'd as in the first instance, yet this advantage is not possess'd in virtue of any inherent natural right, but is obtain'd in

con-



consequence of an annual, triennial, or septennial deputation from the whole body of the people; if then we add to this list the number of all those candidates who are ambitious of this honour, with the infinite variety of changes that a revolution of twenty years will produce, we cannot estimate those funds of national orators in *esse*, *posse*, and *velle*, to a smaller quantity than 20,000; and this, I believe, by the disciples of Demoivre, will be thought a very moderate computation.

The two orders of the long robe next demand our attention; and as the pre-eminence is unquestionably due to the priesthood, let us consider what number of persons is necessary to supply that service? England is divided into nine thousand nine hundred and thirteen parishes: now, if we suppose two pastors for every parish, this learned body will be found to consist of nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-six individuals; but as the most sacred characters are no more exempted from that fatal stroke that puts a temporary period to our existence, than the prophane, it is necessary that a provision should be made of fit and able persons; so that at all events there be no lack of labourers in this plentiful vineyard: nor has the policy of this nation been so blinded as not to guard against this possible contingency, by erecting schools, seminaries, and universities, in which a convenient quantity of our youth are properly trained, in order to fill

up chasms which may be occasionally made by the insatiable scythe of death. If then we estimate this corps de reserve at the half only of the standing force, we shall find the army entire amount to 29,739.

I foresee that an objection will be made to this calculation, viz. That two pastors to every parish is a most exorbitant and improbable charge; for that many parishes, from impropriations, appropriations, and other accidents, instead of two, are scarce able to support one pastor; and that this complaint is almost general throughout the whole principality of Wales, where many individuals of this respectable order, to the great damage of their dignity, are obliged to have recourse to very unclerical professions for the support of themselves and families.

This objection we will allow its full force; but then if it be consider'd that in our original estimate we omitted all deans, canons, prebends, heads and fellows of colleges, chaplains to ships, regiments, and private families, together with the whole body of dissenting ministers of all denominations, field-preachers, and parish-clerks, I believe we shall be thought rather to have diminished than exaggerated the real quantity.

As I have not been able to get admittance to the archives of the several inns of court in this metropolis, I am afraid we shall not be able to determine, with the same degree of certainty,

tainty, the exact number of those who have devoted their lives and labours to the explanation and due execution of our municipal laws: I am, therefore, oblig'd to depend on circumstantial evidence, which, in some cases, is admitted, even in our courts, to have equal force with proof positive.

And here the reason of the law (as the law is the perfection of reason) is extremely clear. To illustrate this by an instance;

*A* swears a robbery against *B*; *A* may lye, or at least be mistaken; but if the goods stolen from *A*, and previously described by him, are found, with their mark, in the possession of *B*, *B* not being able to account for such possession, that circumstance shall be deem'd of at least equal weight against *B*, as if *A* was to swear positively to the personal identity of *B*. This being the practice of the courts, we shall proceed, with all possible expedition (which, indeed, is not the practice of the courts), to produce our proofs circumstantial. As in the former instance we have grounded our calculation on the number of parishes, we shall in this derive our computation from the number of houses in the kingdom.

To any man tolerably acquainted with the country of England, it is unnecessary to observe, that not only in every town, but almost in every hamlet through which he travels, his eyes are constantly caught by the appearance of a smart house, prefac'd with white rails, and

prologu'd by a red door, with a brass knocker; when you desire to be acquainted with the name and quality of the owner of this mansion, you are always told that it belongs to lawyer such a one: now, if a hamlet containing thirty houses, with perhaps an environ of an equal number, where labour and the fruits of the earth are the only sources of wealth, can support one attorney in this rural magnificence; what an infinite number of lawyers can a commercial capital sustain? But because I would rather retrench than exceed, I will only quarter one attorney upon fifty houses. The number of houses in the reign of George the First (since which time the quantity is considerably encreas'd,) was computed at 1,175,951. The number of attorneys then will be 23,518; and, if we reckon one barrister to twenty attorneys, the sum total is 24,693.

I know it will be here objected, that but one small part of this numerous body can be benefited by my plan, the privilege of speaking publickly being permitted to the superior order, the barristers alone: but this criticism is confined to the observation of what passes merely in Westminster-hall, without considering that, at every quarter and petty session at all county-courts, courts-leet, courts-baron, &c. &c. &c. full power of pleading is permitted to every practitioner of the law.

As the number of those who incorporate themselves to promote, not only with their  
cash



cash but their counsel, the progress of the arts and sciences, is unlimited, it will be impossible for any fix'd period to ascertain their quantity: nor can we, with any certainty, as the Court-Register has been silent to the members of common-council, determine the amount of the city orators; besides, as what has been already offered is more than sufficient to prove the utility of our scheme from its universality, we shall not trouble our readers nor ourselves with any further calculations; for tho' they are replete with great depth of knowledge, are the result of intense application, and the vehicles of mathematical truths, yet to the million the disquisition is but dry and tedious, and our purpose always was, and is, to mix with our instruction a proper portion of delectation.

We will, therefore, for these reasons, hasten to the consideration of the second point propos'd, viz. An enquiry into the various kinds of oratory now existing in this country. And we shall not, on this occasion, trouble ourselves with the investigation of all the smaller branches of this art; but, like the professors in anatomy, contenting ourselves with the dissection of the noble parts, remit the examination of the ignoble ones to the care of subaltern artists. Leaving, then, to the minute philosophers of the age all the orators of vestries, clubs, and coffee-houses, *Paulo majora canamus*; and for the better illustration of this head, permit me, reader, to be a little fanciful.

ful. We will suppose oratory to be one large tree, of which tree science is the *radix*; eloquence the trunk; from which trunk sprout four distinct ramifications; from which ramifications depends a fruit peculiar to each. But to make this clearer, we will present thee with the tree itself, not enigmatically hieroglyphied, but plainly and palpably pourtray'd.



But here, reader, let me not arrogate to myself the merit of this happy explication; I own the hint was first given me with my Grammar.  
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The ingenious, profound Lilly, after he has led his pupils through the various, and almost impervious provinces of nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, and adverbs, conducts them to the foot of that arduous and stupendous mountain *Qui Mibi*: here, dreading lest his youthful ardour might be damp'd with the steep ascent, he reanimates his slacken'd nerves with the mystic picture of an apple-tree, the access to whose boughs, though tedious and difficult, will yet be amply rewarded by leave to revel uncontroul'd through the whole region of pe-pins. May the luscious fruit sprouting from the apex of each of my ramifications prove an equal spur to every beardless orator!

I don't know whether the mentioning another order of orators, as they are not at present existing in this kingdom, may not be deemed an impropriety. But as I am a sincere lover of my country, I can't help recommending an immediate importation of some of those useful and able artists. Sir William Temple, in his Essay on Poetry, has recorded their virtues; and as the race was not extinguished in his time, it is to be hoped that it still remains.

In Ireland, says Sir William, the great men of their sceptes, amongst many officers of their family, had not only a physician, a huntsman, a smith, and such like, but a poet and tale-teller.

The first recorded and sung the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company  
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at feasts; the latter amused them with tales, when they were melancholy and could not sleep: and a very gallant gentleman has told me, of his own experience, that in his wolf-hunting there, when he us'd to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lay very ill at nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring one of those tale-tellers, that when he lay down would begin a story of a king, or a giant, a dwarf and a damsel, and continue all night long in such an even tone that you heard him going on whenever you awakened; and he believ'd nothing any physicians could give had so good and so innocent an effect to make men sleep in any pains or distempers of body or mind. These are Sir William Temple's words, which contain an amazing instance of the power of those orators over the passions, it requiring full as much art and address to assuage and quell, as to blow up, and excite, a tumult in the mind.

In a bill not long since depending in parliament, for the better regulating the city-watch, a clause was recommended, by a late respectable magistrate, that, to prevent the watchmen from sleeping at nights on bulks (the source of many disorders) the said watchmen should be compelled to sleep six hours in the day; an arch member seconded the motion, and begg'd to be included in this clause; for that being grievously afflicted with the gout, he could not for many days sleep a single wink; now  
if



if he could be compelled to take a six hours sleep every day, he apprehended that his fits would be of a much shorter duration. Upon this dry comment, the motion was rashly rejected; but if the house had received the least intimation of the astonishing abilities of the Rockers, (for by that appellation I choose to distinguish this order of orators,) I am convinced that the above clause would not only have been receiv'd, but that proper encouragement would have been given, by parliament, for the introduction and establishment of this useful oratorical sect.

Nor, indeed, considering the vast addition to our customary cares, from the unaccountable fluctuation of our funds, the cause of concern to many thousand individuals, do I think a visit from a convenient quantity of those artists would be now out of season; but how this honour is to be obtain'd, whether any of these great men are now residing amongst us, under the disguise of chairmen and hackney coachmen; or whether it would not be more adviseable to employ those gentlemen who have so lately and successfully rummaged the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland for the remains of Runic poetry in search of the ablest professors; is submitted to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts?

I am aware that, on this occasion, some arch wag, possess'd of the same spirit with the above senator, will object to my scheme of  
impor-

importation, by alledging, that we have of our own growth an ample provision of rockers, and refer us for proof to our several churches and chapels, during the hours of eleven and two on a Sunday, where the sleep-compelling power will be experimentally demonstrated to exist in its full force amongst us; but not to derogate from the abilities of my countrymen, surely the shortness of the time, the cause of the nap rarely continuing above fifteen or sixteen minutes, will not admit of a proper experiment: besides, how can one orator supply a whole parish, unless, indeed, our churches were to be converted into dormitories, which I can't think will happen, as this would be attended with inconveniences too obvious to need a recital.

Abstracted from this last order, the English orators are to be divided into four distinct classes, the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the stage; with the first of these branches, the pulpit, I shan't interfere, and, indeed, so few people now of consequence and consideration frequent the churches, that the art is scarce worth cultivation. The bar—

## S C A M P E R.

Pshaw! there's enough of this dull prologing; come, give us a little of something that's funny; you talk'd about pupils. Could not we see them?

## F O O T E.

Rather too precipitate, Sir; but however, in some measure to satisfy you, and demonstrate the success of our scheme; give me leave to introduce to you a most extraordinary instance, in the person of a young Highlander. It is not altogether a year since this astonishing subject spoke nothing but Erse. Encourag'd by the prodigies of my brother professor's skill, whose fame, like the Chevalier Taylor's, pierces the remotest regions, his relations were tempted to send this young genius to Edinburgh; where he went through a regular course of the professor's lectures, to finish his studies; he has been about six weeks under my care, and, considering the time, I think you will be amazed at his progress. Donald—

*Enter* DONALD.

What's yer wull, Sir?

## F O O T E,

Will you give these ladies and gentlemen a proof of your skill?

DONALD.

Ah, ye wad ha' a specimen of my oratorical art.

## F O O T E.

If you please,

DONALD.

In gude troth on ye sal; wol ye gi' me a topick?

## F O O T E.

FOOTE.

O! chuse for yourself.

DONALD.

Its aw one to Donald.

FOOTE.

What think you of a short panegyrick on the science we are treating of?

DONALD.

On oratory; wi' aw my heart.

FOOTE.

Mind your action; let that accompany your words—

DONALD.

Dunna heed, man—The topic I presum to haundle, is the miraculous gifts of an orator, wha, by the bare power of his words, he leads men, women, and bairns as he lists—

SCAMPER.

And who?

DONALD.

[*Tartly.*

Men, women, and bairns.

SCAMPER.

Bairns; who are they?

FOOTE.

Oh! children—his meaning is obvious enough.

I

DONALD.



D O N A L D.

Ay, ay; men, women, and bairns, wherever he lifts; and first for the antiquity of the art—Ken ye, my lads, wha was the first orator?—Mayhap, ye think it was Tully the Latinist; ye are wide o'the mark; or Demosthenes the Greek? In gude troth, ye're as far off as before—Wha was it, then? It was e'en that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel—

S C A M P E R. [*Hastily.*

The devil it was; how do you prove that?

D O N A L D.

Guds zounds, mon, ye brake the thrird of my harang; an ye'll but ha'd yer tongue, I'll prove it as plain as a pike-staff.

T I R E H A C K.

Be quiet, Will, and'let him go on.

D O N A L D.

I say it was that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel. Ye ken weel, my lads, how Adam and Eve were planted in Eden, wi plenty o' bannocks and cail, and aw that they wished, but were prohibited the eating of pepins—

S C A M P E R.

Apples—

D O N A L D.

Weel, weel, and are na pepins and apples aw the same thing?

F O O T E.

Nay, pray, Gentlemen, hear him out.  
Go on with your pepins—

D O N A L D.

Prohibited the eating of pepins; upon which what does me the orator Satan, but he whispers a fast speech in her lug; egad our grannum fell to in an instant, and eat a pepin without staying to pare it—(*Addresses himself to the Oxonians.*) Ken ye lads, wha was the first orator, now?

T I R E H A C K, *to* Scamper.

What say you to that?

S C A M P E R.

By my soul, the fellow's right—

D O N A L D.

Ay, but ye wan'na ha' patience—ye wan'na ha' patience, lads—

T I R E H A C K.

Hold your jaw, and go on—

D O N A L D.

Now, we come to the definition of an orator; and it is from the Latin words *oro*, *orare*, to intreat, or perswad; and how, by the means o' elocution, or argument, which argument consists o' letters, which letters join'd mak syllables, which syllables compounded mak words,

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words, which words combin'd mak sentences,  
or periods, or which aw together mak an  
orator, so the first gift of an orator is words—

SCAMPER.

Here, Donald, you are out.

DONALD.

How so?

SNUFFER.

Words, the first gift of an orator! No, Donald, no, at school I learned better than that: Do'st not remember, Will, what is the first perfection of an orator? action. The second, action. The third, action.

TIREHACK.

Right, right, Harry, as right as my nail; there, Donald, I think he has given you a dose—

DONALD.

An ye stay me, i' the midst o' my argument—

SCAMPER.

Why don't you stick to truth?

DONALD.

I tell ye, I can *logically*.

TIREHACK.

Damn your logick—

DONALD.

Mighty weel—Maister Foote, how ca' ye this usage?

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FOOTE.

Oh, never mind them—proceed.

DONALD.

In gude troth, I'fe nat say ane ward mare.

FOOTE.

Finish, finish, Donald.—

DONALD.

Ah! they have jumbled aw my ideas together; but an they will enter into a fair argumentation, I'le convince 'em that Donald Macgregor is mare than a match.—

SCAMPER.

You be—

DONALD.

Very weel—

FOOTE.

Nay, but my dear Donald—

Hands aff, Maister Foote—I ha' finish'd my tale, the De'el a word mare sal ye get out o' Donald—yer servant, Sir. (*Exit.*)

FOOTE.

You see, gentlemen, what your impatience has lost us.

SCAMPER.

Rot him, let him go; but is this fellow one of your *pupils*? why, what a damnable twang he has got, with his men, women, and bairns!—

FOOTE.



## FOOT E.

His pronounciation is, I own, a little irregular; but then consider he is but merely a novice; why, even in his present condition, he makes no bad figure for his five minutes at the *Robin-Hood*; and in a month or two, we shan't be asham'd to start him in a more *respectable place*.

But now, gentlemen, we are to descend to the peculiar essential qualities of each distinct species of oratory; and first for the bar—but as no didactic rules can so well convey, or words make a proper impressiion, we will have recourse to more palpable means, and endeavour, by a lively imitation, to demonstrate the extent of our art. We must, for this end, employ the aid of our pupils; but as some preparation is necessary, we hope you will indulge us in a short interruption.

*End of the* FIRST ACT.



## A C T II.

SCENE, *A Hall of Justice.**Enter F O O T E.*

THE first species of Oratory we are to demonstrate our skill in, is that of the bar; and, in order to give our lecture an air of reality, you are to suppose this a court of justice, furnish'd with proper ministers to discharge the necessary functions. But, to supply these gentlemen with business, we must likewise institute an imaginary cause; and, that the whole may be ideal, let it be the prosecution of an imaginary being; I mean the phantom of Cock-lane, a phenomenon that has much puzzled the brains, and terrify'd the minds, of many of our fellow-subjects.

You are to consider, ladies and gentlemen, that the language of the bar is a species of oratory distinct from every other. It has been observ'd, that the ornaments of this profession have not shone with equal lustre in an assembly near their own hall; the reason assign'd, though a pleasant, is not the true *one*. It has been hinted, that these gentlemen were in want of their briefs; but was that the disease, the remedy would be easy enough: they need only have recourse to the *artifice* successfully practis'd

practis'd by some of their colleagues; instead of having their briefs in their hands, to hide them at the bottom of their hats.

*[Calls to his pupils, who enter dress'd as a justice, a clerk, a serjeant at law, and a counsellor.]*

You will remember, Gentlemen, your proper pauses, repetitions, hums, ha's, and interjections: now seat yourselves, and you the counsel remember to be mighty dull, and you the justice to fall asleep. I must prepare to appear in this cause as a witness. *[Exit.*

J U S T I C E.

Clerk, read the indictment.

C L E R K *Reads.*

*Middlesex, to wit.*

*Fanny Phantom*, you are indicted, That on, or before the first day of January, 1762, you the said Fanny did, in a certain house, in a certain street, call'd Cock-lane, in the county of Middlesex, maliciously, treacherously, wickedly, and wilfully, by certain thumpings, knockings, scratchings, and flutterings against doors, walls, wainscots, bedsteads, and bedposts, disturb, annoy, assault, and terrify divers innocent, inoffensive, harmless, quiet, simple people, residing in, at, near or about the said Cock-lane, and elsewhere, in the said county of Middlesex, to the great prejudice of said people in said county. How say you, guilty, or—

COUNSELLOR *stops the Clerk short.*

May it please your worship—hem—I am council in this cause for the ghost—hem—and before I can permit her to plead, I have an objection to make, that is—hem—I shall object to her pleading at all.—Hem—It is the standing law of this country—hem—and has—hem—always been to allow'd, deem'd, and practis'd, that—hem—all criminals should be try'd *per pares*, by their equals—hem—that is—hem—by a jury of equal rank with themselves. Now, if this be the case, as the case it is; I—hem—I should be glad to know, how my client can be try'd in this here manner. And first, who is my client? She is in the indictment call'd a phantom, a ghost; What is a ghost? a spirit. What is a spirit? a spirit is a thing that exists independently of, and is superior to, flesh and blood. And can any man go for to think, that I can advise my client to submit to be try'd by people of an inferior rank to herself? certainly no—I therefore, humbly move to quash this indictment, unless a jury of ghosts be first had, and obtain'd; unless a jury of ghosts be first had and obtain'd. [*Sits down.*]

SERJEANT.

I am, in this cause, Council against Fanny Phantom the ghost;—eh,—and notwithstanding the rule laid down by Mr. Prosequi, be—eh—right in the main, yet here it can't  
avail



avail his client a whit. We allow—eh—we do allow, please your worship, that Fanny *quoad* Phantom,—eh—had originally a right to a jury of ghosts; but—eh—if she did, by any act of her own, forfeit this right, her plea cannot be admitted. Now, we can prove, please your worship, prove by a cloud of witnesses, that said Fanny did, as specified in the indictment, scratch, knock, and flutter;—eh—which said scratchings, knockings, and flutterings—eh—being operations, merely peculiar to flesh, blood, and body—eh—we do humbly apprehend—eh—that by condescending to execute the aforesaid operations, she has waiv'd her privilege as a ghost, and may be try'd in the ordinary form, according to the statute so made and provided in the reign of, &c. &c. &c.

Your worship's opinion.

TIREHACK.

Smoke the justice, he is as fast as a church.

SCAMPER.

I fancy he has touched the tankard too much this morning; he'll know a good deal of what they have been saying.

JUSTICE,

*[Is wak'd by the Clerk, who tells him they have pleaded.]*

Why the objection—oh—brought by Mr. Prosequi, is (*whispers the clerk*) doubtless provisionally a valid objection; but then, if the  
culprit

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culprit has, by an act of her own, defeated her privilege, as asserted in Mr. Serjeant's replication; we conceive she may be legally try'd—oh,—besides—oh,—besides, I, I, I can't well see how we could impanel a jury of ghosts; or—oh—how twelve spirits, who have no body at all, can be said to take a corporal oath, as requir'd by law—unless, indeed, as in case of the peerage, the prisoner may be try'd on their honour.

COUNSELLOR.

Your worship's distinction is just; knockings, scratchings, &c. as asserted by Mr. Serjeant.—

SERJEANT.

Asserted—Sir, do you doubt my instructions?

COUNSELLOR.

No interruptions, if you please, Mr. Serjeant; I say as asserted, but can assertions be admitted as proofs? certainly no—

SERJEANT.

Our evidence is ready—

COUNSELLOR.

To that we object, to that we object, as it will anticipate the merits—your worship—

SERJEANT.

Your worship—

I

JUSTICE.

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JUSTICE.

Why, as you impeach the ghost's privilege,  
you must produce proofs of her scratchings.

SERGEANT.

Call Shadrach Bodkin.

CLERK.

Shadrach Bodkin, come into court.

SERGEANT. [*Enter Bodkin.*

Pray, Mr. Bodkin, where do you live?

BODKIN.

I sojourn in Lukener's-lane.

SERGEANT.

What is your profession?

BODKIN.

I am a *teacher* of the *word*, and a *taylor*.

SCAMPER.

Zounds, Will, it is a methodist.

TIREHACK.

No, fure!

SCAMPER.

By the lord Harry, it is.

CLERK.

Silence.

SERGEANT.

Do you know any thing of Fanny the  
phantom?

BODKIN.

BODKIN.

Yea—I do.

SERJEANT.

Can you give any account of her thumpings, scratchings, and flutterings?

BODKIN.

Yea—manifold have been the scratchings and knockings that I have heard.

SERJEANT.

Name the times.

BODKIN.

I have attended the spirit *Fanny* from the first day of her flutterings, even to the last scratch that she gave.

SERJEANT.

How long may that be?

BODKIN.

Five weeks did she flutter, and six weeks did she scratch.

SCAMPER.

Six weeks—Damn it, I wonder she did not wear out her nails.

CLERK.

Silence.

SERJEANT.

I hope the court is convinced.

COUN-



COUNSELLOR.

Hold, Master Bodkin, you and I must have a little discourse. A taylor, you say. Do you work at your business?

BODKIN.

No—

COUNSELLOR.

Look upon me, look upon the court—  
Then your present trade is your teaching?

BODKIN.

It is no trade.

COUNSELLOR.

What is it then, a calling?

BODKIN.

No, it is no calling—it is rather—as I may say—a *forcing*—a *compelling*—

COUNSELLOR.

By whom?

BODKIN.

By the spirit that is within me—

SCAMPER.

It is an evil spirit, I believe; and needs must when the devil drives, you know, Will.

TIREHACK.

Right, Harry—

COUN-

COUNSELLOR.

When did you first feel these spiritual motions?

BODKIN.

In the town of Norwich, where I was born;—One day as I was sitting cross-legged on my shop-board, new seating a cloth pair of breeches of Mr. alderman Crape's—I felt the spirit within me, moving upwards and downwards, and this way and that way, and tumbling and jumbling—at first I thought it was the colic—

COUNSELLOR.

And how are you certain it was not?

BODKIN.

At last I heard a voice whispering within me, crying, Shadrach, Shadrach, Shadrach, cast away the things that belong to thee, thy thimble and sheers, and do the things that I bid thee.

COUNSELLOR.

And you did?

BODKIN.

Yea, verily.

COUNSELLOR.

I think I have heard a little of you, Master Bodkin; and so you quitted your business, your wife, and your children?

BODKIN.

B O D K I N.

I did.

C O U N S E L L O R.

You did—But then you commun'd with other men's wives?

B O D K I N,

Yea, and with widows, and with maidens.

C O U N S E L L O R,

How came that about, Shadrach?

B O D K I N,

I was moved thereunto by the spirit.

C O U N S E L L O R.

I should rather think by the flesh—I have been told, friend Bodkin, that twelve became pregnant—

B O D K I N.

Thou art deceived—They were barely but nine.

C O U N S E L L O R.

Why, this was an active spirit,

S E R J E A N T.

But to the point, Mr. Prosequi.

C O U N S E L L O R.

Well, then—you say you have heard those scratchings and knockings?

B O D K I N.

Yea—

C O U N -

COUNSELLOR.

But why did you think they came from a spirit?

BODKIN.

Because the very same thumps, scratches, and knocks, I have felt on my breast-bone from the spirit within me—

COUNSELLOR.

And these noises you are sure you heard on the first day of January?

BODKIN.

Certain—

SERJEANT.

But to what do all those interrogatories tend?

COUNSELLOR.

To a most material purpose; your worship observes, that Bodkin is positive as to the noises made on the first day of January by Fanny the phantom: now if we can prove an *Alibi*, that is, that, on that very day, at that very time, the said Fanny was scratching and fluttering any where else, we apprehend that we destroy the credit of this witness—Call Peter Paragraph.

CLERK.

Peter Paragraph, come into court.

COUN-



COUNSELLOR.

This gentleman is an eminent printer, and has collected, for the public information, every particular relative to this remarkable story; but as he has the misfortune to have but one leg, your worship will indulge him in the use of a chair.

CLERK.

Peter Paragraph, come into court.

COUNSELLOR. [*Enter Paragraph.*]

Pray, Mr. Paragraph, where was you born?

PARAGRAPH.

Sir, I am a native of Ireland, and born and bred in the city of Dublin.

COUNSELLOR.

When did you arrive in the city of London?

PARAGRAPH.

About the last autumnal equinox; and now I recollect, my *Journal* makes mention of my departure for England, in the Belsborough Packet, Friday, October the tenth, N. S. or New Stile.

COUNSELLOR.

Oh! Then the Journal is yours?

PARAGRAPH.

Please your worship, it is; and relating thereto I believe I can give you a pleasant

D

con-

conceit—Last week I went to visit a *peer*, for I know *peers*, and *peers* know me. Quoth his lordship to me, Mr. Paragraph, with respect to your Journal, I would wish that your paper was whiter, or your ink blacker. Quoth I to the peer, by way of *reply*, I hope you will own there is enough for the money; his lordship was pleased to laugh. It was such a pretty repartee, he, he, he, he—

JUSTICE.

Pray, Mr. Paragraph, what might be your business in England?

PARAGRAPH.

Hem—a little love affair, please your worship.

COUNSELLOR.

A wife, I suppose—

PARAGRAPH.

Something tending that way; even so long ago as January 1739-40, there past some amorous glances between us: she is the daughter of old Vamp of the Turnstile; but at that time I stifled my passion, Mrs. Paragraph being then in the land of the living.

COUNSELLOR.

She is now dead?

PARAGRAPH.

Three years and three quarters, please your worship: we were exceeding happy together; she was, indeed, a little apt to be jealous.

COUN-

COUNSELLOR.

No wonder—

PARAGRAPH.

Yes: they can't help it, poor souls; but notwithstanding, at her death, I gave her a prodigious good character in my Journal.

COUNSELLOR.

And how proceeds the present affair?

PARAGRAPH.

Just now, we are quite at a stand—

COUNSELLOR.

How so?

PARAGRAPH.

The old scoundrel her father has play'd me a slippery trick.

COUNSELLOR.

Indeed!

PARAGRAPH.

As he could give no money in hand, I agreed to take her *fortune* in *copies*; I was to have the Wits *Vade Mecum* entire; four hundred of News from the Invisible World, in sheets; all that remained of Glanvil upon Witches; Hill's Bees, Bardana, Brewing, and Balsam of Honey; and three eighths of Robinson Crusoe.

COUNSELLOR.

A pretty fortune!

PARAGRAPH.

Yes; they are things that stir in the trade; but you must know that we agreed to go halves in Fanny the Phantom. But whilst I and two authors, whom I had hir'd to ask questions, at nine shillings a night, were taking notes of the knockings at the house of Mr. Parsons himself, that old rascal Vamp had privately printed off a thousand eighteen-penny scratchings, purchased of two methodist preachers, at the public house over the way—

COUNSELLOR.

Now we come to the point—look upon this evidence; was he present at Mr. Parsons's knockings?

PARAGRAPH.

Never; this is one of the rascally methodists—Harkee, fellow, how could you be such a scoundrel to sell for genuine your counterfeit scratchings to Vamp?

BODKIN.

My scratchings were the true scratchings—

PARAGRAPH.

Why, you lying son of a whore, did not I buy all my materials from the girl's father himself?

BODKIN.



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BODKIN.

What the spirit commanded, that did I.

PARAGRAPH.

What spirit?

BODKIN.

The spirit within me—

PARAGRAPH.

If I could but get at you, I would soon try what sort of a spirit it is—stop, you villain.

[Exit BODKIN.]

The rogue has made his escape—but I will dog him, to find out his haunts, and then return for a warrant—His scratchings! a scoundrel; I will have justice, or I'll turn his tabernacle into a pigstye. [Exit PARAGRAPH.]

COUNSELLOR.

I hope, please your worship, we have sufficiently established our *Alibi*.

JUSTICE.

You are unquestionably entitled to a jury of ghosts.

COUNSELLOR.

Mr. Serjeant, you will provide us a list?

SERJEANT.

Let us see—you have no objection to Sir George Villars; the evil genius of Brutus; the ghost of Banquo; Mrs. Veal.

COUNSELLOR.

We object to a woman—your worship—

JUSTICE.

Why, it is not the practice; this, it must be own'd, is an extraordinary case. But, however, if, on conviction, the phantom should plead pregnancy, Mrs. Veal will be admitted on the jury of matrons.

SERJEANT.

I thank your worship: then the court is adjourned.

*[Terence and Dermot in an upper box.]*

TERENCE.

By my shoul, but I will spake.

DERMOT.

Arrah, be quiet, Terence.

TERENCE.

Dibble burn me but I will; hut, hut, not spake, what should ail me? harkee you, Mr. Justice—

SCAMPER.

Hollo, what's the matter now, Will?

DERMOT.

Leave off, honey Terence, now you are well—

TERENCE.

Dermot, be easy—

SCAM-

SCAMPER.

Hear him—

TIREHACK.

Hear him—

TERENCE.

Ay, hear him, hear him; why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that little hopping fellow there, that Dublin Journal man, is as great a liar as ever was born—

TIREHACK.

How so?

TERENCE.

Ay, prithee don't bodder me; what, d'ye learn no more manners at Oxford college, than to stop a gentleman in the midst of his speech before he begins? oh, for shame of yourself— Why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that there what the debble d'ye call him, Pra-Praragraf, but, by my shoul, that is none of his name neither, I know the little bastard as well as myself; as to Fanny the phantom, long life to the poor gentlewoman, he knows no more of her than the mother that bore her—

S U D S.

Indeed! good lord, you surprize me?

TERENCE.

Arrah, now, honey Suds, spake when you are spoke to; you ar'nt upon the jury, my jewel, now; by my shoul you are a little too fat for a ghost.

TIREHACK.

Prithee, friend Ephraim, let him go on? let's hear a little what he would be at—

TERENCE.

I say, he knows nothing about the case that is litigated here, d'ye see, at all, at all; becase why, I hant ha been from Dublin above four weeks, or a month; and I saw him in his shop every day; so that how could he be here and there too? unless, indeed, he used to fly backwards and forwards, and that you see is impossible, becase why, he has got a wooden leg.

SCAMPER.

What the devil is the fellow about?

TIREHACK.

I smoak him—harkee, Terence, who do you take that lame man to be?

TERENCE.

Oh, my jewel, I know him well enough sure by his parson, for all he thought to conceal himself by changing his name—

SCAMPER.



SCAMPER.

Why, it is Foote, you fool.

TERENCE.

Arrah, who?

TIREHACK.

Foote.

TERENCE.

Fot, what the lecture-man? Pa—

TIREHACK.

Yes.

TERENCE.

Arrah, be easy, honey—

SCAMPER.

Nay, enquire of Suds.

SUDS.

Truly I am minded 'twas he.

TERENCE.

Your humble servant yourself, Mr. Suds; by my shoul, I'll wager you three thirteens to a rap, that it is no such matter at all, at all.

SCAMPER.

Done—and be judg'd by the company.

TERENCE.

Done—I'll ask the Orator himself—here he comes; [*Enter Foote.*] Harkee, honey Fot,  
was

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was it yourself that was happing about here but now?

FOOTE.

I have heard your debate, and must give judgment against you—

TERENCE.

What, yourself, yourself!

FOOTE.

It was—

TERENCE.

Then, faith, I have lost my thirteens— Arrah, but Fot, my jewel, why are you after playing such pranks to bring an honest gentleman into company where he is nat.—But what, is this selling of lectures a thriving profession?

FOOTE.

I can't determine as yet; the public have been very indulgent; I have not long open'd.

TERENCE.

By my shoul, if it answers, will you be my pupil, and learn me the trade?

FOOTE.

Willingly—

TERENCE.

That's an honest fellow, long life to you, lad. [*Sits down.*]

*Enter*

*Enter* M'GEORGE.

M'GEORGE.

Here is Doctor Friscano without.

FOOTE.

Friscano—who is he?

M'GEORGE.

The German physician from James-street.

FOOTE.

Well; what is his business with me?

M'GEORGE.

He is in danger of losing his trade.

FOOTE.

How so?

M'GEORGE.

He says, last summer. things went on glibly enough, for then he had the market all to himself; but this year there is an Italian fellow started up in the garden, that with his face and grimace has taken all his patients away.

FOOTE.

That's hard.

M'GEORGE.

Dreadful—if you was to hear the poor man's terrible tale you would really be moved to compassion: he says that his bleeding won't find

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find him in bread ; and as to the tooth trade, excepting two stumps, for six-pence a piece, 'tis a month since he looked in a mouth—

FOOTE.

How can I help him?

M'GEORGE.

Why he thinks oratory will do all with the English ; and if you would but teach him to talk, he should soon get his custom again—

FOOTE.

Can he read?

M'GEORGE.

Oh Lord ! poor man, no.

FOOTE.

Well, let him attend here on—

M'GEORGE.

He hopes you will quickly dispatch him, for if he finds he can't do as a doctor, he intends to return to the curing of horses again.

FOOTE.

Well, tell him he may rest assured, he shall either bleed or shoe in a fortnight.

[Exit M'GEORGE.

FOOTE.

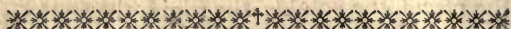
Having thus compleated our lecture on the eloquence peculiar to the bar, we shall produce one great group of orators, in which will be exhibited specimens of every branch of the art.



art. You will have, at one view, the choleric, the placid, the voluble, the frigid, the frothy, the turgid, the calm, and the clamorous; and as a proof of our exquisite skill, our subjects are not such as a regular education has prepared for the reception of this sublime science, but a set of illiterate mechanics, whom you are to suppose assembled at the Robin-hood in the Butcher-row, in order to discuss and adjust the various systems of Europe; but particularly to determine the separate interest of their own mother country.

*End of the SECOND ACT.*

ACT



## A C T III.

SCENE, *The Robin Hood.*

The PRESIDENT.

Dermot O'Droheda, *a Chairman*; Tim Twist, *a Taylor*; Strap, *a Shoemaker*; Anvil, *a Smith*; Sam Slaughter, *a Butcher*; Catchpole, *a Bailiff*. All with Pewter Pots before them.

PRESIDENT.

SILENCE, gentlemen; are your pots replenished with porter?

A L L.

Full, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT.

We will then proceed to the business of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that you will, in your debates, preserve that decency and decorum that is due to the importance of your deliberations, and the dignity of this illustrious assembly—

[*Gets up, pulls off his hat, and reads the motion.*  
 Motion made last Monday to be debated to-day, “ That, for the future, instead of that  
 “ vulgar

“ vulgar potation called porter, the honour-  
 “ able members may be supplied with a pro-  
 “ per quantity of Irish usquebagh.

“ Dermot O’Droheda † his mark.”

O’ D R O H E D A. [Gets up.

That’s I myself.

P R E S I D E N T.

Mr. O’Droheda.

O’ D R O H E D A.

Mr. President, the case is this ; it is not be-  
 cause I am any grate lover of that same usque-  
 bagh that I have set my mark to the motion ;  
 but because I did not think it was decent for a  
 number of gontlemen that were, d’ye see,  
 met to settle the affairs of the nation, to be  
 guzzling a pot of porter ; to be sure the liquor  
 is a pretty sort of a liquor enough when a man  
 is hot with trotting between a couple of poles ;  
 but this is another gues’s matter, because why,  
 the head is concerned ; and if it was not for  
 the malt and the haps, dibble burn me but I  
 would as soon take a drink from the Thames  
 as your porter. But as to Usquebagh ; ah long  
 life to the liquor—it is an exhilirator of the  
 bowels, and a stomatic to the head ; I say,  
 Mr. President, it invigorates, it stimulates,  
 it—in short it is the onliest liquor of life, and  
 no man alive will die whilst he drinks it.

[Sits down. Twist gets up, having a piece  
 of paper, containing the heads of what he  
 says, in his hat.

P R E-

P R E S I D E N T.

Mr. Timothy Twist.

T I M T W I S T.

Mr. President, I second Mr. O'Droheda's motion ; and, sir, give me leave—I say, Mr. President—*[looks in his hat]* give me leave to observe, that, sir, tho' it is impossible to add any force to what has been advanced by my honourable friend in the straps ; yet, sir, *[looks into his hat again,]* it may, sir, I say, be necessary to obviate some objections that may be made to the motion ; and first, it may be thought—I say, sir, some gentlemen may think, that this may prove pernicious to our manufacture—*[looks in his hat,]* and the duty doubtless it is of every member of this illustrious assembly to have a particular eye unto that ; but Mr. President—sir—*[looks in his hat, is confused, and sits down.]*

P R E S I D E N T.

Mr. Twist, O pray finish, Mr. Twist.

T W I S T.

*[Gets up.]*

I say, Mr. President, that, sir, if, sir, it be considered that—as—I say—*[looks in his hat]* I have nothing farther to say.

*[Sits down, and Strap gets up.]*

P R E S I D E N T.

Mr. Strap.

S T R A P.

Mr. President, it was not my intention to trouble



trouble the assembly upon this occasion, but when I hear insinuations thrown out by gentlemen, where the interest of this country is so deeply concerned, I own I cannot sit silent; and give me leave to say, sir, there never came before this assembly a point of more importance than this; it strikes, sir, at the very root, sir, of your constitution; for, sir, what does this motion imply? it implies that porter, a wholesome, domestic manufacture, is to be prohibited at once. And for what, sir? for a foreign, pernicious commodity. I had, sir, formerly the honour, in conjunction with my learned friend in the leather apron, to expel sherbet from amongst us, as I looked upon lemons as a fatal and foreign fruit; and can it be thought, sir, that I will sit silent to this? No, sir, I will put my shoulders strongly against it; I will oppose it *manibus totibus*. For should this proposal prevail, it will not end here: fatal, give me leave to say, will, I foresee, be the issue; and I shan't be surprized, in a few days, to hear from the same quarter, a motion for the expulsion of gin, and a premium for the importation of whisky.

[*A hum of approbation, with significant nods and winks from the other members. He sits down; and Anvil and another member get up together; some cry Anvil, others Jacobs.*]

PRESIDENT.

Mr. Anvil.

ANVIL.

Mr. President, sir—

*[The members all blow their noses, and cough;  
Anvil talks all the while, but is not heard.]*

PRESIDENT.

Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. A worthy member is up.

ANVIL.

I say, Mr. President, that if we consider this case in its utmost extent — *[all the members cough, and blow their noses again,]* I say, sir, I will. Nay, I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

*[Members all laugh, and Anvil sits down in a passion, and Slaughter gets up.]*

PRESIDENT.

Mr. Samuel Slaughter.

SLAUGHTER.

Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing of this here motion, I am all over in a sweat; for my part I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner; not but I likes that every man should deliver his mind; I does mine; it has been ever my way; and when a member opposes me I like him the better

better for it; it's right; I am pleas'd; he can't please me more; it is as it should be; and tho' I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel night-cap, over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him say what he thinks; for, sir, as I said, it is always my rule to say what I think, right or wrong—[*a loud laugh.*] Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh, with all my heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but, sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter-pot at his mouth. Now, sir, I would fain ask any gentleman this here question; Can any thing in nature be more natural for an Englishman, than porter? I declare, Mr. President, I think it the most wholesomest liquor in the world. But if it must be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholesome palatable liquor, a liquor that—in short, Mr. President, I don't know such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare; I say, and I say it upon my conscience, I don't know such a liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I shall leave to the consideration of the learned, and for that there reason, I shall take up no more of your time.

[*He sits down, Catchpole gets up.*]

P R E S I D E N T.

Mr. Catchpole.

## CATCHPOLE.

I get up to the point of law. And though, fir, I am bred to the business, I can't say I am prepared for this question. But though this usquebaugh, as a dram, may not (by name) be subject to a duty, yet it is my opinion, or rather belief, it will be consider'd, as in the case of horses, to come under the article of dry'd goods—But I move that another day this point be debated.

## SLAUGHTER.

I second the motion.

[Catchpole gives a paper to the President, who reads it.

## PRESIDENT.

Hear your motion.

“ That it be debated next Thursday, whether the dram usquebaugh is subject to a particular duty; or, as in the case of horses, to be considered under the article of dry'd goods.”

## A L L.

Agreed, agreed.

## FOOTE.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, having produced to you glaring proofs of our great ability in every species of oratory, having manifested, in the persons of our pupils, our infinite address in conveying our knowledge to others,  
we



we shall close our morning's lecture, instituted for the public good, with a proposal for the particular improvement of individuals. We are ready to give private instructions to any reverend gentleman in his probationary sermon for a lectureship; to young barristers who have causes to open, or motions to make; to all candidates for the sock or buskin; or to the new members of any of those oratorical societies with which this metropolis is at present so plentifully stock'd.

F I N I S.



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	What we must all come to.



THE  
PATRON:

A  
COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS.

As performed at the  
THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY  
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

THE FOURTH EDITION.

---

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COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS

As performed at the

Theatre in the Hay-Market

Written by

SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE FOURTH EDITION

LONDON

Printed for T. Lowndes, No. 1, Pall-Mall

[The Old Comedy]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Granville Leveson Gower,

EARL GOWER,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's  
Household.

MY LORD,

THE following little comedy, founded on a story of M. Marmontelle's, and calculated to expose the frivolity and ignorance of the pretenders to learning, with the insolence and vanity of their superficial, illiberal protectors, can be addressed to no nobleman with more propriety than to Lord Gower; whose judgment, though elegant, is void of affectation; and whose patronage, though powerful, is destitute of all fastidious parade. It is with pleasure, my Lord, that the Public sees your Lordship plac'd at the head of that department which is to decide, without appeal,

on the most popular domain in the whole republic of letters ; a spot that has always been distinguished with affection, and cultivated with care, by every ruler the least attentive to either chastising the morals, polishing the manners, or, what is of equal importance, rationally amusing the leisure of the people.

The Patron, my Lord, who now begs your protection, has had the good fortune to be well receiv'd by the public ; and, indeed, of all the pieces that I have had the honour to offer them, this seems to me to have the fairest claim to their favour.

But the play, stripp'd of those theatrical ornaments for which it is indebted to your Lordship's indulgence, must now plead it's own cause ; nor will I, my Lord, with an affected humility, echo the trite, coarse, though classical compliment, of *Optimus patronus, pessimus poeta* : for if this be really true of the last, the first can have but small pretensions to praise ; patronizing bad poets being, in my poor opinion, full as pernicious to the progress of letters, as neglecting the good.

In



## DEDICATION. v

In humble hopes, then, my Lord, of not being thought the meanest in the Muses train, I have taken the liberty to prefix your name to this dedication, and publickly to acknowledge my obligations to your Lordship; which, let me boast too, I have had the happiness to receive, untainted by the insolence of domestics, the delays of office, or the chilling superiority of rank; mortifications which have been too often experienced by much greater writers than myself, from much less men than your Lordship.

My Lord, I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect and gratitude,

Your Lordship's most oblig'd,

and most devoted,

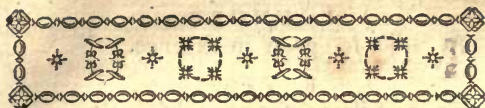
humble servant,

West-End,  
June 20, 1764.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

## Dramatis Personæ.

Sir THOMAS LOFTY,	} Mr. FOOTE.
Sir PETER PEPPERPOT,	
DICK BEVER,	Mr. DEATH.
FRANK YOUNGER,	Mr. DAVIS.
Sir ROGER DOWLAS,	Mr. PALMER.
Mr. RUST,	Mr. WESTON.
Mr. DACTYL,	Mr. GRANGER.
Mr. PUFF,	Mr. HAYES.
Mr. STAYTAPE,	Mr. BROWN.
ROBIN,	Mr. PARSONS.
JOHN,	Mr. LEWIS.
Two Blacks.	
Miss JULIET,	Mrs. GRANGER.



THE  
PATRON.

---

ACT I.

*Scene the Street.*

*Enter BEVER and YOUNGER.*

YOUNGER.

O, Dick, you must pardon me.

BEVER.

Nay, but to satisfy your curiosity.

YOUNGER.

I tell you, I have not a jot.

BEVER.

Why then to gratify me.

A 4

YOUNGER

YOUNGER.

At rather too great an expence.

BEVER.

To a fellow of your observation and turn, I should think now such a scene a most delicate treat.

YOUNGER.

Delicate! Palling, nauseous, to a dreadful degree. To a lover, indeed, the charms of the niece may palliate the uncle's fulsome formality.

BEVER.

The uncle! ay, but then you know he is only one of the group.

YOUNGER.

That's true; but the figures are all finish'd alike:—a *maniere*, a tiresome sameness throughout.

BEVER.

There you will excuse me; I am sure there is no want of variety.

YOUNGER.

No! then let us have a detail. Come, Dick, give us a bill of the play.

BEVER.

First, you know, there's Juliet's uncle.

YOUNGER.

What, Sir Thomas Lofty! the modern Midas, or rather (as fifty dedications will tell



## THE PATRON.

9

tell you) the Pollio, the Atticus, the patron of genius, the protector of arts, the paragon of poets, decider on merit, chief justice of taste, and sworn appraiser to Apollo and the tuneful Nine. Ha, ha.--Oh, the tedious, insipid, insufferable coxcomb!

BEVER.

Nay, now, Frank, you are too extravagant. He is universally allow'd to have taste; sharp-judging Adriel, the muse's friend, himself a muse.

YOUNGER.

Taste! by who? underling bards, that he feeds; and broken booksellers, that he bribes. Look ye, Dick, what raptures you please, when Miss Lofty is your theme; but expect no quarter for the rest of the family. I tell thee once for all, Lofty is a rank impostor, the bufo of an illiberal, mercenary tribe; he has neither genius to create, judgment to distinguish, or generosity to reward; his wealth has gain'd him flattery from the indigent, and the haughty insolence of his pretence, admiration from the ignorant. *Voilà le portrait de votre oncle.* Now on to the next.

BEVER.

The ingenious and erudite Mr. Rust.

YOUNGER.

YOUNGER.

What, old Martin, the medal-monger?

BEVER.

The same, and my rival in Juliet.

YOUNGER.

Rival! what, Rust? why she's too modern for him by a couple of centuries. Martin! why he likes no heads but upon coins. Marry'd! the mummy! Why 'tis not above a fortnight ago that I saw him making love to the figure without a nose in Somerset-Gardens; I caught him stroaking the marble plaits of her gown, and asked him if he was not ashamed to take such liberties with ladies in public.

BEVER.

What an inconstant old scoundrel it is!

YOUNGER.

Oh, a Dorimant. But how came this about? what could occasion the change? was it in the power of flesh and blood to seduce this adorer of virtù from his marble and porphyry?

BEVER.

Juliet has done it; and, what will surprise you, his taste was a bawd to the business.

YOUNGER.

# THE PATRON.

11

YOUNGER.

Prythee explain.

BEVER.

Juliet met him last week at her uncle's : he was a little pleased with the Greek of her profile ; but, on a closer enquiry, he found the turn-up of her nose to exactly resemble the bust of the princess Popæa.

YOUNGER.

The chaste moiety of the amiable Nero.

BEVER.

The same.

YOUNGER.

Oh, the deuce ! then your business was done in an instant.

BEVER.

Immediately. In favour of the tip, he offered *carte blanche* for the rest of the figure, which (as you may suppose) was instantly caught at.

YOUNGER.

Doubtless. But who have we here ?

BEVER.

This is one of Lofty's companions, a West-Indian of an over-grown fortune. He saves me the trouble of a portrait. This is Sir Peter Pepperpot.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir PETER PEPPERPOT and two blacks.*

Sir PETER.

Careless scoundrels! harkee, rascals! I'll banish you home, you dogs! you shall back, and broil in the sun. Mr. Bever, your humble; Sir, I am your entirely devoted.

BEVER.

You seem mov'd; what has been the matter, Sir Peter?

Sir PETER.

Matter! why I am invited to dinner on a barbicu, and the villains have forgot my bottle of chian.

YOUNGER.

Unpardonable.

Sir PETER.

Ay, this country has spoil'd them; this same christening will ruin the colonies.---- Well, dear Bever, rare news, boy; our fleet is arriv'd from the West.

BEVER.

It is?

Sir PETER.

Ay, lad; and a glorious cargo of turtle. It was lucky I went to Brighthelmstone; I nick'd the time to a hair; thin as a lath,



a lath, and a stomach as sharp as a shark's: never was in finer condition for feeding.

BEVER.

Have you a large importation, Sir Peter?

Sir PETER.

Nine; but seven in excellent order: the captain assures me they greatly gain'd ground on the voyage.

BEVER.

How do you dispose of them?

Sir PETER.

Four to Cornhill, three to Almack's, and the two sickly ones I shall send to my borough in Yorkshire.

YOUNGER.

Ay! what, have the provincials a relish for turtle?

Sir PETER.

Sir, it is amazing how this country improves in turtle and turnpikes; to which (give me leave to say) we, from our part of the world, have not a little contributed. Why formerly, Sir, a brace of bucks on the mayor's annual day was thought a pretty moderate blessing. But we, Sir, have polish'd their palates. Why, Sir, not the meanest member of my corporation but can distinguish the pash from the pee.

YOUNGER.

YOUNGER.

Indeed!

Sir PETER.

Ay, and fever the green from the shell,  
with the skill of the ablest anatomist.

YOUNGER.

And they are fond of it?

Sir PETER.

Oh, that the consumption will tell you.  
The stated allowance is six pounds to an  
alderman, and five to each of their wives.

BEVER.

A plentiful provision.

Sir PETER.

But there was never known any waste :  
the mayor, recorder, and rector, are per-  
mitted to eat as much as they please.

YOUNGER.

The entertainment is pretty expensive.

Sir PETER.

Land-carriage and all. But I contriv'd  
to smuggle the last that I sent them.

BEVER.

Smuggle! I don't understand you.

Sir PETER.

Why, Sir, the rascally coachman had  
always charged me five pounds for the car-  
riage. Damn'd dear! Now my cook go-  
ing

ing at the same time into the country, I made him clap a capuchin upon the turtle, and for thirty shillings put him an inside passenger in the Doncaster Fly.

YOUNGER.

A happy expedient.

BEVER.

Oh, Sir Peter has infinite humour.

Sir PETER.

Yes, but the frolick had like to have prov'd fatal.

YOUNGER.

How so?

Sir PETER.

The maid at the Rummer at Hatfield popp'd her head into the coach to know if the company would have any breakfast: Ecod, the turtle, Sir, laid hold of her nose, and flapp'd her face with his fins, till the poor devil fell into a fit. Ha, ha, ha.

YOUNGER.

Oh, an absolute Rabelais.

BEVER.

What, I reckon, Sir Peter, you are going to the Square?

Sir PETER.

Yes; I extremely admire Sir Thomas. You know this is his day of assembly; I suppose

suppose you will be there: I can tell you, you are a wonderful favourite.

BEVER.

Am I?

Sir PETER.

He says, your natural genius is fine; and, when polish'd by his cultivation, will surprize and astonish the world.

BEVER.

I hope, Sir, I shall have your voice with the public.

Sir PETER.

Mine! O fye, Mr. Bever.

BEVER.

Come, come, you are no inconsiderable patron.

Sir PETER.

He, he, he. Can't say but I love to encourage the arts.

BEVER.

And have contributed largely yourself.

YOUNGER.

What, is Sir Peter an author?

Sir PETER.

O fye! what me? a mere dabbler; have blotted my fingers, 'tis true:—some sonnets, that have not been thought wanting in salt.

BEVER.

And your epigrams.

Sir



Sir PETER.

Not entirely without point.

BEVER.

But come, Sir Peter, the love of the arts is not the sole cause of your visits to the house you are going to.

Sir PETER.

I don't understand you.

BEVER.

Miss Juliet, the niece.

Sir PETER.

O fye! what chance have I there? Indeed, if Lady Pepperpot should happen to pop off—

BEVER.

I don't know that. You are, Sir Peter, a dangerous man; and, were I a father, or uncle, I should not be a little shy of your visits.

Sir PETER.

Psha! dear Bever, you banter.

BEVER.

And (unless I am extremely out in my guess) that lady—

Sir PETER.

Hey! what, what, dear Bever?

BEVER.

But if you should betray me—

B

Sir

Sir PETER.

May I never eat a bit of green fat, if I do!

BEVER.

Hints have been dropp'd.

Sir PETER.

The devil! come a little this way.

BEVER.

Well made; not robust and gigantic, 'tis true, but extremely genteel.

Sir PETER.

Indeed!

BEVER.

Features, not entirely regular; but marking, with an air now, superior; greatly above the--- you understand me?

Sir PETER.

Perfectly. Something noble; expressive of---fashion.

BEVER.

Right.

Sir PETER.

Yes, I have been frequently told so.

BEVER.

Not an absolute wit; but something infinitely better: an *enjouement*, a spirit, a--

Sir PETER.

Gaiety. I was ever so, from a child.

BEVER.

BEVER.

In short, your dress, address, with a thousand other particulars that at present I can't recollect.

Sir PETER.

Why, dear Bever, to tell thee the truth, I have always admir'd Miss Juliet, and a delicate creature she is: sweet as a sugar-cane, strait as a bamboo, and her teeth as white as a negro's.

BEVER.

Poetic, but true. Now only conceive, Sir Peter, such a plantation of perfections to be devoured by that caterpillar Rust.

Sir PETER.

A liquorish grub! Are pine-apples for such muckworms as he? I'll send him a jar of citrons and ginger, and poison the pipkin.

BEVER.

No, no.

Sir PETER.

Or invite him to dinner, and mix rat's-bane along with his curry.

BEVER.

Not so precipitate; I think we may defeat him without any danger.

Sir PETER.

How, how?

B 2

BEVER.

BEVER.

I have a thought---but we must fettle the plan with the lady. Could not you give her the hint, that I should be glad to see her a moment.

Sir PETER.

I'll do it directly.

BEVER.

But don't let Sir Thomas perceive you.

Sir PETER.

Never fear. You'll follow?

BEVER.

The instant I have settled matters with her; but fix the old fellow so that she may not be miss'd.

Sir PETER.

I'll nail him, I warrant; I have his opinion to beg on this manuscript.

BEVER.

Your own?

Sir PETER.

No.

BEVER.

Oh ho! what something new from the doctor, your chaplain?

Sir PETER.

He! no, no. O Lord, he's elop'd.

Beaver



BEVER.

How!

Sir PETER.

Gone. You know he was to dedicate his volume of fables to me: so I gave him thirty pounds to get my arms engrav'd, to prefix (by way of print) to the frontispiece; and, O grief of griefs! the doctor has mov'd off with the money. I'll send you Miss Juliet. *[Exit.*

BEVER.

There now is a special protector! The arts, I think, can't but flourish under such a Mecænas.

YOUNGER.

Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool.

BEVER.

True; but then, to justify the dispensation,

From hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed,  
Fortunes to booksellers, to authors bread.

YOUNGER.

The distribution is, I own, a little unequal: and here comes a most melancholy instance; poor Dick Dactyl, and his publisher Puff.

*Enter DACTYL and PUFF.*

PUFF.

Why, then, Mr. Daçtyl, carry them to somebody else; there are people enough in the trade: but I wonder you would meddle with poetry; you know it rarely pays for the paper.

DACTYL.

And how can one help it, Mr. Puff? Genius impels, and when a man is once listed in the service of the Muses---

PUFF.

Why, let him give them warning as soon as he can. A pretty sort of service; indeed! where there are neither wages nor vails. The Muses! And what, I suppose this is the livery they give. Gadzooks, I had rather be a waiter at Ranelagh.

BEVER.

The poet and publisher at variance! What is the matter, Mr. Daçtyl?

DACTYL.

As Gad shall judge me, Mr. Bever, as pretty a poem, and so polite; not a mortal can take any offence; all full of panegyric and praise.

PUFF.

## PUFF.

A fine character he gives of his works. No offence ! the greatest in the world, Mr. Dactyl. Panegyric and praise ! and what will that do with the publick ? Why who the devil will give money to be told that Mr. Such-a-one is a wiser or better man than himself ? No, no ; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good fousing satire now, well powder'd with personal pepper, and season'd with the spirit of party ; that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level ; there, there, we are pleas'd ; there we chuckle, and grin, and toss the half-crowns on the counter.

## DACTYL.

Yes, and so get cropp'd for a libel.

## PUFF.

Cropp'd ! ay, and the luckiest thing that can happen to you. Why, I would not give two-pence for an author that is afraid of his ears. Writing, writing is, (as I may say,) Mr. Dactyl, a sort of a warfare, where none can be victor that is the least afraid of a scar. Why, zooks, Sir, I never got salt to my porridge till I mounted at the Royal Exchange.

BEVER.

Indeed!

PUFF.

No, no; that was the making of me. Then my name made a noise in the world. Talk of forked hills, and of Helicon! romantic and fabulous stuff. The true Castalian stream is a shower of eggs, and a pilory the poet's Parnassus.

DACTYL.

Ay, to you indeed it may answer; but what do we get for our pains?

PUFF.

Why, what the deuce would you get? food, fire, and fame. Why you would not grow fat! a corpulent poet is a monster, a prodigy! No, no; spare diet is a spur to the fancy; high feeding would but founder your Pegasus.

DACTYL.

Why, you impudent, illiterate rascal! who is it you dare treat in this manner?

PUFF.

Heyday! what is the matter now?

DACTYL.

And is this the return for all the obligations you owe me? But no matter? the world,



world, the world shall know what you are,  
and how you have us'd me.

P U F F.

Do your worst ; I despise you.

D A C T Y L.

They shall be told from what a dunghill  
you sprang. Gentlemen, if there be faith  
in a sinner, that fellow owes every shilling  
to me.

P U F F.

To thee !

D A C T Y L.

Ay, Sirrah, to me. In what kind of  
way did I find you ? then where and what  
was your state ? Gentlemen, his shop was  
a shed in Moorfields ; his kitchen, a broken  
pipkin of charcoal ; and his bed-chamber,  
under the counter.

P U F F.

I never was fond of expence ; I ever  
minded my trade.

D A C T Y L.

Your trade ! and pray with what stock  
did you trade ? I can give you the cata-  
logue ; I believe it won't overburthen my  
memory. Two odd volumes of Swift ; the  
Life of Moll Flanders, with cuts ; the Five  
Senses, printed and coloured by Overton ;  
a few

a few classics, thumb'd and blotted by the boys of the Charterhouse; with the Trial of Dr. Sacheveral.

PUFF.

Malice.

DACTYL.

Then, Sirrah, I gave you my Canning: it was she first set you afloat.

PUFF.

A grub.

DACTYL.

And it is not only my writings: you know, Sirrah, what you owe to my physick.

BEVER.

How! a physician?

DACTYL.

Yes, Mr. Bever; physick and poetry. Apollo is the patron of both: *Opisferque per orbem dicor.*

PUFF.

His physick!

DACTYL.

My physick! ay, my physick: why, dare you deny it, you rascal! What, have you forgot my powders for flatulent crudities?

PUFF.

No,

DAC-

DACTYL.

My cosmetic lozenge, and sugar-plumbs?

PUFF.

No.

DACTYL.

My coral for cutting of teeth, my potions, my lotions, my pregnancy-drops, with my paste for superfluous hairs?

PUFF.

No, no; have you done?

DACTYL.

No, no, no; but I believe this will suffice for the present.

PUFF.

Now would not any mortal believe that I ow'd my all to this fellow.

BEVER.

Why, indeed, Mr. Puff, the balance does seem in his favour.

PUFF.

In his favour! why you don't give any credit to him: a reptile, a bug, that owes his very being to me.

DACTYL.

I, I, I!

PUFF.

You, you! What, I suppose, you forget your garret in Wine-office-court, when you furnish'd

furnish'd paragraphs for the Farthing-post  
at twelve-pence a dozen.

DACTYL.

Fiction.

PUFF.

Then, did not I get you made collector  
of casualties to the Whitehall and St.  
James's? but that post your laziness lost  
you; Gentlemen, he never brought them  
a robbery till the highwayman was going  
to be hang'd; a birth till the christening  
was over; nor a death till the hatchment  
was up.

DACTYL.

Mighty well!

PUFF.

And now, because the fellow has got a  
little in flesh, by being puff to the play-  
house this winter, (to which, by the bye,  
I got him appointed,) he is as proud and as  
vain as Voltaire. But I shall soon have him  
under; the vacation will come.

DACTYL.

Let it.

PUFF.

Then I shall have him sneaking and  
cringing, hanging about me, and begging  
a bit of translation.

DAC.



DACTYL.

I beg, I, for translation!

PUFF.

No, no, not a line; not if you would do it for two-pence a sheet. No boil'd beef and carrot at mornings; no more cold pudding and porter. You may take your leave of my shop.

DACTYL.

Your shop! then at parting I will leave you a legacy.

BEVER.

O fye, Mr. Daçtyl!

PUFF.

Let him alone.

DACTYL.

Pray, gentlemen, let me do myself justice.

BEVER.

Younger, restrain the publisher's fire.

YOUNGER.

Fye, gentlemen, such an illiberal combat—it is a scandal to the republic of letters.

BEVER.

Mr. Daçtyl, an old man, a mechanic, beneath—

DAC.

DACTYL.

Sir, I am calm; that thought has restor'd me. To your insignificancy you are indebted for safety. But what my generosity has saved, my pen shall destroy.

PUFF.

Then you must get somebody to mend it.

DACTYL.

Adieu!

PUFF.

Farewel!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

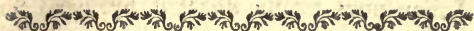
BEVER.

Ha, ha, ha! come, let us along to the square.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,  
But dunce with dunce is barb'rous civil war.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT.

A C T II. *Scene continues.**Enter BEVER and YOUNGER.*

YOUNGER.

POOR Daetyl! and dwells such mighty  
rage in little men? I hope there is no  
danger of bloodshed.

BEVER.

Oh, not in the least: the *gens vatum*,  
the nation of poets, though an irritable,  
are yet a placable people. Their mutual  
interests will soon bring them together  
again.

YOUNGER.

But shall not we be late? The critical fe-  
nate is by this time assembled.

BEVER.

I warrant you, frequent and full; where  
Stately Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill,  
Sits, like Apollo, on his forked hill.

But

But you know I must wait for Miss Lofty ; I am now totally directed by her. She gives me the key to all Sir Thomas's foibles, and prescribes the most proper method to feed them ; but what good purpose that will produce—

YOUNGER.

Is she clever, adroit ?

BEVER.

Doubtless. I like your asking the question of me.

YOUNGER.

Then pay an implicit obedience: the ladies, in these cases, generally know what they are about. The door opens.

BEVER.

It is Juliet, and with her old Rust. Enter, Frank: you know the knight, so no introduction is wanted. [*Exit Younger.*] I should be glad to hear this reverend piece of lumber make love; the courtship must certainly be curious. Good-manners, stand by; by your leave I will listen a little. [*Bever retires.*]

*Enter* JULIET and RUST.

JULIET.

And your collection is large ?

RUST.



RUST.

Most curious and capital. When, Madam, will you give me leave to add your charms to my catalogue?

JULIET.

O dear! Mr. Rust, I shall but disgrace it. Besides, Sir, when I marry, I am resolv'd to have my husband all to myself: now for the possession of your heart I shall have too many competitors.

RUST.

How, Madam! were Prometheus alive; and would animate the Helen that stands in my hall, she should not cost me a sigh.

JULIET.

Ay, Sir, there lies my greatest misfortune. Had I only those who are alive to contend with, by assiduity, affection, cares, and caresses, I might secure my conquest: though that would be difficult; for I am convinc'd, were you, Mr. Rust, put up by Prestage to auction, the Apollo Belvidere would not draw a greater number of bidders.

RUST.

Would that were the case, Madam, so I might be thought a proper companion to the Venus de Medicis.

C

J J

JULIET.

The flower of rhetoric, and pink of politeness. But my fears are not confined to the living; for every nation and age, even painters and statuaries, conspire against me. Nay, when the Pantheon itself, the very goddesses rise up as my rivals, what chance has a mortal like me.—I shall certainly laugh in his face. [*Aside.*]

RUST.

She is a delicate subject.—Goddeffes, Madam! zooks, had you been on Mount Ida when Paris decided the contest, the Cyprian queen had pleaded for the pippin in vain.

JULIET.

Extravagant gallantry.

RUST.

In you, Madam, are concentrated all the beauties of the Heathen mythology: the open front of Diana, the lustre of Pallas's eyes,—

JULIET.

Oh, Sir!

RUST.

The chromatic musick of Clio, the blooming graces of Hebe, the empercal  
port

port of queen Juno, with the delicate dimples of Venus.

JULIET.

I see, Sir, antiquity has not engross'd all your attention: you are no novice in the nature of woman. Incense, I own, is grateful to most of my sex; but there are times when adoration may be dispens'd with.

RUST.

Ma'am!

JULIET.

I say, Sir, when we women willingly wave our rank in the skies, and wish to be treated as mortals.

RUST.

Doubtless, Madam: and are you wanting in materials for that? No, Madam; as in dignity you surpass the Heathen divinities, so in the charms of attraction you beggar the queens of the earth. The whole world, at different periods, has contributed it's several beauties to form you.

JULIET.

The deuce it has! [*Afide.*]

RUST.

See there the ripe Asiatic perfection,  
join'd to the delicate softness of Europe! In  
C 2 you,

you, Madam, I burn to possess Cleopatra's alluring glances, the Greek profile of queen Clytemnestra, the Roman nose of the empress Popæa—

JULIET.

With the majestic march of queen Bess. Mercy on me, what a wonderful creature am I!

RUST.

In short, Madam, not a feature you have, but recalls to my mind some trait in a medal or bust.

JULIET.

Indeed! Why, by your account, I must be an absolute olio, a perfect salamongundy of charms.

RUST.

Oh, Madam, how can you demean, as I may say, undervalue—

JULIET.

Value! there is the thing; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Rust, in that word Value lies my greatest objection.

RUST.

I don't understand you.

JULIET.

Why then I will explain myself. It has been said, and I believe with some shadow of



of truth, that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*: now I am afraid, when you and I grow a little more intimate, which I suppose must be the case if you proceed on your plan, you will be horribly disappointed in your high expectations, and soon discover this Juno, this Cleopatra, and princess Popæa, to be as arrant a mortal as madam your mother.

RUST.

Madam, I, I, I—

JULIET.

Your patience a moment. Being therefore desirous to preserve your devotion, I beg for the future you would please to adore at a distance.

RUST.

To Endymion, Madam, Luna once listened.

JULIET.

Ay, but he was another kind of a mortal: you may do very well as a votary; but for a husband—mercy upon me!

RUST.

Madam, you are not in earnest, not serious!

JULIET.

Not serious! Why have you the impudence to think of marrying a goddess?

C 3

RUST.

RUST.

I should hope—

JULIET.

And what should you hope? I find your devotion resembles that of the world: when the power of sinning is over, and the sprightly first-runnings of life are rack'd off, you offer the vapid dregs to your deity. No, no; you may, if you please, turn monk in my service. One vow, I believe, you will observe better than most of them, chastity.

RUST.

Permit me—

JULIET.

Or, if you must marry, take your Julia, your Portia, or Flora, your Fum-fam from China, or your Egyptian Osiris. You have long paid your addresses to them.

RUST.

Marry! what, marble?

JULIET.

The properest wives in the world; you can't choose amiss; they will supply you with all that you want.

RUST.

Your uncle has, Madam, consented.

JU.

JULIET.

That is more than ever his niece will. Consented! and to what? to be swath'd to a mould'ring mummy; or be lock'd up, like your medals, to canker and rust in a cabinet! No, no; I was made for the world, and the world shall not be robb'd of its right.

BEVER.

Bravo, Juliet! Gad, she's a fine-spirited girl.

JULIET.

My profile, indeed! No, Sir, when I marry, I must have a man that will meet my full face.

RUST.

Might I be heard for a moment?

JULIET.

To what end? You say, you have Sir Thomas Lofty's consent; I tell you, you can never have mine. You may screen me from, or expose me to, my uncle's resentment; the choice is your own: if you lay the fault at my door, you will, doubtless, greatly distress me; but take the blame on yourself, and I shall own myself extremely oblig'd to you.

RUST.

How! confess myself in the fault?

JULIET.

Ay; for the best thing a man can do, when he finds he can't be belov'd, is to take care he is not heartily hated. There is no other alternative.

RUST.

Madam, I sha'n't break my word with Sir Thomas.

JULIET.

Nor I with myself. So there's an end of our conference. Sir, your very obedient.

RUST.

Madam, I, I, don't—that is, let me—  
But no matter. Your servant. [*Exit.*]

JULIET.

Ha, ha, ha!

*Enter BEVER from behind.*

BEVER.

Ha, ha, ha! Incomparable Juliet! How the old dotard trembled and totter'd; he could not have been more inflam'd, had he been robb'd of his Otho.

JULIET.

Ay; was ever goddess so familiarly us'd? In my conscience, I began to be afraid that he would treat me as the Indians do their dirty divinities; whenever they are deaf to their prayers, they beat and abuse them.

BE-



BEVER.

But, after all, we are in an awkward situation.

JULIET.

How so?

BEVER.

I have my fears.

JULIET.

So have not I.

BEVER.

Your uncle has resolv'd that you should be marry'd to Rust.

JULIET.

Ay, he may decree ; but it is I that must execute.

BEVER.

But suppose he has given his word.

JULIET.

Why then let him recal it again.

BEVER.

But are you sure you shall have courage enough---

JULIET.

To say No? That requires much resolution indeed.

BEVER.

Then I am at the height of my hopes.

JULIET.

Your hopes ! Your hopes and your fears are ill-founded alike.

BE-

BEVER.

Why, you are determined not to be his.

JULIET.

Well, and what then?

BEVER.

What then ! why then you will be mine.

JULIET.

Indeed ! and is that the natural consequence ? Whoever won't be his, must be yours. Is that the logic of Oxford ?

BEVER.

Madam, I did flatter myself—

JULIET.

Then you did very wrong, indeed, Mr. Bever : you should ever guard against flattering yourself ; for of all dangerous parasites, self is the worst.

BEVER.

I am astonish'd !

JULIET.

Astonish'd ! you are mad, I believe ! Why, I have not known you a month. It is true, my uncle says your father is his friend ; your fortune, in time, will be easy ; your figure is not remarkably faulty ; and as to your understanding, passable enough for a young fellow who has not seen much of the world : but when one talks of a husband---Lord, it's quite another sort of  
a---Ha,

a---Ha, ha, ha! Poor Bever, how he stares!  
he stands like a statue!

BEVER.

Statue indeed, Madam; I am very near petrified.

JULIET.

Even then you will make as good a husband as Rust. But go, run, and join the assembly within: be attentive to every word, motion, and look of my uncle's; be dumb when he speaks, admire all he says, laugh when he smirks, bow when he sneezes; in short, fawn, flatter, and cringe; don't be afraid of over-loading his stomach, for the knight has a noble digestion, and you will find some there who will keep you in countenance.

BEVER.

I fly. So then, Juliet, your intention was only to try—

JULIET.

Don't plague me with impertinent questions: march! obey my directions. We must leave the issue to Chance; a greater friend to mankind than they are willing to own. Oh, if any thing new should occur, you may come into the drawing-room for further instructions. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE a Room in Sir THOMAS LOFTY'S  
House.

Sir THOMAS, RUST, PUFF, DACTYL,  
*and others, discovered sitting.*

Sir THOMAS.

Nothing new to-day from Parnassus?

DACTYL.

Not that I hear.

Sir THOMAS.

Nothing critical, philosophical, or political?

PUFF.

Nothing.

Sir THOMAS.

Then in this *disette*, this dearth of invention, give me leave, gentlemen, to distribute my stores. I have here in my hand a little, smart, satyrical epigram; new, and prettily pointed: in short, a production that Martial himself would not have blush'd to acknowledge.

RUST.

Your own, Sir Thomas?

Sir THOMAS.

O fye! no; sent me this morning, anonymous.

DACTYL.

Pray, Sir Thomas, let us have it.

ALL.



ALL.

By all means ; by all means.

Sir THOMAS.

To PHILLIS.

Think'st thou, fond Phillis, Strephon told thee  
true,

Angels are painted fair to look like you :

Another story all the town will tell ;

Phillis paints fair—to look like an angel.

ALL.

Fine ! fine ! very fine !

DACTYL.

Such an ease and simplicity.

PUFF.

The turn so unexpected and quick.

RUST.

The satire so poignant.

Sir THOMAS.

Yes ; I think it possesses, in an eminent  
degree, the three great epigrammatical re-  
quisites ; brevity, familiarity, and severity.

Phillis paints fair—to look like an angel.

DACTYL.

Happy ! Is the Phillis, the subject, a  
secret ?

Sir THOMAS.

Oh, dear me ! nothing personal ; no ; an  
impromptu ; a mere *jeu d'esprit*.

PUFF.

PUFF.

Then, Sir Thomas, the secret is out; it is your own.

DACTYL.

That was obvious enough.

PUFF.

Who is there else could have wrote it?

RUST.

True, true.

Sir THOMAS.

The name of the author is needless. So it is an acquisition to the republic of letters, any gentleman may claim the merit that will.

PUFF.

What a noble contempt!

DACTYL.

What greatness of mind!

RUST.

Scipio and Lælius were the Roman Loftys. Why, I dare believe Sir Thomas has been the making of half the authors in town: he is, as I may say, the great manufacturer; the other poets are but pedlars, that live by retailing his wares.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha! well observ'd, Mr. Rust.

Sir THOMAS.

Ha, ha, ha! *Molle atque facetum*. Why, to pursue the metaphor, if Sir Thomas Lofty was

was to call in his poetical debts, I believe there would be a good many bankrupts in the Muse's Gazette.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha !

Sir THOMAS.

But, *à propos*, gentlemen ; with regard to the eclipse : you found my calculation exact ?

DACTYL.

To a digit.

Sir THOMAS.

Total darkness, indeed ! and birds going to roost ! Those philomaths, those almanack-makers, are the most ignorant rascals—

PUFF.

It is amazing where Sir Thomas Lofty stores all his knowledge.

DACTYL.

It is wonderful how the mind of man can contain it.

Sir THOMAS.

Why, to tell you the truth, that circumstance has a good deal engag'd my attention ; and I believe you will admit my method of solving the phenomenon philosophical and ingenious enough.

PUFF.

Without question.

ALL.

ALL.

Doubtless.

Sir THOMAS.

I suppose, gentlemen, my memory, or mind, to be a chest of drawers, a kind of bureau; where, in separate cellules, my different knowledge on different subjects is stor'd.

RUST.

A prodigious discovery!

ALL.

Amazing!

Sir THOMAS.

To this cabinet volition, or will, has a key; so, when an arduous subject occurs, I unlock my bureau, pull out the particular drawer, and am supply'd with what I want in an instant.

DACTYL.

A Malbranch!

PUFF.

A Boyle!

ALL.

A Locke!

*Enter* SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Bever.

[Exit.

Sir THOMAS.

A young gentleman from Oxford, recommended to my care by his father. The  
university



university has given him a good solid Doric foundation ; and when he has receiv'd from you a few Tuscan touches, the Ionic and Corinthian graces, I make no doubt but he will prove a composite pillar to the republic of letters. [*Enter BEVER.*] This, Sir, is the school from whence so many capital masters have issued ; the river that enriches the regions of science.

DACTYL.

Of which river, Sir Thomas, you are the source : here we quaff ; *et purpureo bibimus ore nectar.*

Sir THOMAS.

*Purpureo !* Delicate, indeed ! Mr. Dactyl. Do you hear, Mr. Bever ? *Bibimus ore nectar.* You, young gentleman, must be instructed to quote ; nothing gives a period more spirit than a happy Latin quotation, nor has indeed a finer effect at the head of an essay. Poor Dick Steel ! I have oblig'd him with many a motto for his fugitive pieces.

PUFF.

Ay, and with the contents too ; or Sir Richard is foully bely'd.

*Enter SERVANT.*

SERVANT.

Sir Roger Dowlas.

D

Sir

Sir THOMAS.

Pray desire him to enter. [*Exit Servant.*]  
 Sir Roger, Gentlemen, is a considerable  
 East-India proprietor; and seems desirous  
 of collecting from this learned assembly  
 some rhetorical flowers, which he hopes to  
 strew, with honour to himself, and advan-  
 tage to the company, at Merchant-Taylors-  
 Hall. [*Enter Sir ROGER DOWLAS.*] Sir  
 Roger, be seated. This gentleman has, in  
 common with the greatest orator the world  
 ever saw, a small natural infirmity; he stut-  
 ters a little: but I have prescrib'd the same  
 remedy that Demosthenes us'd, and don't  
 despair of a radical cure. Well, Sir, have  
 you digested those general rules?

Sir ROGER.

Pr--ett--y well, I am obli--g'd to you, Sir  
 Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

Have you been regular in taking your  
 tincture of sage, to give you confidence for  
 speaking in public?

Sir ROGER.

Y--es, Sir Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

Did you open at the last general court?

Sir ROGER.

I attem--p--ted fo--ur or fi--ve times.

Sir

# THE PATRON.

51

Sir THOMAS.

What hinder'd your progress?

Sir ROGER.

The pe--b--bles.

Sir THOMAS.

Oh, the pebbles in his mouth. But they are only put in to practise in private; you should take them out when you are addressing the public.

Sir ROGER.

Yes; I will for the fu--ture.

Sir THOMAS.

Well, Mr. Rust, you had a *tête-à-tête* with my niece. A propos, Mr. Bever, here offers a fine occasion for you; we shall take the liberty to trouble your Muse on their nuptials. O Love! O Hymen! here prune thy purple wings; trim thy bright torch. Hey, Mr. Bever?

BEVER.

My talents are at Sir Thomas Lofty's direction; tho' I must despair of producing any performance worthy the attention of so compleat a judge of the elegant arts.

Sir THOMAS.

Too modest, good Mr. Bever. Well, Mr. Rust, any new acquisition, since our last meeting, to your matchless collection?

RUST.

Why, Sir THOMAS, I have both lost and gain'd since I saw you.

Sir THOMAS.

Lost! I am sorry for that.

RUST.

The curious sarcophagus, that was sent me from Naples by Signior Belloni—

Sir THOMAS.

You mean the urn that was suppos'd to contain the dust of Agrippa!

RUST.

Suppos'd! no doubt but it did.

Sir THOMAS.

I hope no sinister accident to that inestimable relic of Rome.

RUST.

It's gone.

Sir THOMAS.

Gone! oh, illiberal! What, stolen, I suppose, by some connoisseur?

RUST.

Worse, worse! a prey, a martyr to ignorance: a housemaid, that I hir'd last week, mistook it for a broken green chamber-pot, and sent it away in the dust-cart.

Sir THOMAS.

She merits impaling. Oh, the Hun!

D A C.



DACTYL.

The Vandal!

ALL.

The Visigoth!

RUST.

But I have this day acquir'd a treasure  
that will in some measure make me amends.

Sir THOMAS.

Indeed! what can that be?

PUFF.

That must be something curious, indeed.

RUST.

It has cost me infinite trouble to get it.

DACTYL.

Great rarities are not had without pains.

RUST.

It is three months ago since I got the first  
scent of it, and I have been ever since on  
the hunt; but all to no purpose.

Sir THOMAS.

I am quite upon thorns till I see it.

RUST.

And yesterday, when I had given it over,  
when all my hopes were grown desperate,  
it fell into my hands, by the most unex-  
pected and wonderful accident.

Sir THOMAS.

*Quod optanti divum promittere nemo  
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.*

Mr. Bever, you remark my quotation?

D 3

BEVER.

BEVER.

Most happy. Oh, Sir, nothing you say  
can be lost.

RUST.

I have brought it here in my pocket; I  
am no churl; I love to pleasure my friends.

Sir THOMAS.

You are, Mr. Rust, extremely obliging.

ALL.

Very kind, very obliging indeed.

RUST.

It was not much hurt by the fire.

Sir THOMAS.

Very fortunate.

RUST.

The edges are foil'd by the link; but many  
of the letters are exceedingly legible.

Sir ROGER.

A li--ttle roo--m, if you p--lease.

RUST.

Here it is; the precious remains of the  
very North-Briton that was burnt at the  
Royal-Exchange.

Sir THOMAS.

Number forty-five?

RUST.

The same.

BEVER.

You are a lucky man, Mr. Rust.

RUST.

RUST.

I think so. But, Gentlemen, I hope I need not give you a caution : hush—silence—no words on this matter.

DACTYL.

You may depend upon us.

RUST.

For as the paper has not suffer'd the law, I don't know whether they may not seize it again.

Sir THOMAS.

With us you are safe, Mr. Rust. Well, young gentleman, you see we cultivate all branches of science.

BEVER.

Amazing, indeed ! But when we consider you, Sir Thomas, as the directing, the ruling planet, our wonder subsides in an instant. Science first saw the day with Socrates in the Attic portico ; her early years were spent with Tully in the Tusculan shade ; but her ripe, maturer hours, she enjoys with Sir Thomas Lofty, near Cavendish Square.

Sir THOMAS.

The most classical compliment I ever receiv'd. Gentlemen, a philosophical repast attends your acceptance within. Sir Roger, you'll lead the way. [*Exeunt all but Sir Thomas and Bever.*] Mr. Bever, may I beg your ear for a moment ? Mr. Bever, the

friendship I have for your father secur'd you at first a gracious reception from me; but what I then paid to an old obligation, is now, Sir, due to your own particular merit.

BEVER.

I am happy, Sir Thomas, if—

Sir THOMAS.

Your patience. There is in you, Mr. Bever, a fire of imagination, a quickness of apprehension, a solidity of judgment, join'd to a depth of discretion, that I never yet met with in any subject at your time of life.

BEVER.

I hope I shall never forfeit—

Sir THOMAS.

I am sure you never will; and to give you a convincing proof that I think so, I am now going to trust you with the most important secret of my whole life.

BEVER.

Your confidence does me great honour.

Sir THOMAS.

But this must be on a certain condition.

BEVER.

Name it.

Sir THOMAS.

That you give me your solemn promise to comply with one request I shall make you.

BEVER.

There is nothing Sir Thomas Lofty can ask, that I shall not cheerfully grant.

Sir



Sir THOMAS.

Nay, in fact it will be serving yourself.

BEVER.

I want no such inducement.

Sir THOMAS.

Enough. But we can't be too private.  
[*Shuts the door.*] Sit you down. Your Christian name, I think, is—

BEVER.

Richard.

Sir THOMAS.

True ; the same as your father's. Come, let us be familiar. It is, I think, dear Dick; acknowledg'd, that the English have reach'd the highest pitch of perfection in every department of writing but one---the dramatic.

BEVER.

Why, the French critics are a little severe.

Sir THOMAS.

And with reason. Now, to rescue our credit, and at the same time give my country a model, [*shews a manuscript*] see here.

BEVER.

A play ?

Sir THOMAS.

A *chef d'oeuvre*.

BEVER.

Your own ?

Sir THOMAS.

Speak lower. I am the author.

BEVER.

BEVER.

Nay, then there can be no doubt of it's merit.

Sir THOMAS.

I think not. You will be charm'd with the subject.

BEVER.

What is it, Sir Thomas?

Sir THOMAS.

I shall surprize you. The story of Robin Crusoe. Are not you struck?

BEVER.

Most prodigiously.

Sir THOMAS.

Yes; I knew the very title would hit you. You will find the whole fable is finely conducted, and the character of Friday, *qualis ab incepto*, nobly supported throughout.

BEVER.

A pretty difficult task.

Sir THOMAS.

True; that was not a bow for a boy. The piece has long been in rehearsal at Drury-lane playhouse, and this night is to make it's appearance.

BEVER.

To-night?

Sir THOMAS.

This night.

BEVER.

I will attend, and engage all my friends to support it.

Sir

Sir THOMAS.

That is not my purpose ; the piece will want no such assistance.

BEVER.

I beg pardon.

Sir THOMAS.

The manager of that house (who you know is a writer himself), finding all the anonymous things he produc'd (indeed some of them wretched enough, and very unworthy of him) plac'd to his account by the public, is determin'd to exhibit no more without knowing the name of the author.

BEVER.

A reasonable caution.

Sir THOMAS.

Now, upon my promise (for I appear to patronize the play) to announce the author before the curtain draws up, Robinson Crusoe is advertis'd for this evening.

BEVER.

Oh, then, you will acknowledge the piece to be your's?

Sir THOMAS.

No.

BEVER.

How then?

Sir THOMAS.

My design is to give it to you.

BEVER.

To me !

Sir

SIR THOMAS.

To you.

BEVER.

What, me the author of Robinson Crusoe!

SIR THOMAS.

Ay.

BEVER.

Lord, Sir Thomas, it will never gain credit: so compleat a production the work of a stripling! Besides, Sir, as the merit is your's, why rob yourself of the glory?

SIR THOMAS.

I am entirely indifferent to that.

BEVER.

Then why take the trouble?

SIR THOMAS.

My fondness for letters, and love of my country. Besides, dear Dick, though the *pauci & selecti*, the chosen few, know the full value of a performance like this, yet the ignorant, the profane, (by much the majority,) will be apt to think it an occupation ill-suited to my time of life.

BEVER.

Their censure is praise.

SIR THOMAS.

Doubtless. But indeed my principal motive is my friendship for you. You are now a candidate for literary honours, and I am determin'd



termin'd to fix your fame on an immoveable basis.

BEVER.

You are most excessively kind ; but there is something so disingenuous in stealing reputation from another man—

Sir THOMAS.

Idle punctilio !

BEVER.

It puts me so in mind of the daw in the fable—

Sir THOMAS.

Come, come, dear Dick, I won't suffer your modesty to murder your fame. But the company will suspect something ; we will join them, and proclaim you the author. There, keep the copy ; to you I consign it for ever ; it shall be a secret to latest posterity. You will be smother'd with praise by our friends ; they shall all in their bark to the playhouse, and there

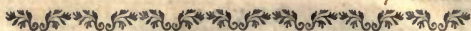
Attendant fail,

Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T.

A C T III. *Scene continues.*

*Enter BEVER, reading.*

SO ends the first act. Come, now for the second. "Act the second, shewing"—the coxcomb has prefac'd every act with an argument too, in humile imitation, I warrant, of *Monf. Diderot*—"shewing the fatal effects of disobedience to parents;" with, I suppose, the diverting scene of a gibbet; an entertaining subject for comedy. And the blockhead is as prolix—every scene as long as a homily. Let's see; how does this end? "Exit *Crusoe*, and enter some savages, dancing a faraband." There's no bearing this abominable trash. [*Enter JULIET.*] So, Madam; thanks to your advice and direction, I am got into a fine situation.

JULIET.

What is the matter now, Mr. Bever?

BEVER.

The Robinson Crusoe.

JU.

JULIET.

Oh, the play that is to be acted to-night.  
How secret you were? Who in the world  
would have guess'd you was the author?

BEVER.

Me, Madam!

JULIET.

Your title is odd; but to a genius every  
subject is good.

BEVER.

You are inclin'd to be pleasant:

JULIET.

Within they have been all prodigious loud  
in the praise of your piece; but I think my  
uncle rather more eager than any.

BEVER.

He has reason; for fatherly fondness goes  
far.

JULIET.

I don't understand you.

BEVER.

You don't!

JULIET.

No.

BEVER.

Nay, Juliet, this is too much; you know  
it is none of my play.

JULIET.

Whose then?

BEVER.

Your uncle's.

JULIET.

My uncle's! then how, in the name of  
wonder, came you to adopt it?

BEVER.

BEVER.

At his earnest request. I may be a fool;  
but remember, Madam, you are the cause.

JULIET.

This is strange; but I can't conceive what  
his motive could be.

BEVER.

His motive is obvious enough; to screen  
himself from the infamy of being the author.

JULIET.

What, is it bad, then?

BEVER.

Bad! most infernal!

JULIET.

And you have consented to own it?

BEVER.

Why, what could I do? he in a manner  
compell'd me.

JULIET.

I am extremely glad of it.

BEVER.

Glad of it! why, I tell you 'tis the most  
dull, tedious, melancholy—

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

The most flat piece of frippery that ever  
Grubstreet produc'd.

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

It will be damn'd before the third act.

JULIET.



JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

And I shall be hooted and pointed at where-  
ever I go.

JULIET.

So much the better.

BEVER.

So much the better! zounds! so, I suppose,  
you would say if I was going to be hang'd.  
Do you call this a mark of your friendship?

JULIET.

Ah, Bever, Bever! you are a miserable  
politician. Do you know, now, that this is the  
luckiest incident that ever occur'd?

BEVER.

Indeed!

JULIET.

It could not have been better laid, had we  
plann'd it ourselves.

BEVER.

You will pardon my want of conception:  
but these are riddles---

JULIET.

That at present I have not time to explain.  
But what makes you loit'ring here? Past six  
o'clock, as I live! Why, your play is begun;  
run, run to the house. Was ever author so  
little anxious for the fate of his piece?

BEVER.

My piece!

JULIET.

Sir Thomas! I know by his walk. Fly, and  
E pray

pray all the way for the fall of your play. And, do you hear, if you find the audience too indulgent, inclin'd to be milky, rather than fail, squeeze in a little acid yourself, Oh, Mr. Bever, at your return, let me see you, before you go to my uncle; that is, if you have the good look to be damn'd.

BEVER.

You need not doubt that.

[Exit.

*Enter Sir THOMAS LOFTY.*

Sir THOMAS.

So, Juliet; was not that Mr. Bever?

JULIET.

Yes, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

He is rather tardy; by this time his cause is come on. And how is the young gentleman affected? for this is a trying occasion.

JULIET.

He seems pretty certain, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Indeed I think he has very little reason to fear: I confess I admire the piece; and feel a much for it's fate as if the work was my own

JULIET.

That I most sincerely believe. I wonder, Sir, you did not choose to be present.

Sir THOMAS.

Better not. My affections are strong, Juliet, and my nerves but tenderly strung; however,  
intel-

intelligent people are planted, who will bring me every act a faithful account of the process.

JULIET.

That will answer your purpose as well.

SIR THOMAS.

Indeed, I am passionately fond of the arts, and therefore can't help---did not somebody knock? no. My good girl, will you step, and take care that when any body comes the servants may not be out of the way. [*Exit Juliet.*] Five and thirty minutes past six; by this time the first act must be over: John will be presently here. I think it can't fail; yet there is so much whim and caprice in the public opinion, that---This young man is unknown; they'll give him no credit. I had better have own'd it myself: Reputation goes a great way in these matters: people are afraid to find fault; they are cautious in censuring the works of a man who---hush! that's he: no; 'tis only the shutters. After all, I think I have chose the best way: for, if it succeeds to the degree I expect, it will be easy to circulate the real name of the author; if it fails, I am concealed, my fame suffers no---There he is. [*Loud knocking.*] I can't conceive what kept him so long. [*Enter JOHN.*] So, John; well; and---but you have been a monstrous while.

JOHN.

Sir, I was wedged so close in the pit that I could scarcely get out.

E 2

Sir

Sir THOMAS.

The house was full then?

JOHN

As an egg, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

That's right. Well John, and did matters go swimmingly? hey?

JOHN.

Exceedingly well, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Exceedingly well. I don't doubt it. What, vast clapping and roars of applause, I suppose.

JOHN.

Very well, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Very well, Sir! You are damn'd costive, I think. But did not the pit and boxes thunder again?

JOHN.

I can't say there was over-much thunder.

Sir THOMAS.

No! Oh, attentive, I reckon. Ay, attention! that is the true, solid, substantial applause. All else may be purchased; hands move as they are bid: but when the audience is hushed still, afraid of losing a word, then--

JOHN.

Yes, they were very quiet indeed, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

I like them the better, John; a strong mark of their great sensibility. Did you see Robin?

JOHN



JOHN.

Yes, Sir; he'll be here in a trice; I left him list'ning at the back of the boxes, and charg'd him to make all the haste home that he could

Sir THOMAS.

That's right, John; very well; your account pleases me much, honest John. [*Exit John.*] No, I did not expect the first act would produce any prodigious effect. And, after all, the first act is but a mere introduction; just opens the business, the plot, and gives a little insight into the characters: so that if you but engage and interest the house, it is as much as the best writer can flatt--[*knocking without*] Gadso! what, Robin already! why the fellow has the feet of a Mercury. [*Enter Robin.*] Well, Robin, and what news do you bring?

ROBIN.

Sir, I, I, I,——

Sir THOMAS.

Stop, Robin, and recover your breath. Now, Robin.

ROBIN.

There has been a woundy uproar below.

Sir THOMAS.

An uproar! what, at the playhouse?

ROBIN.

Ay.

Sir THOMAS.

At what?

ROBIN.

I don't know: belike at the words the play-folk were talking.

Sir THOMAS.

At the players! how can that be? Oh, now I begin to conceive. Poor fellow, he knows but little of plays. What, Robin, I suppose, hallowing, and clapping, and knocking of sticks?

ROBIN.

Hallowing! ay, and hooting too.

Sir THOMAS.

And hooting!

ROBIN.

Ay, and hissing to boot.

Sir THOMAS.

Hissing! you must be mistaken.

ROBIN.

By the mass, but I am not.

Sir THOMAS.

Impossible! Oh, most likely some drunken, disorderly fellows, that were disturbing the house and interrupting the play; too common a case; the people were right: they deserv'd a rebuke. Did not you hear them cry Out, out, out?

ROBIN.

Noa; that was not the cry; 'twas Off, off, off!

Sir THOMAS.

That was a whimsical noise. Zounds! that must be the players. Did you observe nothing else?

ROBIN.

Belike the quarrel first began between the gentry and a black-a-moor man.

Sir THOMAS.

With Friday! The public taste is debauched.

ed ; honest nature is too plain and simple for their vitiated palates ! [*Enter JULIET.*] Juliet, Robin brings me the strangest account ; some little disturbance ; but I suppose it was soon settled again. Oh, but here comes Mr. Staytape, my taylor ; he is a rational being ; we shall be able to make something of him. [*Enter STAYTAPE.*] So, Staytape ; what, is the third act over already ?

STAYTAPE.

Over, Sir ! no ; nor never will be.

Sir THOMAS.

What do you mean ?

STAYTAPE.

Cut short.

Sir THOMAS.

I don't comprehend you.

STAYTAPE.

Why, Sir, the poet has made a mistake in measuring the taste of the town ; the goods, it seems, did not fit ; so they return'd them upon the gentleman's hands.

Sir THOMAS.

Rot your affectation and quaintness, you puppy ! speak plain.

STAYTAPE.

Why then, Sir, Robinson Crusoe is dead.

Sir THOMAS.

Dead !

STAYTAPE.

Ay ; and, what is worse, will never rise any more. You will soon have all the particulars ;

for there were four or five of your friends close at my heels.

Sir THOMAS.

Staytape, Juliet, run and stop them ; say I am gone out ; I am sick ; I am engaged : but, whatever you do, be sure you don't let Bever come in. Secure of the victory, I invited them to the celebr---

STAYTAPE.

Sir, they are here.

Sir THOMAS.

Confound---

*Enter PUFF, DACTYL, and RUST.*

RUST.

Ay, truly, Mr. Puff, this is but a bitter beginning ; then the young man must turn himself to some other trade.

PUFF.

Servant, Sir Thomas ; I suppose you have heard the news of---

Sir THOMAS.

Yes, yes ; I have been told it before.

DACTYL.

I confess I did not suspect it ; but there is no knowing what effect these things will have, till they come on the stage.

RUST.

For my part, I don't know much of these matters ; but a couple of gentlemen near me, who seem'd sagacious enough too, declar'd that it was the vilest stuff they ever had heard, and wonder'd the players would act it.

Yes ;



DACTYL.

Yes ; I don't remember to have seen a more general dislike.

PUFF.

I was thinking to ask you, Sir Thomas, for your interest with Mr. Bever about buying the copy : but now no mortal would read it. Lord, Sir, it would not pay for paper and printing.

RUST.

I remember Kennet, in his Roman Antiquities, mentions a play of Terence's, Mr. Dactyl, that was terribly treated ; but that he attributes to the people's fondness for certain funambuli, or rope-dancers ; but I have not lately heard of any famous tumblers in town : Sir Thomas, have you ?

Sir THOMAS.

How should I ; do you suppose I trouble my head about tumblers ?

RUST.

Nay, I did not---

BEVER, *speaking without.*

Not to be spoke with ! Don't tell me, Sir, he must, he shall.

Sir THOMAS.

Mr. Bever's voice. If he is admitted in his present disposition, the whole secret will certainly out. Gentlemen, some affairs of a most interesting nature makes it impossible for me to have the honour of your company to-night ; therefore I beg you would be so good as to---

RUST.

## THE PATRON.

RUST.

Affairs! no bad news? I hope Miss Julè is well.

Sir THOMAS.

Very well; but I am most exceedingly---

RUST.

I shall only just stay to see Mr. Bever. Poor lad! he will be most horribly down in the mouth: a little comfort won't come amiss.

Sir THOMAS.

Mr. Bever, Sir! you won't see him here.

RUST.

Not here! why I thought I heard his voice but just now.

Sir THOMAS.

You are mistaken Mr. Rust; but---

RUST.

May be so; then we will go. Sir Thomas, my compliments of condolance, if you please, to the poet.

Sir THOMAS.

Ay, ay.

DACTYL.

And mine; for I suppose we sha'n't see him soon.

PUFF.

Poor gentleman! I warrant he won't shew his head for these six months.

RUST.

Ay, ay: indeed I am very sorry for him; so tell him, Sir.

DACTYL and PUFF.

So are we.

RUST.

RUST.

Sir Thomas, your servant. Come, Gentlemen. By all this confusion in Sir Thomas, there must be something more in the wind than I know ; but I will watch, I am resolv'd.

[*Exeunt.*

BEVER, *without.*

Rascals, stand by ! I must, I will see him.

*Enter* BEVER.

So, Sir ; this is delicate treatment, after all I have suffer'd.

Sir THOMAS.

Mr. Bever, I hope you don't---that is---

BEVER.

Well, Sir Thomas Lofty, what think you now of your Robinson Crusoe ? a pretty performance !

Sir THOMAS.

Think, Mr. Bever ! I think the public are blockheads ; a tasteless, stupid, ignorant tribe ; and a man of genius deserves to be damn'd who writes any thing for them. But courage, dear Dick ! the principals will give you what the people refuse ; the closet will do you that justice the stage has deny'd : print your play.

BEVER.

My play ! zounds, Sir, 'tis your own.

Sir THOMAS.

Speak lower, dear Dick ; be moderate, my good, dear lad !

BEVER.

Oh, Sir Thomas, you may be easy enough ;  
you.

you are safe and secure, remov'd far from that precipice that has dashed me to pieces.

Sir THOMAS.

Dear Dick, don't believe it will hurt you. The critics, the real judges, will discover in that piece such excellent talents---

BEVER.

Nó, Sir Thomas, no. I shall neither flatter you nor myself; I have acquired a right to speak what I think. Your play, Sir, is a wretched performance; and in this opinion all mankind are united.

Sir THOMAS.

May be not.

BEVER.

If your piece had been greatly receiv'd, I would have declared Sir Thomas Lofty the author; if coldly, I would have owned it myself: but such disgraceful, such contemptible treatment! I own the burthen is too heavy for me; so, Sir, you must bear it yourself.

Sir THOMAS.

Me, dear Dick! what to become ridiculous in the decline of my life; to destroy in one hour the fame that forty years has been building! that was the prop, the support of my age! Can you be cruel enough to desire it?

BEVER.

Zounds! Sir, and why must I be your crutch? Would you have me become a voluntary victim; No, Sir, this cause does not merit a martyrdom



Sir THOMAS.

I own myself greatly oblig'd ; but persevere, dear Dick, persevere ; you have time to recover your fame : I beg it with tears in my eyes. Another play will---

BEVER.

No, Sir Thomas ; I have done with the stage : the Muses and I meet no more.

Sir THOMAS.

Nay, there are various roads open in life.

BEVER.

Not one, where your piece won't pursue me. If I go to the bar, the ghost of this curs'd comedy will follow, and hunt me in Westminster-hall : nay, when I die, it will stick to my memory, and I shall be handed down to posterity with the author of Love in a Hollow Tree.

Sir THOMAS.

Then marry : you are a pretty smart figure ; and your poetical talents---

BEVER.

And what fair would admit of my suit, or family wish to receive me ? Make the case your own, Sir Thomas ; would you ?

Sir THOMAS.

With infinite pleasure.

BEVER.

Then give me your niece ; her hand shall seal up my lips.

Sir THOMAS.

What, Juliet ? willingly. But are you serious, do you really admire the girl ?

BEVER.

BEVER.

Beyond what words can express. It was by her advice I consented to father your play.

Sir THOMAS.

What, is Juliet appriz'd? Here, Robin, John, run and call my niece hither this moment. That giddy baggage will blab all in an instant.

BEVER.

You are mistaken; she is wiser than you are aware of.

*Enter JULIET.*

Sir THOMAS.

Oh, Juliet! you know what has happen'd.

JULIET.

I do, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Have you reveal'd this unfortunate secret.

JULIET.

To no mortal, Sir Thomas.

Sir THOMAS.

Come, give me your hand. Mr. Bever, child, for my sake, has renounc'd the stage, and the whole republic of letters; in return, I owe him your hand.

JULIET.

My hand! what to a poet hooted, hiss'd, and exploded! You must pardon me, Sir.

Sir THOMAS.

Juliet, a trifle: the most they can say of him is, that he is a little wanting in wit; and he has so many brother writers to keep him in

coun-

countenance, that now-a-days that is no reflection at all.

JULIET.

Then, Sir, your engagement to Mr. Rust.

Sir THOMAS.

I have found out the rascal: he has been more impertinently severe on my play, than all the rest put together; so that I am determined he shall be none of the man.

*Enter RUST.*

RUST.

Are you so, Sir? what, then I am to be sacrific'd, in order to preserve the secret that you are a blockhead. But you are out in your politics; before night it shall be known in all the coffee-houses in town.

Sir THOMAS.

For Heaven's sake, Mr. Rust!

RUST.

And to-morrow I will paragraph you in every news-paper; you shall no longer impose on the world; I will unmask you; the lion's skin shall hide you no longer.

Sir THOMAS.

Juliet! Mr. Bever! what can I do?

BEVER.

Sir Thomas, let me manage this matter. Harkee, old gentleman, a word in your ear: you remember what you have in your pocket?

RUST.

Hey! how! what?

BE-

BEVER.

The curiosity that has cost you so much pains.

RUST.

What, my Æneas! my precious reliet of Troy!

BEVER.

You must give up that, or the lady.

JULIET.

How, Mr. Bever!

BEVER.

Never fear; I am sure of my man.

RUST.

Let me consider—As to the girl, girls are plenty enough; I can marry whenever I will; but my paper, my phenix, that springs fresh from the flames, that can never be match'd.—Take her.

BEVER.

And, as you love your own secret, be careful of ours.

RUST.

I am dumb.

SIR THOMAS.

Now, Juliet.

JULIET.

You join me, Sir, to an unfortunate bard, but, to procure your peace--

SIR THOMAS.

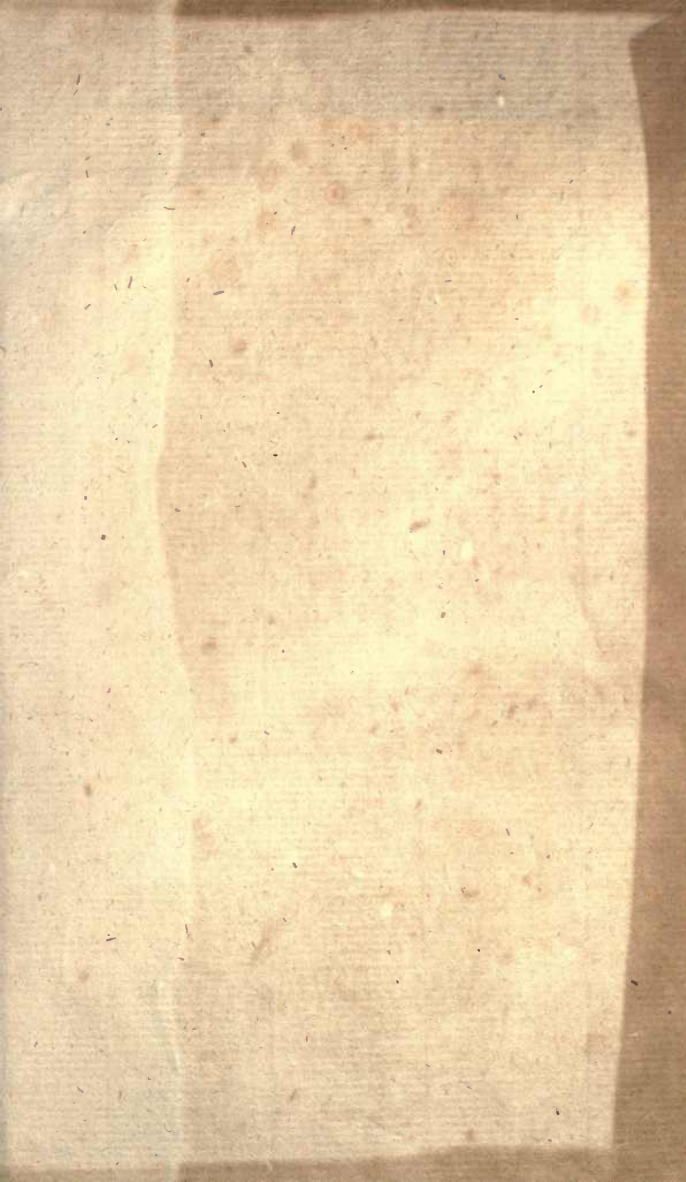
You oblige me for ever. Now the secret dies with us four. My fault. I owe him much;

Be it your care to shew it;

And bless the man, tho' I have damn'd the poet,

FINIS.





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